

249

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THE
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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. Engraved by R. A. ARTLETT, from the Bust by J. DURHAM, in the Council-chamber of the Guildhall, London.
2. ST. MARK'S: THE BUCENTAUR. Engraved by J. B. ALLEN, from the Picture by CANALETTO, in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
3. CHARITY. Engraved by P. LIGHTFOOT, from the Picture by J. VAN EYCKEN, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

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The present Part of the ART-JOURNAL commences the *Third* Volume of the New Series, which "New Series" contains the Engravings from the ROYAL COLLECTIONS. The work has been so arranged that new Subscribers may commence the work with the two volumes now issued, and not necessarily obtain those of the previous issue.

THE VERNON GALLERY is contained in the Six Volumes preceding, i.e. those from 1849 to 1854, both inclusive. These volumes may be obtained of the publisher. But the preceding volumes have long been "out of print," and, when they can be obtained, must be purchased at prices higher than the original cost.

We very much regret that in consequence of the necessity for going to press earlier than usual, at this busy season, we have been unable to insert a communication from our valued correspondent in the United States.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES will be continued from month to month; and the Authors will be much indebted to Correspondents who will direct their attention to any errors they may notice, or for assistance of any kind which may be useful to them in the progress of their task.

The accomplished writer to whom we have been indebted for "Suggestions of Subject to the Student in Art," discontinues that series for the present, but supplies the ART-JOURNAL with articles of equal interest and value, the first of which is published in the present number.

It will be our duty to pay minute and careful attention to the wants and wishes of Manufacturers, and frequently to report their progress. We are fully aware that in this important feature of the Journal consists its larger utility, and that from this source the public have derived especial benefit.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1857.



THE Twentieth Annual Volume of the ART-JOURNAL—the THIRD of the NEW SERIES, containing ENGRAVINGS FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION—is commenced with the present Part.

In the Number which closed the Nineteenth Volume, we briefly explained to our Subscribers the leading arrangements we had entered into for the future conduct of this Work, pledging ourselves to every possible exertion for its improvement and increased utility as a representative of the Arts, Fine and Industrial—a position it occupies, and has long occupied, without a competitor in Europe, or in the United States of America.

We require only to know how it is possible to obtain farther advantages for our Subscribers, and the Public generally, to endeavour by every means in our power to secure them.

It is certain that a comprehension and appreciation of ART, in all its varied ramifications, is largely extending; many beneficial influences have combined to produce this salutary effect; a proportionate advance is alike our duty and our interest; and we cannot doubt that those who compare the earlier with the later parts of this Journal will be of opinion that we have kept pace with the beneficial movement progressing everywhere—a movement it is our right to believe we have ardently, zealously, and continually, aided.

We desire now only to express our gratitude—and we do so for the nineteenth time—to those by whom our efforts have been assisted and sustained. It is especially due to the highest authorities in the Realm: and also to the many artists, amateurs, manufacturers, and artisans, whose support has been our encouragement and our reward. To THE PRESS universally we are deeply indebted for cordial co-operation and generous assistance.

Our Subscribers will require no assurance that we shall continue to labour earnestly and assiduously for their pleasure and advantage, trusting they will perceive, from month to month, the progress they require and expect.

4, LANCASTER PLACE, STRAND.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE TURNER COLLECTION.

SINCE the original foundation of the National Gallery, in 1824, no single event has taken place of so much importance to the advancement of Art in this country, as the munificent bequest to the nation of his remaining works by our great landscape-painter, Turner. One portion is already accessible to the public, and a wonderful instalment it is; and those still to be seen are of equal importance, though they will lack that interest which was necessarily attached to the novelty of the first exhibition of works of such surprising power. When we consider that such works, reflecting the highest honour on the British school, are withheld from public exhibition because the nation does not possess a suitable gallery to exhibit them in, it does appear a singular anomaly; more especially when we consider the boundless resources of the British Government. This could scarcely happen in any other capital of Europe; many of the small cities of the German principalities, even, have contrived to provide for their collections of pictures some ten times the accommodation hitherto afforded by the British Government. That such considerable donations as the Turner bequest could not be foreseen, is but little palliation for the deficiency. If such acquisitions are made in spite of discouragement, what are we to expect from an adequate encouragement of donations and bequests by a noble reception in every way worthy of the acquisition?

Turner's large fortune, both in works of Art and in funded property, he bequeathed to his country—his finished pictures to the nation, on condition that the government should provide a suitable location for them within ten years; and the greater part of his funded property towards the establishment of an institution for the benefit of decayed artists.

The will was disputed by his kindred, and in accordance with a compromise, the property has been at length distributed by the Court of Chancery; all the pictures and sketches have fallen to the nation, and the sum of £20,000 has been awarded to the Royal Academy, in lieu of the establishment of an institution for the benefit of decayed artists; while the prints, the rest of the funded, and all other property, have been assigned to the next of kin. The whole property was sworn under £140,000, but the pictures alone have been estimated, by qualified judges, at a much larger amount. The conditions associated with the public acquisition of the pictures, both with regard to the peculiar situation of the two already for some time in the gallery at Trafalgar Square, and the rest of his works, have been set aside by the Court of Chancery, and all his remaining pictures are now at the absolute disposal of the Government. Not above half of these great works were accessible in his own gallery at 47, Queen Anne Street. But now that they are public property, it is to be hoped that the suitable gallery not only for the Turner pictures, but for all the other national pictures, will be no longer delayed.

Of the value of the Turner bequest the public may form some notion from the pictures already exhibited at Marlborough House, but of its ultimate importance and extent it is, as yet, impossible to conceive an adequate idea. It consists of upwards of a hundred finished oil pictures, comprising most of Turner's greatest works, and some of the noblest specimens of landscape-painting in existence, besides many thousand sketches, including hundreds of valuable drawings.

After the enthusiastic writings of Mr. Ruskin,

the public is perhaps prepared for any commendations of the genius of Turner; and if the quality and objects of Mr. Ruskin's encomiums on Turner's works may be sometimes questioned, the public will perhaps now admit that, in quantity at least, there has been no exaggeration; for these works are of such surprising power that they cannot be too highly rated. We many of us imagine that we are well acquainted with Turner, and that whatever mistakes others may make as to the exact character of his genius, and the relative value of the pictures exhibited during the last ten years of his life on the walls of the Royal Academy, that we have come to no false conclusions; and, from the vivid memory of previous exhibitions, know exactly what relation these last works bear to those of his more efficient time. But there is delusion even here: Turner was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy during the life-time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the best of memories can but do him imperfect justice. Some of his greatest works are his earliest, and some of these he never parted with, and they were not to be seen even in his own gallery.

Turner's contributions to the Royal Academy exhibitions extend over a period of sixty-one years, from 1790 to 1850, both inclusive; and, in the hundred pictures now bequeathed to the nation, we have admirable specimens of every time.

Before reviewing the individual specimens of the Turner bequest, *seriatim*, it may be well to premise that Turner has painted in four different styles; if we separate his imitations of Claude as a distinct style; with this exception his career was much the same as that of all other distinguished painters; and his *rise*, *maturity*, and *decline*, are most distinctly and broadly marked. His first style occupied him, at the same time displaying a constant enlargement, for nearly a quarter of a century—from about 1790 until about 1814. To this period belong many of his greatest works, as 'Calais Pier,' 'The Shipwreck,' 'The Garden of the Hesperides,' 'Frosty Morning,' &c.; but these are all in a style or styles the world was already familiar with. His emulation of Claude engrossed his attention for about five years only, from 1814 until 1819, or until his visit to Italy; his third and great style of genuine originality, that which really distinguishes him, was persevered in from his first to his third Italian visit, or from about 1820 until about 1840, when he commenced to indulge in those extraordinary vagaries and experiments with effects of light and shade and colour, which have induced such antagonistic opinions in the Art-world, not only as to his merits, but as to his sanity even; yet certainly the great qualities of his finest masterpieces, as regards light and shade and colour, are frequently reproduced in these singular vagaries of his latter days: they are at least the ghosts of great pictures, if not the realities. Among the hundred pictures or so, now added to the National Gallery, there are good examples of all his styles and periods. Turner was only twenty-six years old when he became a member of the Royal Academy; we find the initials, R. A., first against his name in the Exhibition catalogue of 1802, until then he had produced no striking work in oils, but he had already shown a masterly facility of execution. Previous to this time he was chiefly a water-colour painter; his drawings were highly finished but cold in colour, and he exhibited, for the most part, views of ruins and other architectural subjects; his early sketches of this class of subject, whether in simple lead outlines, or in colour, are exceedingly happy.

This first period, then, until 1802, we may look upon as his period of development, when he was acquiring his technical facilities.



There are twelve oil pictures of this period in the national collection, viz. :—

1. 'His own Portrait.' Bust, front face, painted when he was about five-and-twenty years of age; freely handled, much in the style of the portraits of that day, with a great abundance of cravat: it represents a spare but intellectual and enthusiastic looking youth.

2. 'Moonlight, a study at Millbank,' exhibited in 1797. This is a small, careful, and very effective picture, full of truth; it is the earliest of the collection, and has an additional interest when we consider that it was on a spot affording almost this very prospect that Turner chose his last lodging: it is the view looking east from the vicinity of the cottage at Chelsea, near Cremorne Pier, in which he died.

3. 'Landscape with Rainbow.' A dark and ineffective picture, of no particular merit or interest.

4. 'Æneas and the Sibyl.' A cold picture, completely in the style of Wilson.

5. 'Rizpah watching the Bodies of her Sons.' This is more a sketch than a picture, but treated with great vigour of thought, and with some original accessories.

6. 'Cows on a Hill;' 7. 'Landscape with Cattle in Water.' These already show that Turner possessed a thorough qualification to excel in ordinary English landscape, with nothing but the simple accessories of English meadow scenery to recommend it, by the mere powers of observation and the faculty of reproducing what he saw upon his canvas; and that he must have become a distinguished painter, independent of either extraordinary nature or extraordinary imagination: he later exhibited several masterpieces of this class. 8. 'Mountain Scene with Castle.' 9. 'View in Wales.' 10. 'Small View of a Town.' 11. 'Study of Trees on Clapham Common;' and 12. a 'Small Sea-Piece.' In all of these great mastery of execution is displayed, much in the style of Wilson, but with less manner of handling and more truth of colour than is seen in Wilson's ordinary works; the Small Sea-Piece shows equal mastery in that branch of Art, and beyond which, in mere manipulation and effect, nothing further can be desired.

In 1802 his additional honours appear to have made Turner more ambitious in his subjects; full-length canvases were, from this time, not uncommon, and the water-colour drawings ceded to oil pictures. There was no change in style yet, but his subjects were of a rarer character, much more imaginative, and executed on a much greater scale. This period, extending from 1802 until about 1815, is, by some, considered his most vigorous and his greatest, but he was not always equal; some of the pictures exhibited during these years are quite insignificant, and this is partly to be attributed to his fancy for emulating every new star that arose, or every variety of Art which for some cause or other enjoyed more than an ordinary share of popularity at the time. We thus find Turner occasionally imitating Wilson, Gainsborough, or Ruysdael; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Titian, or Wilkie; Teniers, Claude, or the Poussins.

13. 'The Tenth Plague of Egypt,' 1802, is a large work in the style of Wilson, but with warmer colour.

14. 'Jason in search of the Golden Fleece,' also of 1802, is a smaller work similar in style. The time chosen appears to be night, when the serpent lies drugged to sleep by the charms of Medea, and Jason is seen in the act of stealthily passing by the terrible guardian of the object of his search.

15. 'Calais Pier—Fishermen putting to Sea—the English Packet arriving,' 1803, is more original; it represents a stormy sea, and a heavy, lowering sky, and is the first of his truly great sea-pieces in which he has dis-

played powers of observation and representation that could treat the most exceptional scenes with as much facility as the most ordinary; it is great in colour, and is, in every respect, a remarkable work of art, probably without a rival of its class, even among the works of Turner himself. To show his extraordinary versatility, in this year also, 1803, he exhibited—16. 'A Holy Family,' in emulation of Sir Joshua, or the Venetians.

17. 'The Destruction of Sodom;' 18. 'Mountain Torrent;' and 19. 'The Shipwreck,' 1805, are all good specimens of his great style of this time.

The Shipwreck is likewise a work of surprising power, sombre in character, and painted with great solidity; the vast wreck is seen in the distance, still crowded with human beings, and in the foreground various fishing-boats with their bold crews, tossed about by the raging sea, are endeavouring to approach the labouring ship, and rescue the unfortunate voyagers from their imminent fate. The coloured sail of one of these boats has the effect of enlarging the scene and throwing the wreck back. This picture has been engraved by Charles Turner and by John Burnet, but neither print approaches the terrible effect of the picture. It was never exhibited, it was purchased by Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord De Tabley. Turner shortly exchanged it for the 'Sun rising through Vapour,' which he afterwards repurchased at the sale of Lord De Tabley's pictures, in 1827.

20. 'The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides,' 1806, is another of Turner's grandest works; and in this he appears to have been emulating, and has surpassed, the Poussins; the figures are admirable, equal to anything of the class that the English, or any other school, had then produced; and the huge dragon, lying his whole length on the summit of a lofty rock, of which he appears to be a part, is equally grand in conception and in execution.

21. 'Blacksmith's Shop,' 1807. A small picture sometimes called 'The Forge,' and about which is told an absurd anecdote without any truth, with reference to Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' near which it was placed in the exhibition.

22. 'The Sun rising through Vapour,' 1807, already hanging in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, and one of the finest of the painter's early works, in which he has shown his thorough perception of the characteristics of English coast scenery.

23. 'The Death of Nelson,' 1808, a large picture; the moment chosen is when Nelson has just fallen on the quarter-deck, and is being lifted up to be carried below. The composition of the many great canvases in this difficult subject is managed with extraordinary skill and effect.

24. 'Spithead—Boat's Crew recovering an Anchor,' 1809. Another of his large and fine sea-pieces, resplendent with daylight.

25. 'The Garretter's Petition,' 1809. A small unimportant picture, except for the treatment of lamplight, after the manner of some of the Dutch painters.

26. 'Greenwich Hospital,' 1809. An exact view of the Hospital from the park, with a distant prospect of London and the river; all admirably defined and disposed.

27. 'St. Mawes,' about 1809; 28. 'Abingdon,' about 1810; and 29. 'Windsor,' of the same period. All these simple English views displaying something of the manner of Callcott, with an approximation to the warmth of colouring of Turner's second period. 30. 'A Ruin—perhaps a Welsh Castle—with Cattle in Water,' about the same time, is still warmer in tone, and more free in execution.

31. 'Apollo killing the Python,' 1811. In this work we have a more decided development

of that vigorous imagination which is one of Turner's chief characteristics. The monster in his last gasp, having—irritated by the pain of the arrows of the god—with his huge talons, destroyed himself, extends the whole length of the canvas, while the diminutive god, with his little quiver of arrows, occupies but a small corner of the composition: the foreground is blackened with the gore of the dragon.

32. 'Cottage destroyed by an Avalanche,' about 1812. This also is an example of choice selection and imagination, as well as another very forcible proof of the painter's astounding powers of observation and representation. The scene is a snow-storm in the Alps, an avalanche of countless pieces of ice mixed with snow has broken away a mass of rock which has fallen upon a devoted cottage, but the only sign of life indicated is that of a scared cat springing from among the ruins.

33. Another 'Snow-Storm—Hannibal crossing the Alps,' 1812. A lurid sun is seen behind the driven storm of snow, in which the Carthaginian army is threatened to be overwhelmed.

34. 'Kingston Bank,' and 35. 'Frosty Morning,' 1813. Two charming English scenes of an ordinary character, with appropriate figures and other accessories perfectly rendered, more especially in the 'Frosty Morning,' one of Turner's most charming works.

36. 'The Deluge,' 1813. Sketchy, and among his inferior works.

37. 'Dido and Æneas, or the Morning of the Chase,' 1814. Carthage is seen in the background, and in front is a long procession of the Carthaginian court, prepared for the chase. This is one of those pictures painted in emulation of Claude. It has been engraved. This rivalry of Claude, however, does not appear to have been natural with Turner; he seems to have been driven to it by the representations and criticisms of Sir George Beaumont, who had great influence at the time, and who was so great an admirer of Claude that he could not, apparently, do justice to his own countrymen. The fashionable laudation of Claude, much at the expense of all other landscape-painters, seems to have made a lasting impression upon Turner; he entered the lists vigorously; already, in 1808, he commenced to publish a series of sketches called the "Liber Studiorum," in rivalry with Claude's "Liber Veritatis," and certainly, in comparison with these select compositions, the sketches of Claude appear puerile and worthless; but, in justice to the French painter, it must be admitted that while his sketches are but simple mementoes of pictures without selection, Turner's are studied designs executed in express rivalry. He was engaged many years in preparing this remarkable series of prints, some of which he engraved with his own hand. The original drawings are the property of the nation.

38. 'Apuleia in search of Apuleius,' 1814, is another of Turner's Claudes, painted as a companion to the Petworth picture—and this is the nearest of his imitations.

39. 'Bligh Sand, near Sheerness—Fishing-boats Trawling,' 1815, is a beautiful sea-piece in his own original manner, showing that his Claudes were not painted from any natural impulse of his own taste, but by an extraneous influence. Sir George Beaumont wished to buy this picture, but Turner refused to sell it to him.

40. 'Crossing the Brook,' 1815; 41. 'Dido building Carthage,' also 1815; and 42. 'The Decline of Carthage,' 1817, are three more in the Claudesque style, and almost the last he painted. The sky in the 'Decline of Carthage' is one of his grandest efforts. He seems to have executed these works in order to show, in spite of the opinion of Sir George Beaumont, how easy it was to make Claudes. In the opinion of many besides himself he signally

succeeded, and has infinitely surpassed Claude in his own style. Turner appears to have been anxious that the world generally should take this view, by making provision in his will that 'The Sun rising through Vapour,' and 'Dido building Carthage,' should be hung between two of the best Claudes in the National Gallery—that is, a picture in his own genuine style, and one of his Claude imitations. Some may think this simply vanity, but it was rather the vigorous self-assertion of a conscious and powerful mind. Of the two pictures, 'The Sun rising through Vapour' is on many accounts to be preferred.

43. 'The Field of Waterloo,' 1818. Sketchy and inferior.

44. 'Orange-Merchantman going to Pieces,' 1819. This is a beautiful daylight picture of a wreck on the bar of the Meuse, in which there is no trace of Claude—he has now returned to his own genuine style.

45. 'Richmond Hill,' 1819, representing a fête on the Prince Regent's birth-day. This, if it has no other distinction, is at least one of Turner's largest works: it represents a view of the Thames from the hill, and contains some fine foliage; but it wants the natural simplicity of his earlier, and the refined poetry of his later, works.

In 1819 Turner visited Italy, and this visit constitutes the turning point between his first and second styles—for his imitations of Claude, painted simultaneously with some of the most characteristic of the works of his earliest manner, need scarcely be classified as a distinct style. They, however, come justly into the category of a transition style between his English and Italian works.

Turner appears to have been completely fascinated by the brilliant atmosphere of Italy; and, being so strongly impressed with this natural beauty, it was a matter of course with him to reproduce it in his art. Atmospheric effects, however, being of a general character only, and even interfered with by any special individualising of objects, we find that, as a necessary result, Turner from this time devoted his efforts to the production only of general effects. This constitutes the chief distinction between his earlier and later styles. At the same time, the generalisation of effects led to the generalisation of subject, and his pictures became of a strictly generic class.

The first of the great works of this period is 46. 'Rome from the Vatican,' 1820, painted at Rome; in which Raphael is introduced, supposed to be preparing the designs for his decorations of the Loggia, some of which are represented as complete, and introduced with great mastery. This is a large picture, of the same dimensions as 'Richmond Hill,' exhibited in the previous year; they are the two largest pictures in the collection. The view of Rome is slight, but effective; the accessories of the foreground—a portion of the Loggia, in which the Fornarina, and many objects of Art are introduced—is not so happy. This picture was exhibited also at Rome.

47. 'Rome, the Campo Vaccino,' with a fine view of the Arch of Titus; about 1820.

48. 'The Bay of Baïæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl,' 1823, is another of these great Italian works, and in this instance a magnificent masterpiece, with a view of the sea and distant shore perhaps unparalleled in Art, fully realising the well-known encomium of Horace:—"No bay in the world outshines the pleasant waters of Baïæ:"—

"Nullus in orbe sinus Batia preloet amnis."

In this picture are two of those beautiful pines of which Turner appears to have been very fond: in this instance the trees are carefully elaborated, and the effect of these is exquisite, independent of their value in throwing

back the more distant bay, which the reality alone can surpass. The two mythological personages are not very intelligible; but ruins of the locality, introduced in the foreground and middle distance, add value to the picture and give interest to the scene: and to this ancient world the modern is added by the activity apparent among the boats on the beach, and a shepherd-boy with his flock on the hills to the left. By the very skilful colouring of the foreground the attention is instantly directed to the middle distance, which is the essential portion of the composition, and is considerably faithful to the character of the locality—a fidelity which Turner did not always care to observe: provided he caught the generic truth of a scene, he was commonly indifferent to the individual truth—accuracy of detail.

49. 'Carthage—Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet,' 1828. A large picture, painted conditionally for Mr. Broadhurst; but it did not give satisfaction, and was declined. It is much inferior to the other two pictures of Carthage already noticed.

50. 'Scene from Boccaccio,' 1828, commonly called 'The Birdcage.' Turner called it, in the Academy Catalogue, 'Boccaccio relating the Story of the Birdcage,' but no such story is to be found in the "Decameron." The scene is a shady glen, with pleasant slopes, and many figures lounging about and in conversation; at the distant extremity is a view of a white castle, which reminds of the lines of Du Fresnoy, illustrated by another of Turner's pictures:—

"White, when it shines with unstained lustre clear,
May bear an object back, or bring it near."

This picture also reminds of Thompson's "Castle of Indolence," and of the compositions of Stothard. The execution is slight, but the colouring and the glimpses of sunshine are agreeable. A birdcage, a prominent object, which is lying on the grass in the foreground, appears to have suggested its title in the first instance, though no story of a birdcage is told by Boccaccio.

51. 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' 1829. This is one of Turner's greatest works, full of the true poetic or creative power, and thoroughly worthy of the passage in Homer's "Odyssey" which it illustrates.

52. 'The Loretto Necklace,' 1829. An Italian landscape of rich, warm colouring, with a picturesque view of a part of the sacred city on a high hill to the right: the sloping bank is covered with an olive plantation, of which the cool green tints contrast finely with the warm tints around. The necklace appears to have been placed by a young shepherd on the neck of a girl seated by his side under the shade of tall trees of an arbitrary description, something of the character of the pines Turner was so fond of introducing in his Italian pictures.

53. 'Pilate washing his Hands,' 1830, is one of those extravagant compositions which chiefly distinguished the later years of his life—much light and much colour, but little individuality otherwise.

54. 'View of Orvieto,' 1830, a charming Italian scene, with, however, somewhat of more of vagueness in the atmosphere than is characteristic of Italian scenery at any season. This picture was painted in Rome in 1829.

55. 'Caligula's Palace and Bridge,' 1831. A large picture, similarly arbitrary in its treatment of atmosphere, and of an imaginary ruin, designated Caligula's Palace.

56. 'Vision of Medea,' 1831, painted in Rome in 1829. Such is the title this picture bore in the Royal Academy Catalogue of 1831. It is one of those illustrations of his "fallacies of hope" which formed Turner's subject so frequently in the later years of his life; whether the picture illustrated the verse, or the verse the picture, is immaterial, but the latter was no doubt more frequently the case. This is a

large but slight picture, gorgeous in colour, and belongs to Turner's occasional fanciful subjects from classical mythology. The incident is arbitrary; the lines in the catalogue that profess to explain it are:—

"Medea,
Infuriate in the wreck of hope, withdrew,
And in the fired palace her twin offspring threw."

Medea is performing an incantation—she has destroyed her children—she is on the left, raising a small snake with her wands; to the right are the Fates and the serpent which guarded the Golden Fleece, with other accessories: the figures are large.

57. 'Watteau Painting,' 58. 'Lord Percy under Attainder,' 1831. Two small pictures,—slight figure sketches,—both exhibited with the Medea; the former in illustration of Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting, as already quoted.

59. 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—Italy,' 1832. This great work is in illustration of the following well-known lines of Byron's great poem:—

"And now, fair Italy,
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields and nature can decree—
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin grace
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."
Canto iv., 28.

The choice of subject is a grand one, and the picture is fully equal to it; but we do not find that careful execution and individuality that distinguish some of Turner's earlier works; the treatment is general, and the execution is free and original. Turner was now beyond all conventionalities. Byron's lines suggest many beauties and peculiarities, but all, and some others, are concentrated in this remarkable landscape. Those who have seen this picture will better comprehend the beautiful descriptions of nature which abound in Byron's "Childe Harold" than they did before: Italy is placed before them, ancient and modern—the ancient as a memory only, in the decay of centuries. The time is evening, the sun is going down beyond the mountains, but it still shines upon the glorious wreck and ruin of the past, and the indolent pleasure-loving life of the present Italy: the mediæval town and convent are likewise there. It is profanation to speak of colour before such a picture—the Italian air, land, and water, all are palpable—the foliage, the rich fruits, the gay costume of the peasants, the fascinating out-door life, feasting, dancing, love, and jealousy.

60. 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,' 1832. This is one of the earliest of those prismatic displays which delighted the painter's later years: it is a contrast and a contest between fire-light and day-light, and the subject was well chosen for such a display. There is, however besides, much poetic grandeur in the composition.

61. 'Apollo and Daphne,' 1837. The scene is a beautiful Greek valley, and the fate of Daphne is typified by the greyhound pursuing a hare in the foreground.

62. 'Regulus leaving Rome,' 1837. This was painted and exhibited at Rome in 1829, and appears to have been done in the same spirit of self-assertion which caused him to paint his imitations of Claude, exhibited in England some fifteen years previously. This is a golden Claude, with the indistinctness or want of the definite which henceforth generally characterises Turner's works in matters of detail.

63. 'The Parting of Hero and Leander,' 1837. A large sketchy composition, but with much grandeur of treatment; the "wild Hellepont" promises but too certainly the impending doom of the bold lover.

64. 'Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus,' 1838. This we must assume to be

another representation of Greece; the landscape is exceedingly rich, and the baths indicate the utmost splendour and luxury of architectural display. This picture is in its spirit analogous to the 'Childe Harold'—the one representing Italy and the other Greece. In the crowd of figures we have, on one side, the philosophy and pedantry of the Greeks in Demosthenes taunting Achilles; and on the other, in the gorgeous procession of undressed women, the extreme licentiousness of Greek morals. The figures in this picture contrast strangely with those of the great picture of 1806, 'The Garden of the Hesperides'; but the difference in his treatment of figures at this time is not greater than that of the treatment of his landscape at the respective periods.

65. 'The Fighting Temeraire tugged to her last Berth to be broken up,' 1839. This is a work somewhat similar in character to the 'Ulysses and Polyphemus'; it is a modern counterpart to that grand composition, and, as treating a popular incident of our own time, it perhaps necessarily appeals much more effectually to our sympathies. Our great painter has in this picture attained to the sublime in effect and sentiment, and perhaps in composition also—on one side, the setting sun and the small dark buoy, on the other, the huge old ship of the line, towed by the little black steam-tug; the cool distance is crowded with life and interest, and the gold and crimson sky is such a sight as one cannot behold in nature without regretting its extremely transitory character—Turner has grasped it, and fixed it for the constant delight of generation after generation.

66. 'Ancient Rome—Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus,' 1839. This is a restoration of the eternal city—the triumphal bridge and the palace of the Caesars restored. It is painted with the same palette as the 'Temeraire,' and, like it, is among the last of Turner's careful works, as regards the ordinary, or even the possible. With Turner the 'Temeraire' seems to have marked the line between the sublime and the ridiculous. From this time for about ten years we have, with exceedingly few exceptions, little more than prismatic effects, or an infinite variety of indefinite objects, displayed in all the colours of the rainbow.

67. 'Heidelberg,' about 1840. Represents a merry-making, apparently in the grounds of the picturesque old German schloss at Heidelberg, which is most fancifully restored.

68. 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' and 69. 'The New Moon,' 1840, are both of the character just described; 70, 71, 72, three views in Venice, are similar in character, though the first, 'The Bridge of Sighs,' 1840, has some justifiable pretensions to individuality; it is an illustration of Byron's well-known lines:—

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A prison and a palace on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

73. 'Steamer in a Snow-Storm,' and 74. 'The Burial of Wilkie by Torch-light in the Bay of Gibraltar,' 1842, are, though slight as pictures, grand poetic conceptions. 'The Burial of Wilkie' is a noble contribution towards the memory of that painter; it is a great monument that will for ever move the sympathies of the spectator; such works as this show that Turner was much besides a great painter, if it be allowed at all to define any limits to the capacity and apprehension of a truly great painter.

The following pictures are complete illustrations of what is objectionable of Turner's work, allowing them a full share of the special merits which unquestionably belong to his latest works, but which will necessarily always be variously estimated by various tastes; and if a few may be found who unhesitatingly commend such Art, there are certainly infinitely more who as unhesitatingly condemn it:—

75. 'The Exile and the Rock Limpet,' 1842. This is Napoleon at St. Helena: his fate typified in the rock limpet.

76. 'The Opening of the Walhalla,' 1843. A vague dream, bearing not the slightest resemblance to the original—the temple of Fame raised a few years ago on the banks of the Danube by the late King of Bavaria, Ludwig I., to all the great sons of the German race.

77. 'A View in Venice,' 1843; 78. 'The Sun of Venice going to Sea,' 1843; 79. 'The Evening of the Deluge,' 1843; 80. 'The Morning after the Deluge, or, Moses writing the Book of Genesis,' 1843. The last two he called also Shade and Darkness, Light and Colour.

81. 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' 1844; 82. 'Port Ruysdael,' 1844. A ship in a stormy sea, with a jetty to the right, which Turner has called Port Ruysdael in testimony of his admiration of the ability of that painter.

83. 'Van Tromp going about to please his Masters—Ships a Sea—Getting a good Wetting,' 1844; 84. 'Approach to Venice,' 1844. This a beautiful luminous little picture, illustrating Rogers' lines:—

"The path lies o'er the sea invisible," &c.

85, 86, and 87, are three more views of Venice, indefinite, 1845; 88, 89, and 90, 'Whalers,' 1845 and 1846; 91. 'Queen Mab's Grotto,' 1846, a real fairy composition in conception and gorgeous colouring.

92. 'Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello,' 93. 'The Angel standing in the Sun,' 94. 'Tapping the Furnace,' 1847. The next four, of the year 1850, are the last pictures exhibited by Turner:—95. 'Aeneas relating his Story to Dido,' 96. 'Mercury sent to admonish Aeneas,' 97. 'The Departure of the Fleet,' and 98. 'The Visit to the Tomb'—all prismatic vagaries, only turned by their titles into puzzles.

99. 'Richmond Bridge,' and 100. 'The Battle of Trafalgar,' are early works, apparently never thoroughly completed.

The unfinished works are as numerous as the finished works; but the great majority of these are mere beginnings, that can be of little use or little interest to either artist or amateur. Among the most remarkable of these unfinished pictures is a large and striking composition of 'A Fire at Sea'—a terrible subject, worthy of Turner's powerful pencil; it is the war of the elements: to the right, the fire of the ship reaching to the water; to the left, the raging storm; and in the centre the terrified and devoted passengers crowded on rafts, between the fire and the storm, alternately drenched by the one and scorched by the other; fire rains upon them from above, and the waves are opening to engulf them below.

'A Harvest-Home,' in the manner of Wilkie; 'Petworth Park,' 'Chichester Canal,' and 'A Mountain Glen,' are also among the unfinished works which will interest artists as much, or more, even, than the majority of the finished pictures.

Among the numerous drawings are the originals of most of Turner's published works, and some few of his great water-colour pieces, exhibited formerly in the Royal Academy—as 'Edinburgh Castle, from Calton Hill,' 1800; 'The Battle of Fort Bard, in the Val d'Aosta,' 1800, exhibited in 1815, &c.

With such an addition as this, but briefly and inadequately described, independently of the other invaluable works of the national collection of pictures, any further delay to find a suitable and worthy gallery for their exhibition and conservation, will be not only a national disgrace, but, if put off from any spirit of factious opposition, certainly a national crime. It is for the public to avert such a consummation, and to celebrate the acquisition of this unparalleled and invaluable gift of an individual by a reception that shall not only be worthy of it, but do immortal honour to it.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

FROM THE BUST OF J. DURHAM.

THIS beautiful example of portrait-sculpture was a gift to the Corporation of London, from Alderman Sir F. G. Moon, at the termination of the year of his Mayoralty: it now ornaments the Council Chamber of the Guildhall—a memorial of the liberality of the donor no less than of his loyalty: a more worthy present could not have been offered to the acceptance of the Corporation. One cannot feel surprised that the desire of Sir Francis to commemorate his year of office should take the form it has done: his long and intimate association with the Fine-Arts—one particular branch of which being the chief source whence he derived his wealth and the position he attained among his fellow-citizens—would naturally incline him to make them the medium of his wishes; while, independent of any proper feeling of loyalty to his Sovereign, Her Majesty had conferred upon him the title he now enjoys, as an especial mark of honour under peculiar political circumstances; and hence an additional motive why the gratitude and respect of the subject should be thus expressed.

Her Majesty honoured Mr. Durham with several sittings for the execution of this work, which is certainly among the best of the numerous similar productions that have been presented to the notice of the public: the head and bust are well modelled; the face presents that combined expression of dignity and sweetness which is at all times natural to the Queen, but especially so when any particular incident or circumstance calls forth peculiar animation. It may appear to some that the general contour of the head and features is too large and massive, but sculpture almost invariably produces this effect—any one who has compared a bust with the living model will at once see how much larger the former seems than the latter. We remember to have been particularly struck with this false idea of unnatural largeness of form in the bust of a friend of ours, by one of our most eminent sculptors, and could not be reasoned out of our belief till we had measured the work of the artist and the *pericranium* of our acquaintance, and found both of exactly corresponding size. A picture never produces this visual illusion—one that, we think, can only be accounted for by the painting being on a flat surface, whereas the bust stands out a solid mass, rendered more ample because the eye has neither colour nor accessories of any kind to act as a "relief" to its proportions.

During the last year or two we have had occasion to notice, and we have done so with exceeding pleasure, the impulse given to the art of sculpture by the Corporation of London: the sixteen statues already executed or in progress for the Mansion House, the Wellington Monument in the Guildhall, and Durham's royal bust, are promising evidences of an earnest desire on the part of our commercial magnates to add to the Art-wealth of the Metropolis. Let us hope that the spirit of the merchants of ancient Venice, the guilds of Antwerp, Bruges, and other cities in the Low Countries, will still further animate our mercantile community, both in London and elsewhere. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Fine-Arts have no relative commercial advantages—that pictures and statues are only objects to be looked at and admired; if they were nothing else, they would still be worth collecting, even—

"Where merchants most do congregate;"

for they attract visitors from everywhere, and wherever these are, there is always a large increase of individual expenditure that finds its way into the coffers of the resident tradesmen. This is, however, but a sorry inducement to patronise Art, an unworthy argument on its behalf: it has a higher and more ennobling claim on public support, especially in places which, from their commercial character, almost induce in man the conviction that to accumulate wealth should be the end and aim of his life. The contemplation of Art-works ought, and generally does, lead him to look into himself, and reflect that he is endowed with a mind to receive pleasure and instruction from the canvas of the painter and the marble of the sculptor, who labour to little purpose if they fail in producing such results.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTLETT. FROM THE BUST BY JOSEPH DURHAM

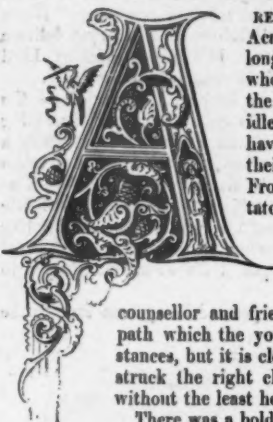
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BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXI.—WILLIAM EDWARD FROST, A.R.A.



RETROSPECT of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy during the last twenty years, or even longer, will scarcely fail to remind the visitor—whose object has been to examine and learn what the gallery contained, instead of passing away an idle hour therein—of two artists, whose works have been widely distinguished from those of all their contemporaries: these two are Etty and Frost; the latter the follower, but not the imitator, of the other; for there is no doubt that

Frost's introduction, at an early age, to Etty was the means of turning his thoughts into the same channel as that which had so long occupied the mind of his subsequent counsellor and friend. It would be idle to speculate upon the path which the youth might have followed under other circumstances, but it is clear that the works of the great colourist had struck the right chord of his feelings, and he responded to it without the least hesitation or misgiving as to the result.

There was a boldness in this determination that is not underserving of notice. Etty's choice of subject, and even his manner of treatment, was, and still is, the theme of much unfavourable comment. Barry, Stothard, and Howard, before him, painted the heroines of Greek and Roman mythology, but were more scrupulous in their ideas of propriety than Etty cared to show himself. Frost could not have been ignorant of the rebukes ad-

ministered to him whom he selected as his model, and yet he shrank not from pursuing a very similar course—one that would have deterred a less resolute and enthusiastic mind from entering upon at all. He must have known, too, that his choice would shut him out from a large class of patrons, to whom his pictures could not be acceptable—and, to a young artist, dependent upon his own exertions, such an alternative is almost sufficient to justify a refusal to adopt it.

William Edward Frost was born at Wandsworth, in the county of Surrey, in September, 1810. His father, perceiving in him an earnest desire to become an artist, afforded him every facility for accomplishing such a purpose; and, when his son had reached the age of fifteen, introduced him to Etty, who was then at work upon his great picture of "Merry interceding for the Vanquished;" the contemplation of which, it may be supposed, settled in the youth's mind his future course of study. Previously to this, however, he had made considerable progress in drawing, through the kind instruction of Miss Evatt, of Wandsworth, a clever amateur artist, and an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy many years ago. This lady is, we believe, still living, and, doubtless, has often rejoiced over the success of her young pupil. By Etty's advice Frost was placed in the Art-Academy of Mr. Sass, in Bloomsbury Street, now under the management of Mr. F. S. Cary, where many of our best painters received their early education: here he studied for three years, during the summer months, and also at the British Museum. In 1829 he was admitted student of the Royal Academy. "With the exception, perhaps, of his kind adviser, Mr. Etty," (we are quoting our own words, employed a few years back in reference to Frost), "no living artist ever more fully and eagerly availed himself of the advantages afforded by the lectures and life-school of the Academy; on entering which he commenced his career as a portrait-painter, and during the fourteen years that followed, he painted upwards of three hundred portraits, few of which, however, were publicly exhibited."

More than three hundred portraits painted by a young artist within a period of fourteen years! And, doubtless,—from what we know of his energetic and



Engraved by]

CHASTITY.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

enthusiastic disposition, veiled as it is under a most quiet and unobtrusive manner,—all of them carefully and conscientiously worked out. Here was practice enough to ensure excellence, even in one less persevering and skilful; and, as we may fairly presume a large number of these portraits were of females, we seem to have in them the foreshadowings of the beautiful images which grace his subsequent ideal pictures. We asked him one day where he met with so many lovely and expressive faces as we frequently see represented on his canvases: his reply was, "Here," touching his forehead. He has, we may be assured, carried with him into the quietude and solitariness of his studio, bright and unfading reminiscences of forms and features that have haunted him from youth.

In 1839 Frost entered his name as a competitor for the gold medal of the Academy, and obtained it—the subject being "Prometheus bound by Force and

Strength;" it was exhibited at the Academy in the following year. Prior to this, however, he had sent, in 1836, a portrait; and, in 1839, two portraits. When the cartoon exhibition was opened in Westminster Hall, he forwarded a drawing of "Una alarmed by Fauns," to which was awarded one of the third-class prizes of £100: there were many competent judges, and among them Haydon, who considered the work entitled to a higher place on the list than it obtained. In 1842 he exhibited, at the British Institution, a small picture,—full of humour and character—entitled "Consequence;" it met with a purchaser. To the Academy Exhibition of 1843 he contributed a picture of rather small dimensions, the subject of which was "Christ crowned with Thorns;" the figure is effectively treated, though too strongly characterised in the drawing by unnecessary anatomical display—a fault originating in the artist's close study in

the "life-school;" it was bought by a lady, who obtained a prize that year in the Art-Union of London, for £60. The following year witnessed the commencement of the series of the pictures that have allied the name of Frost with his friend and prototype, Etty; the first of these, called a "Bacchanalian Dance," was exhibited at the British Institution, and was purchased by the late Mr. Gibbon, of the Regent's Park, and is now, we believe, in the possession of the widow of that gentleman, in whose collection are many other excellent examples of the English school of painting: it represents a number of nymphs and fauns engaged as described; the figures are admirably drawn and most skillfully grouped. A still better work, as to rich and harmonious colouring, is that he sent to the Academy in the same year—"Nymphs Dancing;" it is in the possession of a gentleman of Glasgow.

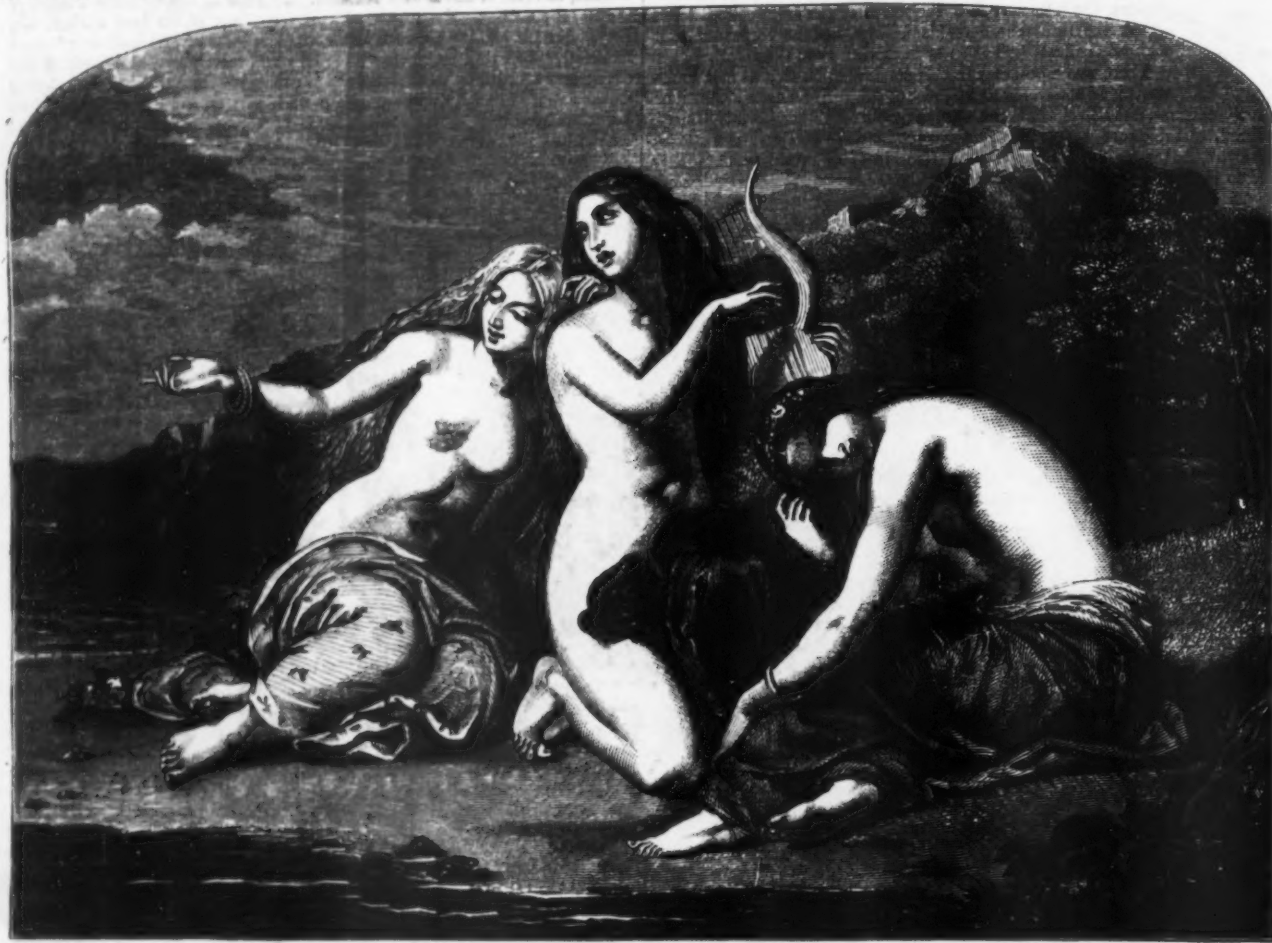
In 1845 Frost exhibited but one picture—"SABRINA," which forms one of our illustrations: it was bought by, and is now in the possession of, the Council of the Art-Union of London, and the large and excellent print, from the *burin* of Mr. Lightfoot, was issued to the subscribers of 1849. The composition is of the highest merit; and all the details show the power and knowledge of the artist in drawing the female figure. We do not think he has ever surpassed this work in purity of feeling and grace of expression. Two other small pictures, painted this year, were "The Ascension," purchased by Mr. Armstrong, of Manchester, and an "Indian alarmed," by Mr. R. Reeves, of

Birmingham. "Diana and Endymion," exhibited this year at Manchester, was sold to Mr. Wilson.

"Andromeda" is the title of a small picture painted for the Earl of Ellesmere, and sent to the British Institution in 1846: it only represented the daughter of Cepheus chained to the rock, without the assemblage of nymphs who figure in the larger picture of the same subject painted by the artist in 1850. To the Academy he contributed a work of ample dimensions—"Diana surprised by Actæon," replete with fine poetical feeling, exuberant, yet delicate fancy, and masterly arrangement of composition. It was purchased by Lord Northwick. In this year the artist was elected Associate of the Academy.

A little gem of a picture, painted for Mr. Webster, R.A., sparkled on the walls of the British Institution in 1847; it was called "Nymph disarming Cupid:" the "love-god" has fallen asleep beneath a rose-bush, affording a fair opportunity for the nymph to steal his arrow, of which she has taken advantage. The incident is playfully told, and brilliantly executed. His Academy picture of the same year was "Una," a subject from Spenser's "Fairie Queene;" this fine and truly elegant composition was purchased by Her Majesty; but, as it is on our list for engraving among the other "Royal Pictures," we defer any lengthened comment upon it till we are called upon to do so when the print is before us.

"Syrinx," a small nude figure painted with great delicacy, was sent to the



Engraved by]

THE SYRENS.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

British Institution in 1848; and "Euphrosyne," a work of considerable dimensions, to the Royal Academy: the latter picture is in the possession of Mr. E. Bicknell, and is described in the account of the "Collection" of that gentleman, which appears in the next succeeding article. Our readers will, perhaps, recollect that, when writing of the "L'Allegro," by Frost, engraved for the January part of the last year, we intimated the three figures composing this group were copied, by desire of the Queen, from the picture of "Euphrosyne."

Another little gem, "A Naiad," was contributed to the British Institution in 1849; at the Academy hung the "SYRENS,"—engraved above,—painted for the late Mr. Andrews, of York; a small *replica* was painted for Mr. Bicknell.

From some one cause or another, which we are not now called upon to explain, our leading painters usually reserve their strength for the Academy, generally contenting themselves with sending to the British Institution a comparatively insignificant production. Thus we again find, in 1850, Frost contributing one of those small, yet charming fancies which he is pleased to paint year after year; this time the little figure was called "Musidora;" it is in the possession of Mr. Creswick, R.A. In the Royal Academy appeared a picture, "The Disarming of Cupid," painted for His Royal Highness Prince Albert; an engraving from it will hereafter be included among our "Royal Pictures," so that we reserve our comments till then. "Andromeda," painted for Mr. M. Carritt, of Birmingham, and exhibited at the same time, represents

that "starred Ethiop queen" chained to a rock, and surrounded by a triton and a group of sea nymphs.

The circular engraving on the opposite page is from a picture exhibited at the British Institution in 1851, and entitled "THE SEA CAVE;" the figure is that of a nereid, which is "presented in a reflected light, touched here and there with a gleam that tells upon the shaded mass with great power." It was painted for Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford. In the Academy he exhibited this year "Wood Nymphs," painted for the late Lord C. Townshend, at the sale of whose pictures, in 1854, it realised 431 guineas; the subject was suggested by a passage in "Il Penseroso;" it relates no especial incident, but only represents a group of five figures, disposed either in or around a fountain, and painted with the artist's accustomed power in delineating the female form. Another of this year's pictures was "Hylas," painted for Mr. T. Miller, of Preston.

In 1852 we saw two pictures from the pencil of this artist in the British Institution: one—of a small nude figure bathing, called "Galatea," finished like a miniature—a *replica* of this work is in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, for whom the artist painted a companion picture, "Musidora." The other a sketch, "Wood Nymphs," differing in treatment from the same subject just noticed, was painted for Mr. R. Sole. In the Academy he had this year three paintings, the largest number to which his name had hitherto been appended: one was simply a female head, probably a

portrait, under the title of "Juliet,"—in the possession of Mr. G. Bassett, of London,—brilliant in colour, and in finish like an exquisite miniature. Nor was the second, "Nymph and Cupid," painted for Mr. J. Eden, of Lytham, scarcely less distinguished by these qualities: the extremities of the figures were proportionately large—it is a rare occurrence, however, to find Frost making a mistake in his "drawing." The third picture, to which the little space still left to us compels only a brief allusion, was called "May Morning," painted for Mr. J. Barlow, of Manchester, suggested by Milton's well-known lines commencing with—
 "Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger."

"The Cool Retreat," painted for Mr. J. Birt, of London, in the British Institution of 1853, is a study of a female figure prepared for a bath, near which she is seated. In this year Frost was absent from the Royal Academy; but in the following year he contributed one of his noblest works—"CHASTITY," engraved on the fifth page: it is a beautiful pictorial rendering of Milton's description, as we find it in the poet's "Comus." The work, now in the possession of Mr. Birchall, of Preston, is a triumph for the painter, whether it is considered as a picture only, or as the interpretation of pure and exalted sentiment. In the British Institution, the same year, he exhibited a miniature head of Shakspeare's "Ophelia," and a small replica of the "L'Allegro," in Her Majesty's Collection—both of them commissions from Mr. Bassett; and, in 1855, another of his elegant Liliputian figures in the character of a "Sea Nymph," in the possession of the Duchess of Sutherland. The Royal Academy Exhibition of that year contained three pictures by the subject of this notice:—a study of a young girl, apparently in deep meditation, called

"Il Penseroso;" another, "Wood Nymphs," a miniature in oils; and the third, "A Bacchante and young Faun dancing," painted with acknowledged power, rich in colour, and unexceptionable in drawing; but the subject not so agreeable to our minds as others. It is the property of Mr. Gambart.

The last year showed Mr. Frost's pencil to be more productive than ordinarily; we can only enumerate the works he exhibited. At the British Institution, a "Nymph and Cupid," belonging to Messrs. Lloyd; and, at the Academy, "The Graces"—bought by the Glasgow Art-Union,—"A Neriad," "A River Nymph," and "Bacchanals," the last purchased by Mr. T. Freebairn, of Manchester: they are all of so recent date as, we should suppose, to be fresh in the memory of all who visited the respective galleries.

Looking back to the titles of the pictures we have enumerated, it will be clearly manifest to the reader that Frost has limited himself exclusively to one range of subject; but of this he has made himself a perfect master. Less ambitious than Eddy to appear as a great colourist, or rather, less lavish of his pigments, and less daring in their application, he is not less true to nature; while, in drawing, in delicacy of feeling, and in beauty of feminine expression, he not only far surpasses his prototype, but is unequalled by any artist of our school, if we consider the variety of heads placed on his canvases. We should like to see him leave allegory for a time, and try his skill in historical painting: with such powers as he possesses he could scarcely fail; while the opening up of a new pathway to fame would offer a fresh impulse to his energies. Whether he do or not, we are assured he will not mistake our meaning, nor think us weary of his beautiful nymphs, either of wood or water, inhabitants of the pleasant groves of Arcadia, or dwelling in cool sea-caves with the tritons.



Engraved by]

THE SEA CAVE.

[J. & G. P. Nicholls



Engraved by]

SABINA.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

We should not perform our self-imposed task to our own satisfaction, without adding a word or two concerning this accomplished painter to what has been said of his art, which is that whereof the country has just reason to be proud. All who know Mr. Frost must value his acquaintance, while they

admire his genius; the latter quality will always command the highest respect, but his modesty, gentleness, and amiability of disposition, must, and do, win for him sincere esteem everywhere, and from everybody. A painter's works are often a key to his personal character and disposition; they are so here.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE COLLECTION OF ELKANAH BICKNELL, Esq.,
AT HERNE HILL.

THE galleries of native art that are in progress of formation in these Kingdoms constitute a remarkable feature in the Art-history of our time. The vein of patronage to which we are now about to do justice, in a lengthened series of articles, is that to which our living school of artists owe their prosperity. The day has passed when no painter could live without practising portraiture—we do not hear of a valuable landscape being sold to supply immediate existence. Every artist of acknowledged merit has commissions in advance, and many have engagements which they will be years in executing. All the earlier schools of Europe rose under two great sources of patronage—the Church and the Aristocracy; to the one works of Art were a necessity, to the other a luxurious enjoyment; and both lavished large sums of money on their production, inasmuch that these schools, even in their youth, never languished, but grew in strength to a degree of excellence which has never yet been attained in later times. Of these schools we have nothing to say here, save to mention them for the sake of comparison. For centuries they were supported, fostered, and flattered, and their best exertions were rewarded with popular triumphs and processions—each equal even to the celebration of a national victory. As to Art these were our dark ages—neither our church nor our aristocracy promoted painting; there was no intelligence of anything save portraiture; and so, in order that we might enjoy in perpetuity the visages of our noble predecessors, now and then a lone star from some remote galaxy shed its light upon our dark condition; it was now Holbein, then the famous miniaturists by whom he was succeeded—now some Dutch portrait-painter of minor note, then Vandyke, and so on in foreign succession. We were the inheritance of the stranger, until the twilight period before Reynolds arose. To say nothing of fifty years back, who, twenty-five years ago, would have been rash enough to assert that, within a period so brief, we should have a school of our own, the productions of which would in the market be sought in preference to those of earlier foreign schools? Yet so it is; not so much that the earlier and later works of foreign schools are not valued and admired, but that patrons of Art have been so continually deceived by fraudulent dealers that they prefer possessing native Art, genuine and original, to holding works which, when brought to the test of the auctioneer's hammer, realise one twentieth of what had been paid for them.* There are among our aristocracy some munificent collectors; but those who possess galleries are principally inheritors of rich and magnificent heirlooms of the great schools, to which they do not add modern English pictures. For years past we have been surprised at the extent of the sales that have been effected at the different exhibitions—everything of any merit that could be seen has been sold; and often at the end of the season, when inquiring into the proceeds, as nearly as possible from the data we could collect, we have been surprised at an aggregate of thousands and tens of thousands of pounds. It is certain that dealers make very extensive purchases annually; but there are those who purchase from the dealers. In England very numerous collections of British Art are in progress of formation; many of the possessors of these collections we know, but there are also many whom we do not know—but to all those to whom the prosperity of our school is in a great measure attributable, we desire to accord the honour which is so justly their due.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of our Art, that its youth should be protected and advanced mainly by private gentlemen and wealthy merchants, who thus achieve for themselves a distinction equal to that of the merchants of Venice and the princes of Florence. The collection with which we commence our series of notices is that of ELKANAH

* It is unnecessary to remind our subscribers that to promote and attain this object has been the great labour of our life; we have lived to see the fulfilment of our dearest hopes—Art-patronage diverted from (so called) old masters into the healthy channel of contemporary Art.

BICKNELL, Esq., of Herne Hill, who, in his catalogue, numbers some of the finest productions Turner ever painted, besides very valuable works by Gainsborough, Landseer, Callcott, and others of the most accomplished artists of our own time—indeed, every picture has recommended itself to the taste of its possessor by its merit alone; and, besides the works in oil, there is a numerous catalogue of water-colour drawings, many of them also by Turner, and generally distinguishable as the productions of the best painters in this department.

Mr. Bicknell's collection is not hung in a gallery, but distributed in the reception-rooms of his house, which are well lighted by ample windows opening on to a lawn and extensive grounds. We commence with—

HISTORY, POETRY, AND OTHER FIGURE COMPOSITIONS.

W. DYCE, R.A.—'The Arrow of Deliverance.' To Mr. Dyce is due the honour of originality in his subject—we do not know that it has before been executed in our school. The passage occurs in the thirteenth chapter of 2 Kings, seventeenth verse—Elisha addresses Joash:—"And he said, Open the window eastward. And he opened it. Then Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria: for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek, till thou have consumed them." The entire interest centres in the action of the two figures—which, in their agroupment, are relieved only by the light wall of the apartment wherein they are circumstanced. The king is on his knee in the act of drawing the bow, and Elisha is seated with his hands raised, and looking earnestly out of the window in the direction which the arrow will take. The composition is unusually severe, as there is an entire absence of accessory; a studied denegation of allusion to the regal state of the one, or the prophetic character of the other. We recognise in Joash a conception gathered from the Nineveh sculptures; but the impersonation of the prophet does not so far depart from classic Art. The person of the king is vigorous, with a well-rounded and youthful development; but that of Elisha is the frame of an aged man not so much wasted by disease as to excite painful emotion in the spectator; this is as it should be. The expression of age in the hands, and of sickness with age in the features, is at once acknowledged. In short, 'The Arrow of Deliverance' is the best production we have ever seen from the hand of Mr. Dyce, and it is to be feared that he will paint no more with the same force and simplicity. His composition in the Robing Room, from the life of King Arthur, making every allowance for fresco, may in comparison with this work be considered a retrogression; and, should he have an opportunity of designing for painted-glass windows, the difficulty of return to the quality of this picture will be yet greater.

W. HILTON, R.A.—'The Triumph of Amphitrite.' This is perhaps the best picture Hilton ever painted. It is really in colour equal to Titian, and in composition superior to the great Venetian's works of this class. What is principally to be regretted is that the shaded passages are so opaque, which arises perhaps from the employment of some waxy vehicle, such as that which destroyed the picture in the National Gallery. 'The Rape of Europa' (in the Petworth Collection) is a light picture—this is dark; and, although Hilton's execution secured in his light passages the utmost brilliancy, and in his dark portions he fails of common transparency, yet this is a more impressive work than the 'Europa.' It is worked up to an exaltation, which, having once impressed the mind, can never be forgotten. Poor Hilton! to whichever of the family of human ills the wise ones of science have attributed thy death, we have ever believed that thou didst die of what the unlearned call "a broken heart." Hadst thou condescended to portraiture, and painted as indifferently as others who have made fortunes, the like, no doubt, had befallen thee, and thou hadst yet been a living man and a "prosperous gentleman."

W. E. FROST, R.A.—'The Sirens.' We have seen the subject variously treated, but rarely, especially by foreign artists, without an abandon of voluptuousness, which shows their experience has not comprehended the subduing influence of that refinement of siren-fascination which assailed Uly-

ses. The figures are nude, but theirs is the chaste nudity of the best examples of Greek sculpture. There is a playfulness in their allurements the reverse of intense sensual expression: the qualification of the figures is so successful that they seem to shed the light by which we see them—like the impersonations of stars that have wandered from their spheres. The characteristics described by the names of these ladies—Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucosia—are faithfully embodied, and their attributes prescribed with an accuracy which would have entitled the artist, in the days of Homer, to the hierarchal honours of the Greek theology. The mechanical art is of the utmost delicacy; the soft texture and luminous tint of the skin surface is an unaffected but triumphant version of living nature. With admirable tact there is nothing shown but the sirens—the "hollow ship" of the wandering king does not appear; and yet these impersonations are no other than the sirens.

'Euphrosyne' is a larger work, full of the hilarious movement, ever inspired by the saltatory measure of the verse:—

"Haste thee, nymph! and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

This picture was exhibited but a few seasons ago, and a group of the principal figures was repeated for Her Majesty's Collection. It is wrought to a degree fully as high as the preceding work, but the means of expression are less limited. We have often admired the skilful disposition of the limbs in this work: if we see but the arms, it is not necessary to see the "twinkling feet" of this mirthful society to know that they are dancing; the arms, the feet, and the heads, are all equally eloquent. We find also here a classic elegance entirely apart from, and superseding, the individualities which, from ignorance of the antique and a too close imitation of the model, are sure to disqualify studies from the life.

W. ETTY, R.A.—'Venus and Cupid.' A small study of the nude, much like those which Etty used to paint at the school in St. Martin's Lane; it is low in tone, but rich in colour. The figure has been solidly and rapidly finished, as is seen by the downward sweep of the brush the entire length of the limbs.

'A Study of a Boy's Head' is one of the most agreeable children's portraits we have ever seen from the easel of this artist. The hair and the entire character are most picturesque. It is touched with freedom, but the study has tempted Etty to dwell upon it longer than he usually did on such essays.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A.—'A Highland Shepherd recovering Sheep buried in the Snow.' The form of this picture, when it was exhibited some years ago, struck us as remarkable. It is a large upright, presenting a section of a snow-covered mountain-side, on which is busied a shepherd with his dogs, in recovering from the deep drift certain of the all but frozen members of his flock. The subject is well suited to the form, the scene being an immediately rising foreground. The stalwart and well-plaided mountaineer has extricated one of the animals, is recovering a second, and his sagacious friend below is entreating his attention to a third which he has discovered. We recognise in the collie a well-educated and intelligent animal—a stranger to the overweening and improbable sentiment which excessively characterises the cynography of the time: to use a favourite epithet of the dealers and stealers, he is a "likely" animal; and the entire incident is of common occurrence on the heathery bens of the far north. To account for its form as an elongated upright, it was painted to hang upon a door. The only two vacant spaces in the room were the doors for which two pictures were to be painted, but this is the only one that has as yet been executed.

SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A.—'A Family of Contadini made prisoners by Banditti when returning from a Festa.' This picture was exhibited in 1848, and we remember it perfectly from the impressive richness and brilliancy of its colour. The narrative is simple and perspicuous: the prisoners are the husband and wife, the latter holding a child and having by her side an elder daughter. They are dressed in their gayest holiday attire, which contrasts pointedly with the poignant distress into which their capture has plunged them: their ass stands quietly near them, and they are guarded by one of the band, who watches them narrowly, and,

by the glances that he casts toward the elder girl, increases the grief and apprehension of the parents. Of these Italian incidents, which this artist executes with so much grace, we feared we had seen the last, when he exhibited 'The Saviour and his Disciples on the Mount of Olives'; but his recurrence to this kind of subject may, although he paints so little, afford a hope that the series is not yet exhausted. The finish of this work is really marvellously elaborate.

F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—'Raising the Maypole.' This is a smaller repetition of the large picture which was exhibited a few seasons ago in the Academy. The subject is one of the utmost difficulty; but we need not say how triumphantly the artist has dealt with such a variety of dispositions of colour, chiaro-oscuro, and aggroupment. The theme is new, and has interest and importance as illustrating a revered popular observance of our ancestors, and thus such material should be regarded as semi-historical. The narrative is extremely circumstantial in its detail, and the impersonations most successfully individualised and characteristically descriptive.

R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A.—'The Lady of Shalot.' This subject was exhibited, we think, two seasons ago. It represents the lady seated in a contemplative attitude, and having her face reflected by a glass. It is most careful in composition—so nicely balanced that its harmony of parts could neither suffer addition nor abstraction. It is one of the most graceful passages of sentiment that we have ever met with.

A. JOHNSTON.—'Sunday Morning.' This picture is well known by the engraving. It represents a Scottish family of cottagers reading the Scriptures, at the door of their home, on a Sunday morning in summer. The results of the direct and reflected lights are shown with much truth.

T. WEBSTER, R.A.—'The Joke:—'

"Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

'The Frown:—'

"Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

These two subjects, from "The Deserted Village," are also well known from the engravings. The arrangement is so originally simple, that few painters would have ventured to treat such materials, and yet a less number would have succeeded in forming a picture of a straight row of rustic figures without counterbalance. In each case the sentiment of the distich is most worthily maintained: in one all is fun and idleness, and we are invited to play marbles or king's cradle; in the other we had rather eschew the society of these sad students, among whom prevails scourged backs and racking toothache.

'The Impenitent Boy.' He has been expelled from the school-room to a kind of back-kitchen, where he stands—

"Nursing his wrath to keep it warm,—"

having indulged himself in the destruction of some of the crockery within his reach. There is more of shade here than we usually find in the works of this painter. The picture would form a perfect pendant to Landseer's 'Naughty Boy.'

'Good-night.' This presents an interior, the home of an English yeoman, the younger members of whose family are preparing for bed. The children are drawn and characterised with a felicity in which this artist is unique. It is a full composition, and all the domestic utilities are most scrupulously represented.

'Boys Quarrelling at Marbles.' A dark picture, with some of the best qualities of the Dutch school. If Jan Steen could have drawn, he might have approached this picture.

C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—'The Minstrel—Moonlight.' This is a small picture presenting a single figure—that of a lady, playing on the lyre at a window, at which the light of the moon is streaming in. It appears here to have been the object of the artist to execute a picture with a minimum of colour, inasmuch that it looks little else but white and black. The lady minstrel wears white, which is brought very forcibly forward by the strong shadows round the figure. The manner of the work—that easy sweeping touch—is as strongly defined here as in Mr. Leslie's larger works.

LOUIS HAGHE.—'The Student.' This is a picture in oil, only the second that we remember to

have seen on canvas by this painter. He is a student of Art, seated in his painting-room, with a blank canvas by his side, awaiting inspiration. He wears the dress of the seventeenth century, and his white collar is a very important item in the account, as being the focus of the minor lights. But we know him not. We should have been happy to have recognised Antonio Vandyke or Diego Velasquez, or any worthy of that time with whom we have a nodding acquaintance; but whomsoever Mr. Haghe may intend him for, we congratulate him on the felicity of his *mise-en-composition*.

T. PARIS.—'A PICNIC.' The scene is a garden composition, elegant in conception, and displaying abundant resource in the construction of this class of picture, the principal virtue of which is that it shall look like a reality.

LANDSCAPE.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—'Palestrina.' When we remember that in Turner's earlier works he celebrated so frequently the sublimities of our northern tempests, we cannot help thinking that Italy must have made an impression upon him more profound and exciting than even he can express on canvas. This picture is not, perhaps, strictly descriptive of the place, but it is an effusion given forth in gratitude to a land which has impressed him with an affluence of the most splendid memories. We are at the bottom of the hill where there is a river and a bridge, and on the right an avenue of trees, having on the left a stately pine, whence—let us but wait till sunset—we shall hear the crickets chant their twilight vespers. There are on that hill ruins and wretched dwellings, but, with light and sunshine, all are more lustrous than ever was the golden house of Nero. Considered with respect to composition this hill, with its variety of habitations, is not graceful as a form, nor, perhaps, judicious as a quantity; but it is by no means so arbitrary as it would have been in local colour—as Poussin, or, perhaps, even Claude would have painted it. The name is fraught with the most moving associations—the place is the *frigidum Præneste*, which stood, perhaps, equally high with Tibur and Baie in the estimation of Horace. We see the place from the Capitol, rising within a gap in the far distant hills, over the sites of the ancient cities of Gabii and Collatia, towards the supposed locality of Lake Regillus. This fiery canvas seems to declare that Turner must have seen his Palestrina under such an effect of sunshine. Gladly would we see the sketch from which the picture was painted. To the dreamy repose of this picture, what a contrast is presented in 'Antwerp'—Van Goyen looking for a Subject—where the spectator is placed on the left bank of the Scheldt, opposite to the town. You are oppressed by the idle sultry air of the 'Palestrina,' but energised to any exertion by the breezy freshness of the 'Antwerp.' Van Goyen is on board of a dogger, which has just tacked, beating up the river in the teeth of a head-wind, that sets a pearly crest upon every wave of the heaving Scheldt. He stands upon the deck, by the helmsman; the boat has just tacked—her mainsail is again full—and her wake trails round before us, here and there broken by the waves. It is all sunshine, and more successfully than in any picture we have ever seen, the gleam of sunshine sparkles everywhere on the watery expanse. The water-forms—which represent the tide running up against the wind—are made out in a manner unlike any that have ever been adopted to represent a similar incident. The composition is essentially a breadth of light—broken by ships—more or less dark to stimulate effect. But little of the city of Antwerp is seen; the lofty spire catches the sunlight, and although so little of locality is specified, the place is Antwerp, and none else. 'Palestrina' was exhibited in 1830; 'Antwerp' in 1833. Another marine subject, entitled 'Fort Ruysdael,' painted in 1827, exhibits a treatment very different from the breezy buoyancy of the last. It is a startling effect—a chase—a thunder-cloud after a fishing-lugger—both exerting themselves to the utmost. There is a breadth of light on the water, broken by the solitary fishing-craft, flying, under all sail, like an affrighted bird seeking a place of refuge. On she comes, steadily, before a wind that shall soon threaten with the voice of the howling tempest. She seems to grow upon the eye, and while fast around is closing that ill-omened cloud which has

fallen on the sea like a pall, and hung the sky with a drapery blacker than night, high above the utmost ridge of the cloud are shot forth jets of the black vapour, like the arms of a malignant genius impatiently urging on the storm. So affecting is the recital, that the spectator feels but one absorbing emotion. It is true he stands upon the shore, and the boat must soon be safe; but it is felt that if such a squall strike her, she must be at once cast upon the waters in fragments. It is certainly true that the mind may be more profoundly affected by a simple combination, than by a complication, in which the interest is distributed. There is but little colour in the work, and it has the appearance of being an earlier picture than is signified by the date; however, should it have been then painted, it looks more like a reminiscence of some painting that Turner may have seen, than his usual method at this time of rendering his own subject-matter. We have next 'Ehrenbreitstein,' and the 'Tomb of Marceau,' a view taken from near the end of the bridge over the Moselle, and comprehending the fortress on the opposite bank of the Rhine. This was exhibited in 1835, and to the title in the catalogue were appended the following lines from Byron:—

"By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base an hero's ashes hid—
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau," &c.

It is treated with a flood of light, whereby the substance of all the material is diminished, inasmuch as to communicate to the picture that dreamy character, the very perfection of which Turner has realised beyond all other painters that have ever lived. 'Ivy Bridge, Devon,' and 'Calder Bridge,' are both in his early manner—strong in colour, and individual in locality. There are no dates to these pictures; but they were painted at the time when the painter was in search of material for drawing-lessons, and are full enough of warm colour to have pleased even his friend, Sir George Beaumont. A second Venetian subject is called 'The Giudexca, Santa Maria della Salute, and Giorgio Maggiore'—it was exhibited in 1841; and here we see Turner amid the splendours of his latter style—light and colour wherever they do not flout the eye; but Turner must have been a visitant to the "City of the Sea" before that famous sumptuary edict of the Podesta, which suppressed the luxurious equipment of gondolas, and legalised a coat of black paint only. 'Wreckers—Coast of Northumberland,' appears to be a scene just south of Bamborough Castle, which, rising on the left, closes the view on that side. The sky is full of drift, and a fierce gale blows off the sea. The wreckers are busied on the sand, appropriating portions of the wreck of an unfortunate ship which a steam-boat endeavours to tow off the shore.

The 'Campo Santo, Venice.' Here the principal breadths are the water and the sky—the lights and darks which constitute the zest of the composition being almost entirely adventitious, showing, with a knowledge of effect, how little is necessary to the construction of an agreeable picture. We look from the water to the Campo Santo, which is on the right; and on the left is seen one of those light, graceful small craft, which, with its wing-like sails, resembles rather a butterfly than a boat.

'The Brille on the Maas, Holland.' This picture presents a turbulent sea, bearing a Dutch man-of-war, and some smaller vessels: it is also a broad composition, wherein are distributed, with fine taste, a few points of support for the eye.

SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A.—'An English Landscape.' In considering this work we miss at once those local asperities which conscientious painters constitute permanent difficulties in their works rather than be charged with the sin of omission. The eye passes over the canvas, not only without suffering the slightest shock from any incidental indecorum, but flattered by the sensible gratification of a powerfully soothing influence. It is a large upright picture, painted in 1842. The whole of the foreground is flooded by a shallow stream, so stealthy in its movement as not to disturb the prevalent repose, and hither a herd of cows have resorted to cool their hoofs. On the right bank rises a throng of stately trees; the centre opens to distance, and the

rest is supplementary of a corresponding kind, with an accompaniment of the odour of honeysuckle and the hum of bees, now and then superseded by the lowing of the cows—upon which, by the way, Landseer has touched sufficiently to make them his own. The picture, therefore, might justly be said to be by Calcott and Landseer, who, in addition to his brilliant distinction as the great Dog Star, may claim a place as a constellation in the Milky Way. This work affects us more by what may have been omitted, than by what is received into the composition; for there are but few natural scenes of this kind in which is not found some discrepant episode. The colour is everywhere retiring; modest umbers are found throughout the work, unobtrusive and conciliatory; and all the parts assist the mellow sunlight which suffuses the scene.

'Rochester Bridge and Castle.' We are placed below the bridge on the Medway, which occupies the lower breadth of the composition, the castle rising on the left, the nearest objects being boats on the river. This is also a sunny picture, and so successful that Calcott here seems to break a lance with Albert Cuyp in his own style—Rochester on the one side, Dort on the other. It is remarkable for a high degree of finish without the slightest hardness.

J. D. HARDING.—'A View of Thun, with Mont Blanc in the distance.' This is a small picture, but the nature of the scene, and the space into which it expands, would have well justified a large work. It epitomises Switzerland in its quaintest features, those of its cities—and its sublimest characteristics, those of its mountains. The warm harmonies of the nearest sites contrast strongly with the freezing temperature of the distance. The firm treatment of the subject, the dispositions of colour, and the prominence or retirement communicated to form, pronounce Mr. Harding an accomplished master of his art.

D. ROBERTS, R.A.—'Ruins at Baalbec, Mount Lebanon in the distance.' This picture, which is large, was exhibited in 1841 at the Royal Academy. The subject consists of little more than four columns of the Temple of the Sun, but in the condition in which they are presented to us, surrounded by the ruin and desolation to which they also must soon yield, they are more impressively historic than had the temple remained entire. Such a subject it is extremely difficult to invest with that sentiment which is best befitting it, because, being so simple, its simplicity is rarely left unutilized. As, however, these columns are set up before us, they discourse of a past magnificence, in language which conveys to us perhaps an exaggerated estimate of the reality—this is the art of the painter; he fills at once the mind with his subject, and we feel, to its utmost extent, that of which he only represents a fragment. To this, and similar relics, we cannot deny our reverence, for although an example of the splendid ostentation of a false religion, it is yet an emanation of the utmost refinement of the human mind. The frieze here is broken off—the fallen portions and the other columns the earth has reclaimed as her own, and taken them to her bosom. O fallen Heliopolis! could thine augurs, and the hierarchy that prompted the voices of thy oracle now see thee, by what new jugglery would they justify the promise that the Temple of the Sun was built for a time and for ever? But we find here the Arab of the desert and the Turk of the city; we had rather have contemplated the ruins of Baalbec without such society.

'St. Gomar, Sierre,' is a picture of that class whereby Mr. Roberts has made his reputation. It is a church interior, treated in a manner to convey an impression of vastness—the altar, with all its sacred properties, and the screen with a masterly firmness of manipulation, which, when closely examined, touches perhaps the utmost list of freedom; but at a little distance the whole combines in an example of the most elegant drawing. The painting of the whole rarely rises above or descends below a mellow middle tone, on which the sparse lights from the windows are thrown with the best results, the sparkling darks of the composition being spots carried into the picture by the reverent worshippers of the Virgin and the Saints. Had we but time to offer our orisons within that temple, we should tread lightly on that floor, for it looks as if every step would ring upon it. Again—

'Xeres de la Frontera' is still a church, not a wine, that the painter illustrates, surcharged with Gothic fret-work of the most beautiful kind, which we hope the architect has lighted as well as the painter.

C. STANFIELD, R.A.—'Le Pic du Midi d'Ossau, in the Pyrenees, and Smugglers.' This large upright picture, being judiciously hung a little above the eye, tells with forcible reality. The Pic is a lofty granite pinnacle of the ragged Gothic cleft, and piercing the air to an altitude at which—

"Biting frost would never let grass grow;"

and the rugged pathway at this, its upper base, is not the less a drear solitude that it is the haunt of these wild and lawless men, whose trade is exercised at the risk of life. This is a class of subject to which Mr. Stanfield seldom turns, a circumstance which we think gives additional value to the picture. No painter could resist making a study of this scene, but few could verify the sublime simplicity of that aspiring Pic, which, after all, is but the sorry remnant of some stupendous upheaving from below, having, in thousands of years, suffered dissolution by fragments of hundreds of tons which lie shed around its base.

A picture of another character, and in that department which is more particularly his own, is called, 'Shipping, French Coast, near St. Malo.' It is extremely simple in composition, showing only on the right a portion of the coast, while the left is open to the sea. A principal object on the right is a windmill. It is high water, and the heavy waves beat violently on the shore. It is a subject of the simplest kind, consisting of but few parts, and deriving much interest from its forcible chiaroscuro.

'Beilstein, on the Moselle.' This large picture was exhibited in 1837. It presents a view doubtlessly well remembered by those who have any acquaintance with the scenery of this river, where it may be remarked that, more than elsewhere, the towns and villages have been under the protection each of its dominating castle. We are often surprised that the Moselle scenery, so full of pictures, has not been more frequented: in comparison to it the overpraised Rhine is *nil*.

T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.—'A Landscape, with Sheep.' A large picture presenting a close scene, with water, trees, and foreground masses, and showing a principal light, according to the prescription of the time of this painter. It is a valuable example of Gainsborough's manner. It is accompanied by a second picture, containing cattle in the intermediate foreground, and very much darker than the other. Gainsborough was such an admirer of Mola, that he frequently painted with a picture of that master placed near him; but this work does not remind us so much of Mola as others we have seen by him. This was given by the painter as a marriage present to his daughter.

T. CRESWICK, R.A.—'The Stepping-Stones.' The subject consists of a shallow river, which diffuses its limpid stream over the breadth of the nearest site of the composition; on the opposite bank a screen of trees closes the scene. This was exhibited some years ago, and we have considered it among the best of Mr. Creswick's latter close river-side views—a class of subject to which he owes his reputation, but which he now appears to have laid aside.

H. JUTSUM.—'The Harvest-Field' is a view over a highly-cultivated country, enriched with picturesque timber. The foreground gives the title to the work, being studded with groups of heavy sheaves. The left is closed by lofty-spreading trees—a most valuable feature in the picture. The colour and firm manipulation of the picture are masterly.

'View on the Devonshire Coast,' opening an extensive prospect over a tract of country rough in bottom, and apparently farmed as a feeding district. In sweetness of colour and expression of distance this picture is rarely equalled.

F. W. HULME.—'View on the Llugwy,' with trees and cliffs worked up to a close imitation of nature. Time was when the freshness of these greens would have scandalised the lovers of landscape-art; but there was no truth in the brown and yellow fallacies of those days—the harmonies of nature must prevail over the harmonies of a baseless theory.

W. COLLINS, R.A.—'Selling Fish.' A class of subject very often painted by this artist—that is, a

breadth of coast scenery at low-water, with a few figures. It is most difficult to produce an interesting work out of the slight material which constitutes very often the best productions of this painter; but by the most elaborate finish, and the irresistible charm of the light and shade which he casts upon them, he wrought these really scant and commonplace materials into works that established a reputation of which he had ample reason to be proud.

There yet remain works enough to form a catalogue, especially of those in water-colour; there are also smaller pictures in oil—as six compositions from the 'Decameron,' by Stothard; and others by Danby, Lance, Clint, Müller, and Nasmyth. The subjects in water-colour by Turner are—'The Castle of Ely,' 'Rouen,' 'Chateau Gaillard,' 'Havre,' 'The Lake of Lucerne,' &c. &c.; 'Berncastle,' by Harding; 'Loch Lomond,' and 'The Vale of Dochart,' by Robson; 'The Hotel de Ville, Louvain,' 'Zituan, Morocco,' by Roberts; and others by Bone, Derby, and Hunt. 'The Cartoon Gallery at Knoke,' by Nash; 'Flowers,' by Bartholomew; 'The Cook's Revenge,' and 'The Dwarf's Frolic,' by Cattermole; 'Harvest,' and 'River Scene,' by Dewint; 'Autumn,' by Paris; 'Dunstaffnage Castle,' 'Bridlington Harbour,' and 'Rivaux Abbey,' by Copley Fielding; 'Childhood,' and 'Youth,' by Stephanoff; 'Family Portraits,' by S. P. Denning; 'Rebecca at the Well,' by Warren,—with other studies in oil and water-colours. The drawings by Turner are in his most spirited manner, being some of those which were made for engraving, and which tell so forcibly in black and white.

SCULPTURE.

E. H. BAILY, R.A.—Mr. Bicknell possesses one of the finest pieces of sculpture of our school in 'Eve listening to the Voice,' had the sculptor never been the author of any other work, this had procured for him an undying fame. Whether this may be called the original or not we cannot tell, but we conceive that it is somewhat different from another statue or cast we have somewhere met with by the same sculptor, and named also 'Eve listening to the Voice.' This statue is too well known to require description.

'Cupid.' A statue in marble of the size of life. A butterfly is settled on his shoulder, and he lifts his finger as if to enjoin silence. The poetry of the allusion is exquisitely graceful, and the natural ease of the round, youthful figure is beyond all praise.

'Psyche.' A companion statue in marble, also of the size of life. She holds a butterfly in her left hand, and caresses it with her right. This figure is semi-nude. The head is modelled in the spirit of the best types of classic beauty, and all the other passages of the person coincide in an expression of sweetness unsurpassed even in the best examples of the antique.

'Paris.' A statue in marble of the size of life. This character can never be mistaken; ample justice is done to it here in the manly beauty of the figure, with its gallant bearing, and the attributes of the Phrygian cap and the pastoral staff.

'Helen.' A companion statue to the last. She rests upon the left foot, and draws a veil over her person. The artist's conception of the character is embodied by a certain voluptuous fulness in the figure which may be justified by the story.

W. C. MARSHALL, R.A.—'Hebe.' A statue in marble—semi-nude. The figure stands looking downward; she holds a vase in her hand, and at her feet is a broken cup; thus it may be considered that she has just suffered dismissal, by Jupiter, from her office.

P. MACDOWELL, R.A.—'The Day-Dream.' This, like all the works of the artist, is qualified with the most charming sentiment. His great successes are all in what we may call Christian poetry in opposition to the antique.

In addition to these works there is a 'Dancing-Girl,' by Gott, and a 'Sleeping Cupid,' by Bienaimé.

We cannot close our notice of Mr. Bicknell's Collection without observing that if it have been selected with the intention of affording a comprehensive view of the present progressive state of the British school, it could not have been formed in better taste; and it must be admitted that it is to such liberality and patriotism that this progressive condition is so much indebted.

THE "GREAT EXHIBITION"
MEMORIAL.

It is now some months since we informed our readers, that there was at length a probability of a final move being ere long made in a matter of which the public had for some time past been allowed to lose sight,—but the interest of which is to many, from the matchless memories that surround the subject, as fresh as in the day when it first began to take shape and proportion. The project to which we allude was, that of erecting a memorial, of some kind, in Hyde Park, to report to future ages of the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851. That project is now about to receive its execution. As we write, a meeting is in course of being summoned, to decide on all particulars regarding the appropriation of the fund subscribed,—and ere our day of publication, it will have been determined in what form and under what conditions Art shall make her report to posterity of the great event of 1851.

Assuredly, when we think of all the great human interests which that unparalleled event involved and represented—all the mighty morals which were the informing spirit of that visible fact,—we may well wonder, that some attempt at the Art expression of so magnificent a summary of civilisation has not long before this arisen on the green sward which it consecrated. That an area in which assembled day by day through all the days of one long bright summer the most majestic congregations that the world has seen, should have no material mark from the Muse to point it out to the pilgrim generations to come, is a national neglect which it is difficult to reconcile with the national condition of mind that could conceive and carry out the great design. On this green plain the moral of the plain of Shinar was reversed:—in the vast edifice which "the children of men builded here," all possible diversities of the human mind flowed into harmonies, and all the languages of the scattered races of the earth swept down its long crystal aisles in one grand choral music.—It is, indeed, full time that the greatest of modern events should have an Art chronicler.

It is well, that we should go a little more particularly into the history of this monument;—which is very curious, and leads through some strange sinuosities of the human intellect. The first project for the monument took a form so eccentric, that, if we do not record it near its own time, it will be rejected hereafter on the ground of its intrinsic absurdity. In 1853, a body of noblemen and gentlemen proposed to get up, by public subscription, a memorial of the Great Exhibition; and they found, as they deemed, a fitting embodiment and representation thereof in the Baron Marochetti's colossal equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, which had been there exhibited. The Baron's statue, as the visitors to the first Crystal Palace who looked beyond the great western gate will well remember, was a very fine work; but how the parties in question got together two ideas which struggle so determinedly for separation, passes mere ordinary apprehension. A rampant warrior, to symbolise the triumph of peace! The hero of a remote and comparative barbarism, to express the sum of all that civilisation which the ages had since been building up! In the days of Cœur de Lion, and under the moral of his time, this gathering of the nations would have been impossible,—and in the age and land which reared the Palace of Glass, Cœur de Lion could not himself have existed. The place of Cœur de Lion as an historical illustration belongs to a page of which the Crystal Palace kept no memories—save in its Mediæval Court. One of the precise proclamations made in the Palace of Glass was, that Cœur de Lion, and

the thing which he typifies, were dead:—by what strange perversity of thought, then, he could be taken to typify the Palace of Glass, no effort of fancy enables us to understand. If the parties to this first project *must* have the man-in-armour for their purpose, we fancy we might have forced ourselves to catch at something like a link of association had they chosen Attila as their exponent. We remember well, how some of these parties resolutely set their faces against the Crystal Palace on the ground of the destruction which it would bring to the green sward in the park;—and it is just conceivable that, under some strange calculture of the imagination, they might see a fit representative of the edifice and its contents in one of whom it was proverbially said, that no grass grew where his horse's hoof had been! No analogy even so remote and fanciful as this can we discover in the other case.—However, the promoters of the project were prevailed upon at length, to see that the two ideas were incompatible; and their scheme for the purchase and erection of the statue remained—in its true character of an ornament to the metropolis—separated from its enforced association with the morals of the Great Exhibition. A large sum of money was collected; and various sites were proposed, and one (in Palace Yard) was even tested by the temporary erection of the work. *What was the issue of that subscription, or the final story of the monument, we do not know*—further than that, the statue is now in the new Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, where it stands, appropriately, as the representative solely of the monarch whom the Baron Marochetti designed, and, through him, of his times.

Towards the close of the same year, Alderman Challis, in his character of Lord Mayor of London, put himself at the head of a renewed movement for carrying out the idea of commemorating the Great Exhibition; and he chose for his representative of that event a chief who certainly had striking relations to the event itself. The proposal of Alderman Challis was, to erect on the site of the Crystal Palace a statue of Prince Albert, as the party in whose breast the thought of assembling the world within its walls originated, and to whose earnest after co-operation it owed so much of its prosperity. His lordship addressed the provincial mayors with great success, won the willing adhesion of men of all ranks and professions,—and subscriptions to a large amount flowed rapidly in. The principle of these subscriptions was, generally, the scheme in its entirety:—the propriety of commemorating the event, and the propriety of the especial form of commemoration. Meantime, an opposition to the latter sprang up,—based on what was clearly a misconception. It was assumed, that the ground consecrated by the Exhibition was seized on for the purpose of an express tribute of respect to the Prince,—whereas, the figure of the Prince was borrowed as presenting the best single expression that could be found for embodying a tribute of commemoration to the Exhibition. It was assumed, too, that this was a statue to the Prince in the sense in which a statue is a verdict of judgment on a man's life,—and it was contended, that none but a man's survivors are entitled to erect such statues. It was objected, that statues to living men may possibly by the closing acts of such men's lives be converted into false witnesses:—that they are sentences passed before all the evidence has been heard. We wonder how many brass and marble summings up of the Duke of Wellington we had before his accounts were closed!—However, it is sufficient here to say, that this proposed statue, by its very terms, escaped being judicial in the general, or anticipatory, sense objected to. It had a direct emphatic reference to a single event, and was a judgment on the Prince exclusively in his rela-

tion to that. It expressly defined its own limitations,—and left all the other acts of the Prince's life to the dealing of the moral heralds that have finally to proclaim the true style and titles of the dead. The fact which alone it commemorated *was* a completed fact,—and in reference to our judgment upon that, history could have nothing to correct. Time cannot change the character of that record.—However, the objections were urged in a manner which made many think that it were better to find a way out of them. It was proposed, therefore, to abandon the notion of a work of Art altogether,—and that the memorial should take some sort of educational or other utilitarian form. This was transforming the idea wholly,—and in the opinion of some of the subscribers reducing the entire project to a mere surplussage. It was felt, that memorials of the Great Exhibition, of all other kinds, there had been, and were to be, in abundance, and that the one memorial supplementary and specific—in Art writing, and on the spot—was the thing which they had desired to promote. Many, we believe, withdrew their subscriptions; and the project has been slumbering ever since until a recent period.

As we have said, that project is now revived,—and about to receive its immediate fulfilment. A Committee was some time since formed to carry out the intentions of the original subscribers,—there are already about £6000 in the hands of the treasurer, Alderman Challis,—and it is intended to erect where the Crystal Palace stood *some work of Art*.—We think, we can see in the matter as it now stands means of reconciliation, which may swell the fund. £6000 will command something more than a single figure,—and, therefore, the statue of the Prince may be abandoned. But they who desired to see the memorial assume that specific form, will probably be satisfied to think that from any design which should take larger proportions it would be difficult altogether to exclude the idea of the Prince. So truly was Prince Albert the presiding genius of the Great Exhibition, that his figure comes logically as it were into every argument for its commemoration. As he was necessary to the Exhibition,—so is he necessary to its monument.

There is one point of the doctrines heretofore laid down by us on the subject of competitions for the execution of British works of Art which many of our readers may be disposed to consider not applicable in the present case. As we formerly stated, it is, we believe, the intention of the Committee having the ordering of this competition to extend it beyond the circles of British Art; and it will probably be felt, that if ever there was a competition of the kind amongst us to which foreign nations might justly claim to be admitted, it is one whose object is to commemorate an event to which all the nations of the world were contributors.—Under the strong sentiment of fraternity which mingles with all our thoughts of the Great Exhibition, we, for ourselves, are not unwilling—nor, we believe, would the sculptors of England be so—to acquiesce in this view:—yet, it involves a fallacy, notwithstanding. The thing to be commemorated was, it is true, a gathering of the nations;—but the monument which commemorates it is an English monument, bought with English money. To give a general right, there should have been a general subscription. For the execution of a memorial determined on by the nations, and to which the nations were joint contributors, the artists of all nations would, by the conditions of the case, have been alike competitors; but a monument got up by ourselves, amongst ourselves, for ourselves, and paid for by ourselves, falls into the category (whatever its theme) of British monuments,—and the foreign sculptor can come into the competition for it, not by claim certainly, but only by concession.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 1.—ON NEW METHODS OF PREPARING PORCELAIN AND OTHER CLAYS.

THE mind of England has within the last twenty years displayed, in a remarkable manner, its utilitarian character. There never was a period in man's history during which so large a number of discovered truths have been applied to useful ends. The great efforts of thought have all been in the direction of rendering known truths available, and of overcoming natural difficulties:—a vast success has attended those efforts. To whatever department of science we may turn, we see the same kind of result; there has been, and is, a constant effort to seize upon all the philosopher has discovered, and use it for the common good.

It is purposed to examine some of these new applications, to describe improved mechanical combinations, and to give accurate accounts of any new materials which may be introduced, or old ones which have been modified. The object of those papers will be to keep the readers of the *Art-Journal* acquainted with the improvements which are constantly being made in the productions of *Art-Manufacture*, adopting that term in its widest sense.

Since the period when Cookworthy discovered in Cornwall a kaolin, more than a century ago, scarcely any improvement has been made in the mode of preparing the porcelain clay of this country. Notwithstanding the immense increase in the manufacture of earthenware of every variety, and the superior excellence of the articles which are now produced in our potteries, we still see the immense clay-pits of Cornwall, rude as they were at the commencement of the present century.

The decomposed granite is quarried out, and the clay separated by the purely natural process of exposing it to streams of water. The water flows onward, with the lighter portions of the stone in suspension, and, in obedience to the laws of gravity, the heavier particles slowly subside, and eventually the finely comminuted clay is deposited in large shallow pits prepared to receive it. In these the clay dries to a certain extent; it is then cut into oblong masses, and when thoroughly dried, they are packed in casks and sent into the market.

The china-clay works of St. Austle are of a most striking character. A wide expanse of moorland stretches away on every side. It all bears the indications of human labour. Almost every foot of ground having been turned over, either by the tin-streamers or the china-clay workers. Large pits, usually parallelograms, here and there meet the eye, and solicit attention, from a phenomenon of a peculiar character which they frequently exhibit. The water resting upon the clay appears deeply blue. This is often thought to be a simple case of reflection—the blue sky mirrored in the water. But whether the sky is serenely blue, or darkened with rain-clouds, the colour of the water is still the same. It has by some persons been supposed to arise from metallic salts in solution; but, on taking the water from a pit, and examining it, it appears colourless; and the chemist fails to detect any mineral compound capable of imparting colour. The fact is, the colour arises from a peculiar surface refraction, analogous to that which is produced when sulphate of quinine is dissolved in water—a condition to which the name of *fluorescence* has been given.

Near those small lakes of clay are usually seen great excavations, from which the decomposed granite containing the clay has been taken. The rivulets which murmur around, and they are many—the water which urges the small wheels employed in pumping or grinding—and the river which runs down the valley,—in the summer an ordinary stream,—but in the winter a rapid torrent—are all of them charged with clay, and they flow onward like rivers of milk. Since everything which is done is dependent upon atmospheric causes, everything is naturally rendered to a certain extent uncertain. Rains may prevent the consolidation of the clay; even at the most favourable seasons, winds and storms spread over the surface numerous impurities, which it requires much

additional labour to remove. There are other impediments which add to the uncertainties, and increase the cost of preparing china clay.

As we are about to direct attention to a new system, in which machinery and several excellent artificial appliances are introduced, it may be permitted, in the first place, that the natural history of this raw material be briefly described. Under some conditions which have at former periods prevailed, immense tracts of granite rock have suffered decomposition. From an examination of several of the most important clay-works of Devon and Cornwall, it appears not improbable that we may refer the present state of the china-clay granite to the action of water, spread at small depths over the surface of the country: this water, containing air, percolating slowly through the granite mass, has effected the decomposition of the felspar, which is, it is well known, an important constituent of this rock. The chemical constitution of felspar is potash, silica, and alumina; and this crystalline body appears peculiarly liable, under certain conditions, to break up into its ultimate parts. The china-clay granite is, therefore, mainly a mass of quartz, mica, and decomposed felspar, or clay. The object of preparation is to separate, in the purest state, this clay from the quartz and mica.

With this introductory account of the material, we must proceed to describe the arrangements which have been introduced at the Lee Moor Clay-works, on the property of the Earl of Morley, by Mr. Phillips, the managing director of the establishment. The clay being broken out of the quarry, where it is worked to the depth of about sixty feet, it is carried along a tram-road to a neighbouring house: it is then raised and thrown into hoppers, from which it passes into a trough, through which a full stream of water flows, and in which works an ingenious arrangement for separating the clay. At the end of a revolving shaft, nearest the point at which the clay enters, there is a series of radial knives, by which the masses of clay are rapidly divided. Beyond the knives, but on the same axis, are a series of iron arms, the ends of which are furnished with teeth. These, indeed, perform the part of hands by beating the clay thoroughly as it is carried by the flowing stream down the trough. This axis, or shaft, is propelled by a powerful water-wheel. The greatest care is taken to obtain very pure water for washing the clay, and considerable labour, and much thought, has been expended upon the means for bringing the water directly from the springs, and carefully excluding the surface drainage from the peat-soil of Dartmoor; which water is also, however, carefully collected, and employed for the purpose of driving the water-wheels, &c. The water which passes off from the trough flows through sieves, by which all the coarser portions of quartz are separated, and the fluid, charged with clay and mica, passes onward. The mica, breaking up into thin shales, has a tendency to swim; although, being of greater specific gravity than the fine particles of clay, it is gradually deposited. In the separation of these components of the decomposed granite, considerable attention is required in regulating the flow of water: a rapid current would carry on the mica with it; a sluggish stream would allow of the clay to fall with the mica. At these clay-works very long and deep V-shaped channels are carefully built of granite; into these the water charged with clay passes, and their fall is so adjusted that the stream passes on at the required rate; so that by the time it has passed the full length of these channels, the water holds nothing in suspension but pure clay. It then flows into vast reservoirs, in which the clay is allowed to deposit. These clay-pits are carefully housed in, so that they are entirely screened from dust, dirt, or rain; and beneath them circulates air pipes, through which warm air is made to travel; and thus, by producing a slight elevation of temperature, the clay is uniformly dried. Each reservoir is allowed to fill itself with clay before the drying process commences. The water flowing in in a small stream, and these pits being very large, there is, of course, but little disturbance in the fluid between the point of its entrance and of its departure: thus, in comparative repose, the fine clay falls to the bottom, leaving the water above it quite clear. The drying of a mass of clay of several feet in thickness necessarily occupies some time, especially as it is not deemed advisable to employ any elevated artificial tempera-

ture for the purpose; the temperature of these clay-pits, when warmed, never exceeding 90° Fahr.

There is a traditional opinion amongst our potters in favour of weathering the clay: this appears to be derived from the Chinese, who will not, it is said, employ, in the manufacture of porcelain, any clay which has not been exposed to atmospheric influences for many years. There are not any exact experiments enabling us to refer this to any especial cause: the question rests upon a generally received opinion, stamped with the authority of age. In connection with this subject, Mr. Phillips states that the clay which is prepared in the early months of the year is better than that which is manufactured in the summer. May not frosts act upon the clay in a manner similar to its action upon soils, in which it appears to effect a finer disintegration—the water held suspended by the particles rending them in the process of congelation?

The clay of the Lee Moor Works, being prepared in the manner described, is packed and sent by a railway—constructed through ten miles of picturesque country—to Plymouth, where it is shipped, or conveyed directly by the South Devon Railway onward to the potteries. The value of this branch of industry, which may appear to some unimportant, may be inferred from the following statement, abstracted from the "Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom for 1855," published in the Memoirs of the Geological Survey:—

	TONS.
China clay shipped from Cornwall.....	60,188
China clay shipped from Devonshire.....	1,100
Pipe clay shipped from Devonshire.....	20,000
China stone shipped from Cornwall.....	19,961

China stone is a granite less completely disintegrated than that which produces china clay, which is used extensively in the manufacture and glazing of our superior porcelain.

In addition to the Cornish and Devonshire kaolin, there was exported from Poole, in Dorsetshire, in 1855, 53,702 tons of Poole clay, and 582 tons were sent from Poole to London by railway.

The value of the china clay of Cornwall, at works.....	£51,159 16 0
The value of the china clay of Devonshire, at works.....	935 0 0
The value of the china stone of Cornwall, at works.....	17,964 18 0

It should be stated, that the produce of Devonshire will each year show a considerable increase, as the facilities of transport are increased.

The quartz, sand, mica, &c., which are separated from the china clay, are usually regarded as waste and valueless materials. A small quantity is employed in the manufacture of Cornish crucibles; beyond this, we believe, it is turned to no account in that county. At the Lee Moor Works, the mica and quartz are ground up with common clay, and used in the manufacture of fire-bricks, which are employed in the construction of iron furnaces and lead-works in Durham and elsewhere. Drain-pipes and numerous other useful articles are also manufactured, and, in addition to these, various architectural ornaments, for both external and internal decoration and use. By slightly varying the quantities of the constituents, and their physical condition, an artificial stone may be produced, which will rival granite itself in durability and appearance.

This is of the utmost importance—the economising of waste materials is, in fact, adding so much to the national wealth.

A comparative statement of the analyses of the Black Alder and the Stourbridge clays, will show the relative values of each:—

	BLACK ALDER.	STOURBRIDGE.
Silica.....	79.20	67.78
Alumina.....	19.70	26.13
Lime.....	trace	1.47
Oxides of metals.....	0.45	5.20

At the last exhibition of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, a new brick-making machine, the invention of Mr. Roberts, of Falmouth, was exhibited, and a committee appointed to report upon its merits. We regret we cannot notice it at present.

It is pleasant to be enabled to record the introduction of improved machinery, and still more so to witness the use of waste material, in the production of objects which are directly connected with architecture and Art-Manufacture.

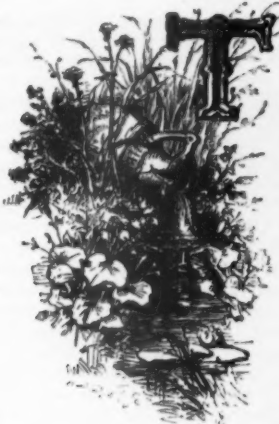
ROBERT HUNT.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART I.



THE Thames is "the King of Island Rivers;" if deficient in the grander features of landscape, it is rich in pictorial beauty; its associations are closely linked with heroic men and glorious achievements; its antiquities are of the rarest and most instructive order; its natural productions of the highest interest: it wanders through fertile meads and beside pleasant banks, gathering strength from a thousand tributaries; on either side are remains of ancient grandeur, homely villages, retired cottages, palatial dwellings, and populous cities and towns; boats and barges, and the sea-craft of a hundred nations, indicate and enhance its wealth; numerous locks and bridges facilitate its navigation, and promote the traffic that gives it fame. Its history is that of England: the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, in turn made it their "seat of war," or, settling upon its banks, sought the repose of peace and the blessings of agriculture and commerce. In all the civil contests of centuries it obtained melancholy renown: the intrenched camp, the castle, the baronial hall, the mansion, the villa, occupied adjacent steepes, commanded fords, or adorned its sides, as harmony took the place of discord, and tranquillity succeeded strife. There is scarcely a mile of its borders which may not give birth to some happy thought in association with the past: abbeys, monasteries, and churches exhibit their remains, or rear "the tall spire," consecrated by use and age; the better parts of their structures having endured with the purer portions of the ancient faith. Sites and memorials of famous battles—king with baron, lord with serf, ancient owners of the soil with its invaders, those who warred for despotism or fought for liberty, for feudal rights or freedom; the cromlech of the Briton, the tumulus of the Roman, the barrow of the Saxon, the sculptured tomb of the knight, and the simple monument of the gentleman;—these are to be found, in numbers, on its banks. The names of very many of the great men of England—who "penned" or "uttered wisdom"—are nearly or remotely connected with this river: in its "fields belov'd" their "careless childhood stray'd;" in its city of colleges, "for meditation apt," their youth gathered strength for the strife of manhood. To its banks full often came the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, and the poet, "after life's fitful fever," to seek that rest from labour which is labour's best recompence—to enjoy alike

"The solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity."

Flowing through rich alluvial soil, that is never sterile, during the whole of its course it meets not an acre of unmanageable bog, and hardly a square yard that does not produce pasture or foliage, except where it refreshes and prospers active villages, busy towns, or crowded cities—venerable Oxford, regal Windsor, "mighty London," and a hundred places, wealthy and famous. It would be indeed impossible to over-estimate the value of the Thames to the British capital. It is said that when one of our sovereigns, angry with the chief magistrate of the metropolis, threatened to ruin it by removing the court, he received the memorable answer, "But your majesty cannot remove the Thames!"

It will require no very great stretch of imagination to pass from the little streamlet in Trewsbury Mead to "the Pool" below the Tower. The river, born in a sequestered nook, grows and gathers strength until it bears on its bosom the ships of a hundred nations; enriches the greatest and most populous city of any age; ministers to the wants and luxuries of two millions of people—there alone; becomes the mainstay of commerce, and the missionary of civilisation to mankind, carrying their innumerable blessings throughout the Old World and the New; yet ever the active auxiliary, and never the dangerous ally—keeping from its birth to its close the character so happily conveyed by the famous lines of the poet:—

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Few, therefore, are the poets of England who have no word for "Old Father Thames!" Even its minor enjoyments have been fertile themes for the muse; and numerous are they who laud the "gentle craft" of the angler, whose "idle time is never idly spent" beside the river which, above all others, invites to contemplation, and promotes familiar intercourse with Nature. Here, too, the botanist and the entomologist gather a rich harvest of instruction; while the landscape-painter, wander where he will—

"By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green:

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe—"

it is ever an open volume of natural beauties, which are the only veritable teachers of Art.

It is to this River—the King of Island Rivers—we dedicate this Book.

Before we ask the reader to accompany us on our tour, we require him to pause awhile, and consider two essential points—its source, and the name under which it is rightly to be recognised and known.

Both are in dispute. The Churn, which rises at "Seven Springs," about three miles from Cheltenham, and joins the Thames at Cricklade, is sometimes described as the source of the great river. Generally speaking, the source of a river is the spring farthest from its mouth; and the head of the Churn is farther from the Nore than Thames Head by perhaps fifteen miles. But old writers, old maps, and old documents, unite in representing "Thames Head," near Cirencester, as the head of the river Thames. Leland (temp. Henry VIII.) tells us that "Isis riseth at three myles from Cirencestre, not far from a village cawld Kemble, within half a mile of the Fosseway, where the very head of Isis is;" Stow, that "the most excellent and goodly river beginneth in Coteswold, about a mile from Titbury, and as much from the hie way called Fosse;" Camden, that "it riseth not far from Tarlton, hard by the famous Fosse-way;" Atkins (1712), that "it riseth in the parish of Cotes;" Rudder (1779), that "it has been reputed to rise in the parish of Cotes, out of a well." These authorities might be multiplied; and although Atkins and Rudder (the earliest historians of Gloucestershire) both write of the Churn, and its claim to be considered the head of the Thames, "being the highest source from whence it derives its water"—and no doubt such claim will have many advocates—we have treated the river Thames as rising at Thames Head, near "a village cawld Kemble," hard by the "famous Fosse-way."

With respect to the name, it is derived directly from that by which it was known in the time of Julius Cæsar, *Tamēses*, which, as well as its Anglo-Saxon representative, *Temese*, is sufficiently near the modern *Thames* to be considered as identical with it. Lhwyd, the learned Welsh scholar, believes it to be identical also with the *Taf*—the name of several rivers in Wales. But there are other English rivers bearing names almost the same. In Staffordshire we have the nearest resemblance in the *Tame*; in Shropshire is the *Teme*; and in Cornwall is the *Tamar*. There are minor streams in other counties bearing similar designations, which appear to be derived from one root, and the signification of all to imply "a gentle stream." "This," writes Camden, "is that Isis, which afterwards joining with Tame, by adding the names together is called *Tamisis*, chief of the British rivers, of which we may truly say, as ancient writers did of Euphrates in the East, that it both plants and waters Britain." Camden thus speaks of the river as "the Isis" until it mingles with the Tame—with which it is joined between Abingdon and Wallingford—about a mile from Dorchester. But there is just ground to believe that this is merely a fanciful designation, to which currency was given by Camden, who is said by his biographer, Bishop Gibson, to be the author of that Latin poem, introduced into the "*Britannia*," which commemorates "the marriage of the Tame and Isis."* Stow, Speed, and Hollinshed, his contemporaries, follow in his wake. But Bishop Gibson effectually dispels the illusion, and shows that from a very remote period—certainly anterior to the Conquest—the name of the river was the *Thames* (*cujus vocabulum Temis, juxta vadum quod appellatur Somersford*), thus confirming not only the fact that the Isis was a name given to it long afterwards, but that the Thames "near Somersford" is that Thames which rises near Cirencester, and not the Churn, which has its birthplace near Cheltenham. "The same appears from several charters to the Abbots of Malmesbury and Evesham, and from old deeds relating to Cricklade; and perhaps it may be with safety affirmed that it never occurs in any charter or authentic history under the name of Isis." By the Saxons it was undoubtedly called the *Thames*:† on all ancient maps and documents it is marked as "*Thamesis Fluvius*." One of the oldest streets of Oxford was *Thames Street* (now George Street), anciently "*Platea Thamesina*." The term "*Isis*" was certainly unknown to our remote ancestors; its use is opposed to every principle of the English language; while it appears contrary to common sense to call a continuous stream by one name in the first half, and by another name in the other half, its channel being in no way changed, and its character in no degree altered. The error, however (for so, after the testimony of Bishop Gibson and others, we must consider it), has largely prevailed. It is traceable, no doubt, to the fancy which tempted the separation of the single Latin word "*Tamēsis*" into two words, *Tame esis* or *Tame isis*—suggested by the fact that another Tame did arise in Buckinghamshire, and pour its waters into the great river, midway in its course between its source and London. There has been much consequent confusion; sometimes Oxford is described on the *Thames*, and sometimes on the *Isis*. Even in the Ordnance Map it is called in one place the *Thames*, in another the *Isis*, and in another "the *Thames* or *Isis*," above the junction. The Tame is among the least important of its tributaries; yielding in importance to many streams, above and below, which "run to the embraces" of the venerable Father. We consider, therefore, the *Thames* to be the traditional, the geographical, and the legal title of the river, and shall give to it only that name throughout this work.‡

* Some writers concerning the Thames have given to Camden the credit of inventing the name *Isis*; but it is clear that it is older than his time. Leland, who preceded Camden by thirty or forty years, distinctly refers to the Thames as the *Isis*, and quotes from an authority yet older—"Isa nascitur à quodam fonticulo juxta Tetbiriam prope Cirestriam—ortus *Isidos* fu."—(Joannis Lelandi de rebus Britan. Collect.)

† The name of the river at its highest point, and forty miles above its junction with the Tame, near Dorchester, is given in the Saxon Chronicle almost as it is spelt in the present day—that is, "*Temese*." The following are two literal translations from this curious record:—

"A.D. 905.—This year Æthelwold enticed the army in East Anglia to break the peace, so that they ravaged over all the land of Mercia, until they came to Cricklade, and then went over the Thames.

"A.D. 1016.—In this year came Canute with his army, and Eadric the Eldorman with him, over Thames into Mercia at Cricklade."

‡ The Town Clerk of Oxford courteously submitted to us a list of several hundred documents he had examined; in no one of which was "the Thames" ever recognised as "the Isis." We state, therefore, on his authority, that in no ancient record of the city of Oxford is the name *Isis* to be found; from the time of Domesday to the present time, it is not recognised by that name, but always as "the Thames."

The field in which the Thames rises is called TREWSBURY MEAD, and adjoins a Roman encampment that has long borne, and still bears, the name of Trewsbury Castle: this "castle" is a large mound, now covered by trees, the Severn and Thames Canal separating it from a fountain that, born in this secluded spot, becomes the great river that "both plants and waters Britain." The birthplace of the Thames is in the parish of COTES, in Gloucestershire, but close to the borders of Wiltshire, into which it soon passes. The district is usually described as "at the foot of the Cotswold hills;" but these hills are nowhere seen from the dell, and are, indeed, several miles distant.*

The ancient Roman way—the Acman Street—crosses the country within half a mile of the source, and connects Cirencester with Bath. The source is about three miles south-west of Cirencester—a famous city in old times, and still a town of some importance, its church and town-hall being fine examples of the architecture of the fifteenth century; its Roman name was derived from the British: Ptolemy calls it *Corinium*; Antoninus, *Duro-Cornovium*—most probably from *dior*, the British name for water. Cirencester was strongly fortified, to protect its inhabitants from "the fierce Silures," and appears to have enjoyed considerable wealth and importance. The town still shows many remains of Roman greatness, and some fine tessellated pavements have been discovered, one of which is still preserved in Lord Bathurst's park; the Museum also exhibits relics of the same ancient people, including various memorials of the Roman soldiery. Few English towns have afforded so rich a field for the antiquary; but the whole district to Woodchester and Gloucester abounds in such records, and has furnished Lysons with some of the most important plates to his great work on Roman remains in Britain. Several great roads branched across England from this city, and all may yet be traced in its immediate neighbourhood. They were known as the *Irmin Street* (north and south), the *Acman Street*, the *Ickenild Street*, and the *Fossaway*.† So admirably were they constructed by the Romans that to this hour they are used, having retained their solidity for centuries.

But the spot to which we direct the more immediate attention of our readers—Trewsbury Castle, a tree-covered mound, at the foot of which is the



THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

cradle of the Thames—retains nothing to indicate its long-ago importance; in the silence and solitude of the place, and looking across the valley towards the great city of which this was an outpost, we recalled the lines of the poet—

"I was that city, which the garland wore,
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in my own ashes, as ye see!"

Having journeyed about three miles from Cirencester, along the Acman Street

* This chain of gently-rising downs formed a territorial boundary to the early British tribes; and many of the camps on the ridge are probably their work. But the Romans, fully aware of the importance of this line of demarcation, kept up the old landmarks and added others. In later times the Cotswolds were almost exclusively celebrated for their pastoral character, and the fine breed of sheep there reared. New celebrity was given to them in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as hunting and Windsor. Subsequently Mr. Robert Dvor, an attorney of Warwickshire, obtained licence from James I. to institute country sports of all kinds there, and he for forty years presided over them in person. "habited in a suit of His Majesty's old clothes." These games have been celebrated in the poems of Ben Jonson, Randolph, and Drayton.

† The *Fossaway* receives its name from the intrenchment which runs parallel to it, on one side or other of its course, and which will be more perfectly understood by the aid of the appended diagram: *a a* is the level traversed by the road; *b* represents the foss or dry ditch beside it. The earth thus dug out was thrown up to raise the road above the ordinary level, as seen at *c*. The Roman roads are generally raised higher than the ordinary level of the land, but there is no other instance of the intrenchment, as in this *Fossaway*. This is one of the most perfect of our Roman roads, and traverses the Cotswold range in a direct line.



of the Romans, crossed the Thames and Severn Canal, and arrived in sight of a railway, the shrill whistle of which broke the solitude of the place, and sadly jarred upon the mind at the moment, we reached a small valley, in which we had reason to believe we should find THAMES HEAD. But neither maps nor books gave us any aid as guides. We naturally expected to trace the river to its source by tracking the signs that water almost invariably leaves on the line through which it passes along the meadow—

"Which, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of its silent course."

But for such water-marks we sought in vain: there were neither alders, nor osiers, nor rushes, to be seen; we observed nothing that could in any degree indicate the infant meanderings of a river. Fortunately, however, we encountered a venerable shepherd of the plain, who conducted us at once to the birthplace of the more venerable father. This is a well, which, when Boydell published his history, in 1794, was "enclosed within a circular wall of stone, raised about eight feet from the surface of the meadow;" the stones have fallen, the well is now filled in; it was with difficulty we could ascertain that it contained water—that water being in the sunny month of June many feet below the surface; but in winter it rises, forces itself through all impediments, ascends in thick jets, and so overflows the valley, making its way to greet those earlier tributaries that await its coming to mingle with it and journey to the sea—"most loved of all the ocean's sons." "THAMES HEAD" is therefore pictured, in the accompanying engraving, merely as a heap of stones, overshadowed by trees of no great size: there is not, as we have said, a single water-plant in its vicinity, the bank of the canal forms its background, the dell is a perfect solitude, no dwelling is near, the foot-path is seldom trodden—for, although there still exists "a right of way" through the meadows which lead from the village of Kemble below to that of Cotes above, it is rarely used; but its loneliness is tranquillity, and its silence peace. The fields are fertile, and all things indicate that unobtrusive prosperity which suggests ideas of "contentment, parent of delight."

Poetry and prose have laboured from age to age to describe the pictorial beauty and the moral power of what may be termed the "church-landscape" of



THE CHURCH AND VILLAGE OF COTES.

England; yet no description can adequately convey an idea of its "pleasantness," or of its elevating influence over a "people." The first sight of the spire of his native village after years, long years of wandering, has shaken many a high and firm heart; and tears of repentance and hope, and good resolves, have been often called forth from comparatively hardened sinners by a sound of the church-bell—first heard in the days of innocence and youth. There can be no loneliness, even in imagination, equal to that which the poet pictures in "Juan Fernandez:"—

"But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

In foreign countries, the richly-elaborated cathedral in the great square commands our admiration; but what can we say of the meagre-looking church, with its few trees, its rampant weeds, its neglected grave-yard, its dreary interior, its dismal pictures and painted effigies, making sometimes a feature in the scenery—but how rarely, as with us, being the sentiment, the centre, the crown and beauty of a whole? Whatever may be our feelings on certain points, with which this, our chronicle of the royal English river, has happily nothing whatever to do, we cannot withhold our tribute of gratitude to the spirit that has rightly restored and fitly adorned so many of our parish churches, whether in the crowded city, in the village, or amid the genial solitudes of our country.

Standing beside the cradle of mighty Thames, and looking forth upon a landscape wealthy in the gifts of tranquillity and hope, and in the varied beauty of sunshine and shade, there rises the tower of the village-church—the Church of Cotes. Solemn and yet pleasing associations crowd upon us; for centuries it has been the beacon to thousands whose graves are at its base,—they may not have been "village Hampdens," but they have fulfilled the mission allotted to them by Providence, and sleep—these

"Rude forefathers of the hamlet"—

beside the homes in which they lived, and under the shadow of the church in which they prayed. What scenes of love and life, of joy and sorrow, have alternated here—come and gone—as time ceaselessly passed onward! Generations

after generations have seen the soft cheeks of youth wither into the wrinkles of age, and the step so light and elastic over moss and harebell, become slow and heavy, then feeble and uncertain, tottering at last from the supporting crutch into the quiet grave. Surely are those village spires the lights of our land: come and gone! come and gone! are all around; yet ever enduring, ever inviting, ever rewarding, they continue. Age after age passes, their peaceful bells are heard above the "crash of empires;" while fears of change alarm the world, "perplexing monarchs," they discharge their mighty yet simple task—

"Invite to heaven and point the way."

A walk along the first meadow brings us to the great Bath Road, under which there is a tunnel formed to give passage to the Thames when "the waters are



THE FIRST TUNNEL.

out." In June it was dry, sheep were feeding at its entrance; but in winter it is too narrow for the rush of the stream that has then gathered in force.

Close by this tunnel, and about half a mile from Thames Head, is the engine-house of the Thames and Severn Canal, which, by continual working to supply water to the canal, drains all the adjacent springs, and is no doubt the main cause of absorbing the spring-head of the river. This engine-house is an ungainly structure, which the lover of the picturesque may well wish away; but although a blot upon the landscape, it is happily hidden from the valley in which the Thames has its birth. The course of this canal we shall describe when we reach its terminus at Lechlade.

Half a mile further, perhaps, and the burns begin to gather into a common channel; little trickling rills, clear as crystal, rippling by hedge-sides, make their way among sedges; the water-plants appear, and the Thames assumes the aspect of a perennial stream; so it runs on its course, and brings us to the village of KEMBLE, which occupies a hillock about half a mile from the bank: its church-spire, forming a charming feature in the landscape, standing on a gentle acclivity, and rising above a bower of trees;—the railroad is previously encountered, the river flowing underneath. This church we shall visit before we resume our tour.



THE PORCH: KEMBLE CHURCH.

too frequently characterises such relics. The parts which first strike the eye are of early English architecture,* the best portion being the large porch we have

* Mr. Akerman, the accomplished secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, at one of the recent meetings read a paper which contained some interesting and valuable information on this subject:—"Mr. Akerman discovered two Anglo-Saxon cemeteries in the village of Kemble, and this had led him to attempt the identification of the land limits, mentioned in grants of Ewen and Kemble to the Abbey of Malmesbury, by the Anglo-Saxon kings. His researches had been amply repaid, and he exhibited a map of the district, upon which he had marked the ancient and modern names. Among these is the spring known as 'Thames Head,' or the source of the Thames, and the 'hoar-stone,' mentioned in the charter of King Æthelstan, as standing near it. This object has hitherto escaped the notice of topographers and tourists, owing probably to its being concealed

pictured, which, however, forms a case, or shrine, to the Norman door, with its chevron ornament decorating the arch.

The water-foliage here commences to encroach upon the stream, giving to it interest and beauty, transparency and health. Among the earliest of the aqueous plants—and that which is seldom out of sight until the Thames loses somewhat of its purity—is the water Crowfoot (*Ranunculus aquatilis*), the large white flowers of which rise in sparkling profusion above the surface; and at this point the curious variety in the floating and submerged leaves is very apparent—the former being broadly lobed, while the latter are cut into minute thread-like divisions, somewhat resembling the leaves of fennel, as shown in the accompanying figure. Further down the river, where the stream acquires increased depth and velocity, the plant assumes a different character—the flat leaves entirely disappear, both stems and leaves being drawn out by the current into mere bundles of cords, often of great length; in this case the flowers are only produced at occasional intervals.



WATER CROWFOOT.

Resuming our walk by the river-bank, we reach THE FIRST BRIDGE which crosses the Thames—all previous passages having been made by stepping-stones, laid across in winter and removed in summer. This bridge, which leads from the village of Kemble to that of Ewen, is level with the road, the river flowing through three narrow arches; it is without parapet. Hence, along the banks for a considerable distance, there is no foot-path of any kind; the traveller who would explore its course must cross hedges and ditches, and avoid the main road to Ewen—an assemblage of cottages and farm-houses. And a delicious walk it was beside the river,—pleasure being augmented by difficulties in the way; the birds were singing blithely in small wood-tufts; the chirp of the grasshopper was gleeful in the meadows; cattle ruminated, standing knee-



THE FIRST BRIDGE ON THE THAMES.

deep in adjacent pools; the bee was busy among the clover, and, ever and anon, darted across the stream the rapid kingfisher, the sun gleaming upon his garb of brilliant hues.

"The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings."

Perched on an overhanging branch, the Kingfisher (*Alcedo lapida*) quietly surveys the motions of his finny prey in the stream beneath, waiting with patience the moment for a favourable plunge; down then descends, "like an arrow," the glittering bird, and in an instant he is on his perch again, bearing the fish in his beak; quieting his prey by a few smart raps against the branch, it soon vanishes down his capacious throat.

The Thames here, in its entire loneliness, is precisely that which "most the poet loves:"—

"The rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed."

So quiet are its nooks, into which the whirling eddies run, that it would seem a very paradise of the angler; it is not so, however—bait and fly will be alike unproductive here; although an adventurous trout will sometimes make a journey hither, he soon seeks his way back again, for instinct tells him that during the summer months the sources of these pleasant streams are dry. There are no fish to be found, therefore, except the stickleback and minnow; and these may be properly introduced here as the river's earliest produce of animated life.

The Minnow (*Leuciscus Phoxinus*), called also the Minim and the Pink, is one of the smallest of fresh-water fish, rarely exceeding three inches in length,

from the view of persons who pass along the Roman Fosseway. The ancient name of this district (Ewelme, *Æt.* Origo Fontis) was derived, in fact, from the source of the Thames, but it has been corrupted to Ewin or Yeoling. The circumstance that the field in which the spring rises is called 'Ewen Field,' is a verification of this assertion. In early times there was a chapel at Ewen, but it appears to have been demolished when the church of Kemble was built, as the north side of that edifice is still called the 'Ewen Aisle.' The locality of Kemble, its springs, and its lofty situation, favour the inference that it was an early Saxon settlement, and the scene of the peculiar sacrificial rites of that race. The discovery of two distinct burial-places of people who had not abandoned the pagan mode of sepulture favours this inference."

and not often above two; it is common in rivers and streams, preferring gravelly bottoms, and usually swimming in shoals; it lives on aquatic plants, worms, and small portions of any animal substance. The top of the head and back are of a dusky olive, the belly white, and in summer of a rosy or pink tint, whence one of the names by which it is known; its fins are of pale brown. It is a gracefully-formed and remarkably active fish, and feeds greedily—as the Thames angler well knows, for in fishing for gudgeon he is frequently compelled to leave “the pitch,” because the minnows take the bait every time it is let down. We have the authority of Izaak Walton for believing that “being fried with yolks of eggs, the flowers



THE KINGFISHER.

of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansie, they make a dainty dish.”

The Stickleback (*Gasterosteus leiurus*), the common or rough-backed stickleback (for there are several varieties, distinguished by the number of spines, the common being the three-spined), is found in all our rivers, ponds, lakes, brooks, and canals, and inhabits both salt and fresh-water. They are active and peculiarly pugnacious—fighting for supremacy as fiercely as game-cocks, and rarely terminating a duel till one of the combatants is either slain or has made off rapidly. They are seldom longer than three inches, and not often so long. The fish derives its name from the sharpness of its spines; its body is without scales; the colour of the back is green; the cheeks, sides, and belly, are of silvery white; “the sides are defended throughout their whole length by



THE MINNOW AND STICKLEBACK.

a series of elongated bony plates, arranged vertically; a small fold of skin forms a horizontal crest on each side of the tail.” If this little creature, pugnacious, ravenous, with natural armour offensive and defensive, were of size proportionate to his vigour and power, he would soon depopulate the stream, of which he would be the despot. Old Izaak says of this little fish, “I know not where he dwells in winter, nor what he is good for in summer.” A curious and very interesting statement, however, printed by Mr. Warrington, exhibits the stickleback as a devoted husband and father, constantly protecting his mate and her progeny, and actually building a nest for her comfort and accommodation—a peculiarity which distinguishes him from all others of the “funny tribe.”*

Among the many agreeable sights presented by the river “hereabouts” are large wooden tanks, formed to aid the annual process of sheep-washing; these are for the most part situate in sequestered nooks, and are usually connected with the opposite shore by rustic bridges, composed of large branches of trees, with a sort of hand-rail to conduct the wayfarer across.

It is rarely we can tread these solitary paths without the occurrence of some simple incident worthy of record for those who love nature. We seek it sometimes, but often it comes when least looked for and expected. While our artist was sketching this rustic bridge a little lad bounded from the thicket, and

* “The day after they had been placed in their new domain, the strongest of the male fish was observed most busily employed gathering small ligneous fibres, and carrying them in its mouth to one particular spot, where he appeared to force them into the sand and gravel with his nose. Being perfectly unacquainted at the time with the fact of this little creature building a nest, I watched him more attentively. He had selected a spot behind a piece of rock-work, almost hidden from view; but on looking down from the top of the water I could perceive that he had already constructed a small hole as round as a ring, and with a good broad margin to it, formed of the materials he had been so industriously collecting, and on which he appeared to have placed numerous particles of sand and small pebbles. This spot he guarded with the utmost jealousy, continually starting forth from his position and attacking the other fish with most extraordinary fury.”—(Vide a paper by Robert Warrington, in the “Annals and Magazine of Natural History,” October, 1852.)



danced along the plank until he reached the opposite bank, then, pausing, he shouted, “Emmy, come, Emmy; now don’t be a fool, Emmy!” While speaking he returned to midway the bridge, and made a deliberate stand; a little girl then moved out of the thicket which her brother had quitted at a bound, and cautiously put one foot, and then another on the quivering plank, while the boy see-sawed backward and forward, first on one leg, then on another, to keep up the motion of the bridge; poor Emmy screamed; the little fellow repeated, “Come, come at once; you know you must come—you can’t get home unless you do come;” but “Emmy” held fast by the rail and would not “come.” Screaming at every fresh spring of the plank, every second moment the child looked over the bridge, where—

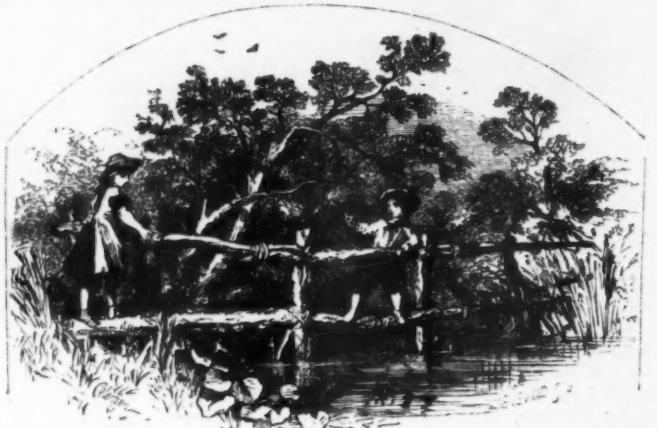
“The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright,”

and we saw her little chest heave with supprest sobs—this was cause for inquiry, “Why will you not cross the bridge, Emmy?”

“I’ve afeered.”

“What do you fear, Emmy? it is quite safe.”

“Will you take me across?”—the child looked up with the sweet confidence of childhood on her tear-washed face.



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

“Mother said she was to come over by herself, because it was growing on her,” interposed the boy, with the determination of young manhood.

“What is growing on her?”

“Please I do try to help it,” said the girl, timidly; “but every time I look over the rail I see it.”

“But, Emmy, mother told you *not* to look over the rail,” persisted the boy.

“If you’d only give me your hand and walk this side, I couldn’t, you know.”

“Then it grows on you, Emmy, and you’ll be a crazy Jane some day—father said so.”

This brought a fresh gush of tears, more abundant than the last, from Emmy’s large blue eyes.

“Emmy, what do you see when you look over the rail? We see the broad green leaves, and white shining cups of the water-lilies, and floating plaits of duck weed, and tall waving rushes, and bright little fish darting here and there, their quick eyes turning upwards as they vanish: you can see nothing else—except, indeed, the dazzling skimmer of the dragon-fly, and the gentle ripple of that little tide-stream, trying to keep its own pathway amid the waters of the Thames—you *can* see nothing else;” the child drew closer, and clenching her little hand over ours, trembling and white, she whispered—

“I see her face down there—down!”

“Mother would be very angry at your telling that nonsense to strangers.”

“No, not at all angry,” we replied; “but look steadily, Emmy, there is no face—that is simply a line of sunbeam on the water. Stay—if we throw in this stone, you will see how the rays divide—the sunbeams will dance merrily then.” The child shrieked, “No, no, no! you would hurt her—you would kill her. Oh! no, no, no—don’t!”

We turned to the boy, who looked with softened eyes at his sister—“It’s only a notion she has. There, Emmy, they won’t throw stones or anything.” He was no longer a boy-bully, but a sympathising brother—he attempted to dry her eyes with the sleeve of his jacket tenderly, even while he told her she ought not to be a fool. “There now, don’t cry, and I’ll take you over the bridge.” The two went on, hand in hand, together; but curiosity obliged us to recall the boy; he came, and told us the cause of his sister’s agitation:—“Mother does not know rightly what to do with her; some says she must be made to cross the bridge, and so get used to it, others advise sending her away to gran’mother’s for a year or two, till she forgets it. She did so doat on Nanny Green, and took such care of her; and last winter the two were coming over the bridge from school, as it might be now; the plank was thick with snow, and slippery; Emmy held Nanny fast, but she was a wild little thing, springing about like a kid, and all at once Nanny slipped in, and we boys behind heard her crash through the ice, but before we got up Emmy was over after her. We dragged Emmy out all cut and bleeding, but poor Nance was drawn under the ice, and men had to look for her, and at last she was found. I never like to think of it, she was such a fat, merry little thing, and Emmy did love her so; and she don’t understand death, and won’t believe she lies under the churchyard grass, because she saw her go under the water; she won’t believe mother no more than she will me; only everything she sees bright on the water she says is Nanny’s face—Nanny’s face looking up at her! I wish there was another road to school.”

BOTANY,
AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.
BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,
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SCIENCE AND ART.

PART I.

THOUGH the science of botany has been long more or less perfectly understood, it has been but very scantily applied to the purposes and requirements of the beautifying ornamentist. Perhaps, upon reflection, we may find that this neglect is pardonable—for how were the two sciences to become mingled? If we ask the ornamentist how long it takes to become thoroughly acquainted with his delightful art, he replies that a life-time is too short; and if we ask the botanist what time is required in order to become thoroughly familiar with his fascinating science, he replies that the era of man's life is not long enough. Here, then, has been the difficulty—the ornamentist has not had time to study botany, and the botanist has not had time to study the requirements of the ornamentist. This difficulty is now, however, almost overcome; for as a science progresses, its laws become more simple and definite: this is eminently true of the science of botany—old apparent mysteries are now vanishing away, being superseded by simple truth; nevertheless, though the mountains are becoming low and the rough places in this science smooth, we do not mean to say that all difficulties have vanished, and that the science has accomplished its mission by unravelling the entire web of mystery in the vegetable world. Far from it, for whole pages are yet in a labyrinth of confusion. Notwithstanding, there is now so much truth revealed, so much light enjoyed on this science, that it has laid open to us its fundamental principles, and displayed before us its beauties so simply and pleasingly that it is now little more than a work of mere pleasure to gather those gems that shall appropriately deck the ornamentist's choicest works.

It is needless on our part to show you that nature's gay flowers have in all ages been used by the aspiring ornamentist, and that they have ever been the basis on which the science of ornament has stood. We need not rehearse in your ear the pedigree of Art, to show you that the lotus was the chief unit of Egyptian ornament, that the honeysuckle formed the anthemion of the Greeks, the acanthus the Roman scroll, and numerous floral gems the ornaments of the later ages; nor need we point around to establish the fact that the products of the vegetable kingdom furnish almost the entire materials for the enrichments of the present day.

If, then, the showy gems of the meadow, the serial bells of the mossy bank, the living cloak of the rippling rill, and the bolder foliage of the darkened forests, have in all ages been used as sources from whence to draw the beauties required for the enrichment of our meaner devices, is it not imperative upon us to gather all the information that modern light has thrown upon them, that we may be better qualified to fulfil our arduous, though delightful task? If modern research has found a clue to their hieroglyphical language, and has shown that not only are their forms exquisite, their curves graceful, and the aggregation of their parts perfect, but that they speak a language which discloses more than their external beauty seems to reveal, shall we not listen to their speech, and cheerfully imbibe their golden teachings?

We rejoice in the fact that some who have become distinguished for their artistic skill have propagated the sentiments which we now advocate. Pugin, in his "Floriated Ornament," remarks that "Nature supplied the mediæval artists with all their forms and ideas; the same inexhaustible source is open to us: and if we go to the fountain-head, we shall produce a multitude of beautiful designs treated in the same spirit as the old, but new in form." And this is eminently true of other Art-epochs—is it not of the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Italian? but he goes on to say, "We have the advantage of many important botanical discoveries which were unknown to our ancestors; and surely it is in accordance with the true principles of Art to avail ourselves of all that is beautiful for the composition of our designs."

Before we proceed in a systematic manner to examine the merits of our subject, and to adjust

them to our purposes, we will answer a question some may ask, viz.:—How much time must be sacrificed in order to become acquainted with the subject? we answer, You will sacrifice none. Have we not read in our history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness: whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field, a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him back to his huzzaing comrades. Was the time here lost which was spent in repairing the buckle? No—it rather proved infinite gain; and the artist's studying botany is only like the hero mending the buckle—for that time cannot be lost which is spent in accomplishing that which shall facilitate his end. You may lend time, but that, we think, will be repaid with usury. The only question that can be entertained is, which is the quickest method of arriving at the required truth. The old system—indefinite observation, or the direct scientific examination of the book of nature. This question we leave the following pages to answer.

If we have now been successful in kindling a desire in the reader's breast for an insight into the wonderful works of the blooming creation, we have done well, for he may then more studiously pursue the following.

It is not the object of these paragraphs to fully develop even the simple and certain truths which botanical science has revealed, nor to furnish essays on the latter science, and thence draw maxims to rule our future conduct. It can only come within the limits of our space to display the results and effects of established truths, with their adaptation to our requirements. Therefore, we shall show the adaptability of every part of the vegetable organism, when thoroughly understood, to the general requirements of the ornamental world; and then reveal the peculiar adaptability of certain forms and lessons to particular cases or manufactures. In this great task we shall allow ourselves free scope among all the ramifications of the vegetable kingdom: we may drag the roaring ocean for its organised pearls; we may dip in the tranquil pool for its vegetable gems; we may ascend the alpine heights to bring down their treasures; we may wander o'er the burning plain, or through the woods of the warmer zones to reveal their beauties; we may spread our arms and embrace all tribes of the vegetable race,—believing that they are all given to help us in our glorious task.

In order to receive the full benefits derivable from meditating on the various parts of the vegetable structure, it will be necessary for us to give as brief an insight as possible into the laws or principles which govern the development of the various vegetable organs, and the influences which bear upon their development, so as to modify or disturb their normal positions.

We ask you to follow us to the woodland, and as we crouch beneath the outstretched boughs, behold the humbler gems which form the carpet of the great hall of nature; as we enter on the grottoes formed by the meeting of the high and lofty arms of the towering trees, mingled with the free-growing creeper, lift your searching gaze and examine the overhanging canopy. Wander on, and lounge on the downy couch by the side of the murmuring rivulet, and scrutinise its nodding bells, its odorous bespangled covering. Take your morning walk, and behold the vegetable virgins of the earth lifting up their heads, unfolding their gay foliage, and blushing to kiss the morning dew: and in these cases we say that you see nature in her true character, in her twofold aspect.

The first and general effect that strikes us in such a ramble is the *rustic*, an effect derivable from two sources—first, the vegetable structures are here modified by external natural influences; and second, they are for the greater part deformed in their growth from the preponderance of interrupting causes. Before, however, we can fully comprehend in what way, and to what extent, nature is here modified by influences from without, we must be familiar with the normal positions of the various

organs and their natural habits. Therefore it behoves us to examine first the principles on which nature works, so that we may learn, as it were, her intentions, or what her productions would be were they unmodified by external influences. This latter condition of nature we shall call its *natural state*. After which examination we shall be qualified to discern between truth and deformity, rule and exception.

A plant is regarded by the botanist as composed of a central rod, or stem, which he names the *axis*, and *lateral* organs of diverse characters, as leaves, &c., which proceed from it. For artistic purposes we deem it expedient to view these structures from two points, or in two lights—first, as looking at the side of the plant (the ordinary view that we have of trees), when it is to us a vertical composition; and second, as looking on the top of the object (the view which we generally have of small plants, as the houseleek, daisy, &c.), when it is to us a circular composition. These observations will lead us to a great principle in the vegetable world—viz., the *centralisation of power, or the exertion of a force in a centrifugal manner from a fixed point*, which gives a marvellous oneness to the structures of this kingdom. This, with the great variety worked out in nature by the Great Head of the universe, has given rise to what is termed "*unity in variety*."

Let us now glance at the axis, or central rod of the plant. If we take the axis of such a plant as the Elder, Lilac, Horse-chestnut, or Guelder-rose, one year old, and view it laterally, we find that it is thickest in its centre, where the root and stem meet, or at the plane from which the plant elongates in opposite directions (this plane has been named the collar, or medial line). This axis, then, is composed of two cones, the bases of which cohere.

The axis, however, is not naked, but is usually garbed in a foliaceous dress; nor is this mantle carelessly adjusted, for every leaf has its own individual position, and each one is so placed as to form, with the rest, a symmetrical series. If, now, we examine the disposition of the leaves, or foliaceous appendages, on one of the axes above suggested (the Guelder-rose, for example, Fig. 1), we shall find that there originates in, or springs from, certain planes

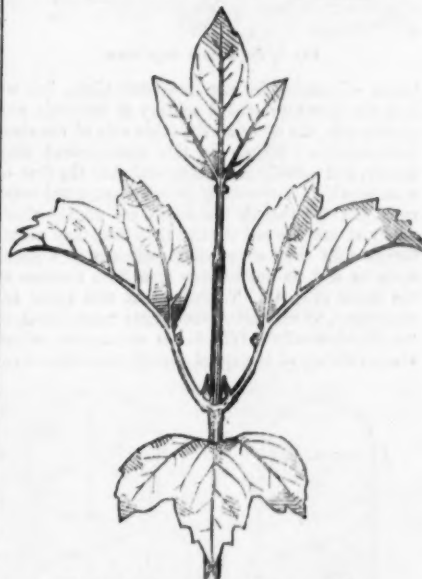


Fig. 1. GUELDER-ROSE.—*Viburnum opulus*.

which cross the stem or axis at intervals, two leaves which develop in contrary directions from the two opposite sides of the stem. In no instance, on this plant, do we find more than two having their origin in the same plane, or less than two developed by this vital point (they are in this case said to be opposite). Not only are the leaves on these plants in pairs, but each successive pair crosses the pairs both immediately above and below it, or is so situated as to form with them right angles. Substitute for the axis just examined that of the Goose-grass (*galium*, Fig. 2), or the Madder, and here we have a series of three or more leaves originating in the one vital plane; hence they are

arranged in rings round the axis (*verticillately*), and each successive verticil is so developed that its



Fig. 2. GOOSE-GRASS.—*Galium aparine*.

members fall between the component parts of the whorls both immediately below and above it. If, now, we turn to the Lime-tree, or *Polygonum cuspidatum* (Fig. 3), we no longer find two or more



Fig. 3. *Polygonum cuspidatum*.

leaves originating in one transverse plane, but we find the leaves protruded solitary at intervals, one at one side, the other at the other side of the stem (*alternately*). Simple as this arrangement may appear, and actually is, it is nevertheless the first of a series which successively becomes more and more complex; for though the leaves are merely alternately at one side and then at the other, they nevertheless take their consecutive positions in a spiral cycle, as will be immediately seen from a glance at the figure (Fig. 4). To follow out this spiral arrangement, we may notice the *Cereus triangularis*, or the Meadow-saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*), where one revolution of the spiral thread encounters three



Fig. 4.

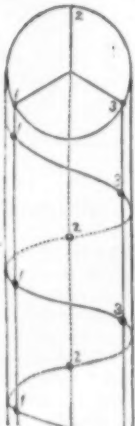


Fig. 5.

leaves; the fourth, or, rather, the first of the next cycle, being over the first (the principle of which is shown in Fig. 5), whereas, in the alternate arrange-

ment, two leaves only are encountered in one spiral revolution; the third, which is the first of the next cycle, being over the first. Without following this out in its various modifications, as this is not the object of these pages, but rather to convey a mere outline of principles, we just notice that, in some instances, the spiral thread makes more than one revolution round the axis in order to complete the unit of the arrangement of the leaves. An exceedingly common form of this variety is that in which two revolutions of the spiral thread, encountering five leaves, complete the cycle—this is found in the Oak (Fig. 6), and many of our fruit-trees.



Fig. 6. OAK.—*Quercus*.

These being the principal varieties of the arrangements of leaves upon the axis, furnish us with nature's most simple and characteristic vertical compositions; and few, we think, can have passed even thus far without being forcibly impressed with the lesson that simplicity is elegance.

Having now examined the principles on which leaves are developed, and their varied aspects when viewed in a side or lateral direction, we must notice the peculiarities and appearance of these diverse arrangements when viewed from above.

Recommencing our observations with the opposite leaves, as of the Guelder-rose, and viewing them from above, we find that most frequently each successive pair occupies the spaces midway between the leaves of the pairs both immediately below and above them, as we have already stated, thus giving rise to a cross as the top view (Fig. 7).

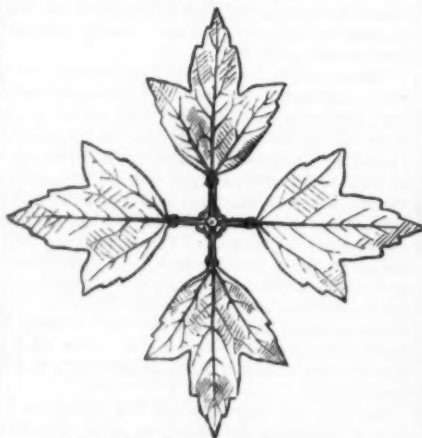


Fig. 7. GUELDER-ROSE.—*Viburnum opulus*.

If we view verticillate leaves from above (Fig. 2), we shall find, as we have previously remarked, that the leaves of each successive verticil, or ring, occupy the spaces between the leaves of the preceding whorl, giving rise to the effect delineated in Fig. 8, each alternate pair being over one another.

Respecting the top, or horizontal view of the spiral modes of arrangement, it is obvious that in

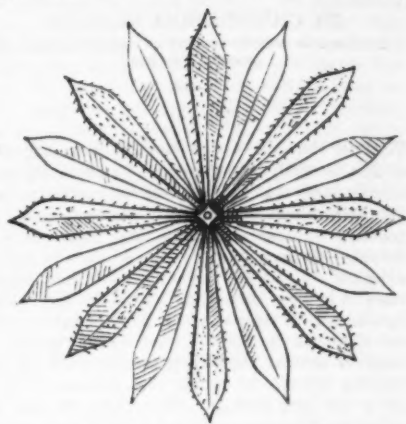


Fig. 8. GOOSE-GRASS.—*Galium aparine*.

the alternate disposition, as that of the *Polygonum cuspidatum*, where one leaf is on one side of the stem, and one on the other, the third being over the first, that they fall simply into two rows, one on either side of the stem (Fig. 9). In that disposition



Fig. 9. *Polygonum cuspidatum*.

where three leaves form one spiral cycle, the leaves are in three rows; and in that where five leaves form one unit of the spiral, whether the spiral thread revolves once or twice round the stem in order to complete the cycle, the leaves are in five rows (Fig. 10). This is sometimes carried to a much more complex state, as in the Screw-pine.



Fig. 10. OAK.—*Quercus*.

These observations reveal to us nature's most characteristic and simple circular compositions, and show forth a series of members, originating in one point, and extending on one plane; and a series of parts, originating in various points, and arranged round an extended centre. This subject will, however, be touched on again. As in all cases the lateral members are the product of the axis, or originate in the central rod, it is obvious that this central axis embodies, or is, the centre of power. And as this axis is in all cases the centre, and the lateral organs proceed from it, there is at once displayed a marvellous unity in the entire products of the more highly organised tribes of the vegetable kingdom—for all, when viewed from above, are circular compositions.

Having now glanced at the most simple compositions displayed before us by our kind Creator, we proceed to notice the principle on which nature constructs, or develops her more complex structures.

It is an axiom in botany, that whatever is the arrangement of the leaves, such is the arrangement of the branches; for a branch is always the product of the development of a bud, and a regular bud is always generated in, and developed from, the axil of

a leaf, or the angle formed by its union, with the stem or axis; this, therefore is evident, and at once reveals the principle on which nature produces her more complex structures. This, which is merely a system of repetition, may be carried to any extent.

There is one point which we should here notice—viz., that although the structure may be extremely complex in appearance, it is so only in extent; for the unit is invariably more or less simple, as well as the method of its repetition.

The French* have expressed themselves thus:—"It is more logical to say that a plant, by growth, repeats than divides itself." Now upon this beautiful idea one or two things of great interest are built: first, that the branches given off by a parent axis are axes each of which is precisely similar to the parent in its original condition, or, in fact, is a repetition or reproduction of the parent in its original state; and second, that as the power of development is centralised in the axis, each lateral axis has this power also; therefore we have a primary central developing power, surrounded by a series of secondary developing points (Fig. 11). Here we see most clearly that

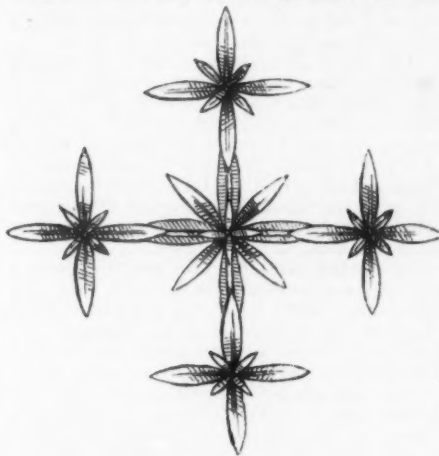


Fig. 11.

the broad principle of unity in variety is wonderfully worked out in the vegetable kingdom.

Need we go further to reveal the simplicity of the structure of the works of creation as displayed in the vegetable kingdom? Having thrown out the unit, can we not readily repeat it; having laid the first stone, can we not readily raise the edifice? Lest we should not have expressed ourselves with sufficient clearness, and left some difficulties yet standing, we proceed to apply these principles to the various parts of the vegetable structure.

Having shown that the entire robe of the central axis is the result of a centrifugal vital force, and that this is not only inherent in the primary axis, but in lateral axes also; having also shown that this one energy, modified in effect, exists in all the more highly organised products of the vegetable kingdom, we now proceed to notice the extent of the modification of this universal vital force. It is entertained by most botanists that, although the arrangement of leaves—hence of buds and branches—is diverse, that, nevertheless, the principle of their development is one; for instance, suppose that an axis develops its leaves in a spiral manner, and that the portions of the stem which separate each consecutive member of the spiral cycle are undeveloped, those portions only being generated which separate each complete revolution of the spiral, the result would be a whorl of parts, and not a spiral disposition. In this supposition we are borne out by many facts in nature (see the Jerusalem-artichoke, *Helianthus tuberosus*). Upon this principle are the parts of the flower adjusted; the flower-stalk is the axis or stem, and the component parts of the flower are leaves in a somewhat metamorphosed state. By the non-development of the portions of the axis which separate the floral leaves, they are aggregated usually into four contiguous rings of parts. These rules, however, are not without apparent exceptions; but space will only permit us to deal with broad principles and general facts.

* See E. le Maout's "Botany."

Deeming the preceding sufficient to show the unity of that divine idea which God has been pleased to work out so wonderfully and so variously in the vegetable products of our globe, and to establish fully the fact that one principle reigns throughout the countless varieties of the floral developments of our globe, we proceed with our task.

Having now examined the laws or principles on which nature works in the vegetable kingdom, it will not be difficult to establish our next proposition—viz., that the productions of nature belonging to the vegetable world are symmetrical in their parts, as well as in the disposition of those parts when aggregated, if their normal arrangement is not disturbed by external influences. The first question that here arises is, What is symmetry? "Symmetry," says Lindley, "may be defined to be the general correspondence of one half of a given object with the other half, in structure, or other perceptible circumstances; or the general correspondence of one side of an object with the opposite side, in structure, or other perceptible circumstances." And he goes on to say:—"If understood in such a sense, all living objects whatever will be included under the denomination of symmetrical. That which we find universally in the animal kingdom belongs to all parts of the living world, and must therefore occur equally in plants, however unlike animals they may be. The student's attention cannot be directed too closely to this important law, from which there is no real departure, except owing to accidents, such as those which produce monsters in objects with which we are most familiar. Indeed, symmetry in plants arises out of their peculiar nature, and is dependent upon a highly-complicated internal structure, which is in itself essentially symmetrical. The basis from which organs proceed being symmetrical, it seems to be an evident inference that the organs themselves should be symmetrical also." This statement—viz., that vegetables are symmetrical—is so obvious that it requires no proof; for we think that none could have joined us thus far in our researches without feeling that this is a prominent characteristic of vegetable pro-

Fig. 12. PLANE.—*Platanus orientalis*.

ductions; for, having shown that nature works on set principles, we have shown that her products must be symmetrical, for the result of principle and order is symmetry. If, however, we take any vegetable organ, or aggregation of organs, for analysis, we shall be struck with their marked adherence to this rule.

Take the leaf of almost any plant, and you will find that its two halves are alike (Fig. 12); so constant is this, that the two or three exceptions in the vegetable kingdom are marked by botanists as, to an extent, curiosities, examples of which are the Begonia (Fig. 13) and Elm; and, although these examples prove exceptions to the symmetry or correspondence of the parts of the individual leaf, nevertheless the disposition of these leaves on the axis is such as will restore symmetry. No comment need be given on the disposition of the leaves alluded to, for all, falling into a regular geometrical series, are symmetrical—the spiral not excepted.

* Lys' "Symmetry of Vegetation."

If we turn to flowers, two varieties strike us; both of which are, however, equally symmetrical.

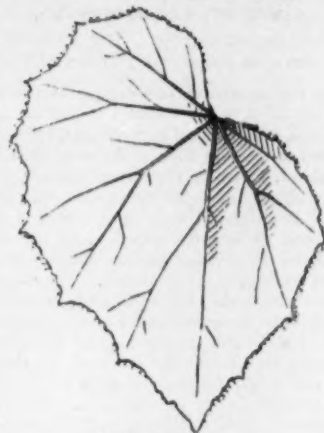
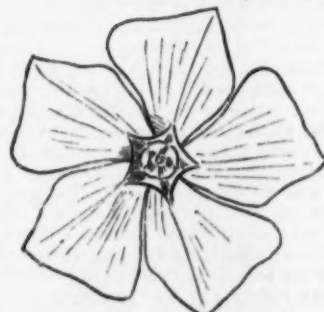


Fig. 13. BEGONIA.

The most common is that in which the flower is composed of a series of units, which are precisely similar; thus in the Stonecrop (Fig. 14), there are five precisely similar lobes forming the outer ring of parts (sepals, constituting the calyx); five yellow leaves, precisely alike, forming the next whorl (petals, forming the corolla); ten awl-shaped members, surmounted with knobs, forming the third ring (stamens, forming the andræcium); and five central parts (carpels, constituting the pistil). Here the units of each whorl are precisely similar, and they have their halves also alike; but it would not interfere with the symmetry were the halves of the members of any of the whorls unequal, provided that all pointed one way, as in the flower-leaves (petals) of the Periwinkle (vinca, Fig. 15). The other variety is that in which the

Fig. 14. STONECROP.—*Sedum*.Fig. 15. PERIWINKLE.—*Vinca*.

two halves of the flower only are alike, as the Pansy (Fig. 16); but here there is no loss of symmetry, as the halves are similar, and it makes a pleasing variety. It only demands a peculiar position, which we shall hereafter notice.

None, perhaps, could help being struck with the numbers of the parts of the flower of the Stonecrop (Fig. 14), as we enumerated them, the outer whorl being composed of five parts; the next of five; the next of ten (twice five); and the inner of five. This is a rule in the vegetable kingdom, that whatever may be the number of parts in one floral whorl, that such shall either be the number in the other whorls, or some power (multiple) of that number. This rule, however, is not without exceptions.

We must next notice a principle of paramount importance, which is equally strongly exhibited in the vegetable kingdom with those points above reviewed—namely, adaptation to purpose; this, however, we must defer for our next paper.

Fig. 16. PANSY.—*Viola tricolor*.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

VENICE: THE BUCCENTAUR.

A. Canaletto, Painter. J. B. Allen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 5 1/2 in.

Of the vast number of Venetian scenes which Canaletto painted, this is, perhaps, the most elaborate in its details, and the most gorgeous in effect—qualities that are sufficiently accounted for by the nature of the subject. Venice, the city of palaces, contains no finer display of picturesque architecture than that part of the Grand Canal which is seen in this picture; and, to heighten its splendour, the artist has introduced the grandest pageant with which the history of the republic is associated. The general character of the works of this painter is so well known, that it is unnecessary to offer much comment upon them; his pictures are portraits of the places they represent, copied with the truth of the daguerreotype, and exhibiting little attempt to invest them with poetical feeling or sentiment. Mr. Ruskin is very severe upon Canaletto, and refuses him even the merit of truth, although admitting that he "possesses nothing but daguerreotypism." After asking his readers to restore Venice, in their imaginations, to some resemblance of what she was before her fall, which they will, perhaps, be able to do "from such scraps of evidence as may still be gleaned from under the stucco and paint of the Italian committees of taste, and from the drawing-room innovations of English and German residents," he thus proceeds, in his own eloquent but harsh language, to speak of Canaletto:—"Let him,"—the reader, that is,—"looking from Lido or Fusina, replace in the forest of towers those of the hundred and sixty-six churches which the French threw down; let him sheet her walls with purple and scarlet, overlay her minarets with gold, cleanse from their pollution those choked canals which are now the drain of hovels where they were once the vestibules of palaces, and fill them with gilded barges and bannered ships; finally, let him withdraw from this scene, already too brilliant, such sadness and stain as had been set upon it by the declining energies of more than half a century, and he will see Venice as it was seen by Canaletto: whose miserable, virtuous, heartless mechanism, accepted as the representation of such various glory, is, both in its existence and acceptance, among the most striking signs of the lost sensation and deadened intellect of the nation at that time; a numbness and darkness more without hope than that of the grave itself, holding and wearing yet the sceptre and the crown, like the corpses of the Etruscan kings, ready to sink into ashes at the first unbarring of the door of the sepulchre."

In a subsequent paragraph Mr. Ruskin enters into a more minute criticism of the works of Canaletto; with some of his remarks we agree, others we dissent from: still, there are pictures by this artist which are scarcely amenable to any of the charges brought against him by the author of "Modern Painters."

The subject of the picture here engraved is one familiar enough to all acquainted with English Art, as it has long been a favourite with many of our painters; indeed, there are few who have visited Venice without bringing back some pictorial reminiscence of the Grand Square of St. Mark, and its contiguous edifices. The Bucentaur, the state galley of the ancient republic, is now, we believe, rotting in the Arsenal, after having for more than six hundred years borne the Doge, and all the great civic dignitaries, to the mouth of the Adriatic, to assist in the ceremony of the espousals of the city with the sea, on the Feast of Ascension, when the Doge dropped the ring into the Adriatic, betrothing her in these words:—"We wed thee with this ring, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." This ceremony is traced to a victory obtained, in 1177, by the Doge Ziani, over Otto, son of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. The Pope, Alexander III., whose cause the Venetians had embraced, received the conquerors on their return, and presenting their commander with a ring, authorised him to use it as related on every anniversary day of the victory. The ceremony terminated with the occupation of Venice by the French at the close of the last century.

The picture is in the Collection at Windsor Castle.

ISCHL:

A NEW FIELD FOR ARTISTS.

This little place, which we have made our headquarters for the purpose of exploring the beauties of the Salzkammergut, a district lying in the south of Austria, joining Tyrol, was, till lately, an insignificant market-town; and though still boasting of no fine public buildings, nor having the evil attractions of a gaming-table, like other baths of Germany, undoubtedly far surpasses them all in the charms lavished upon it by nature. The advantages it offers to the artist, and lover of what is beautiful, are such, that I purpose entering into somewhat lengthened details on the subject, hoping thereby to induce some artist to spend a summer's vacation here, as I regret so few of our English landscape-painters repair to a spot in every way desirable for them. My own attention was drawn to the Salzkammergut by Herr Kummer, the well-known artist of Dresden. From Vienna we came up to Linz by steamer, passing some grand scenes on the Danube. At Linz we took the tram-road to Lambach and Gmunden, stopping at the former a night, in order to enjoy a peep at the Traun Falls, about seven miles distant, more leisurely. The Traun, a stream bright and clear as crystal, dashes over rocks grand and picturesque in form; the white foam, wreathing above and about you, falls like showers of diamonds in the sunshine. The surrounding scenery harmonises well; indeed, I consider these falls equal to Schaffhausen. The lake of Gmunden, or, as it is sometimes called, the Traunsee, is romantic in the extreme—particularly at the Ebensee end, where the Dachstein, with its glaciers, first comes into view. Mountains encircle the lake, but they are not all bare and barren, as in most lake districts, being generally clothed to the water's edge with forests of fir, larch, beech, and oak; bold masses of rock jutting forth, and contrasting well with the varied tints of the neighbouring foliage: thus there is less sameness than is usually found in similar spots.

A steamer carries passengers from Gmunden to Ebensee; and though the idea of a steam-boat on so lovely a lake may at first appear rather to jar with one's preconceived notions of the picturesque, and to be sadly out of place, yet I assure you we availed ourselves gladly of the accommodation it afforded, and were soon so thoroughly absorbed in the contemplation of the increasing grandeur of the scenery, as to be perfectly forgetful of our means of locomotion. When about half-way across, the lake makes a sudden bend, and the character of the scene is entirely changed, that part near Gmunden being of a smiling, quiet kind of beauty, while at the upper end the rocks rise majestically from the water, their fine and peculiar outline cutting clearly against the sky—the magnificent Traunstein lowering above them all, and casting its gigantic shadow over the bright green water,—for you must know the colour and transparency of the Traun are shared by every lake throughout the Salzkammergut. Vehicles are at Ebensee in waiting to take people on to Ischl, along the Traun valley, in which fresh beauties present themselves at every turn; in truth, it would be difficult to find in a day's journey scenery to equal that I have endeavoured to give a slight notion of. The accommodation at the hotels is good, particularly at the Kaiserin Elizabeth, kept by a civil, obliging person, Herr Bauer, who speaks English; but for any one who desires very economical quarters, there are several other hotels of less pretension. Apartments are numerous and not dear, if you bargain, as they always demand about double what they intend taking. Capital fishing is to be had. The costume of the women is peculiar as regards the head-dress, it consisting of a large black silk handkerchief bound round the head, and tied so as to bring all the ends hanging down behind. The peasantry are not handsome—but to return to my subject. The excursions that can be taken from Ischl are numerous, and gentlemen who are not too fastidious about having luxuries for supper or dinner—as I fear many of my countrymen are—may generally be fairly accommodated for a few nights in the villages round, if, for purposes of study, so long an absence from headquarters be desirable. A convenient mode of locomotion is to hire a carriage of the

country, called an *Einspänner*, and it is not very expensive. We enjoyed our visit to the Vorder Gosausee extremely. The road that leads thither passes by one end of the Hallstadt Lake, then diverges, and you enter a narrow defile, down which rushes a lively torrent, forming, from the nature of its rocky bed, and the steepness of the descent, a succession of cascades.

Inviting subjects for the pencil present themselves throughout this gorge, as also in the Gosathal, at its upper extremity, where you must leave your carriage, as a forest intervenes between it and the Vorder See: on emerging from the former, the lake suddenly bursts upon you with solemn grandeur, hemmed in as it is by lofty mountains and dazzling glaciers. A boat carries you across, and after a short walk, you come to the Hinter See, yet more sublime in its severe beauty. The scene is one that baffles my poor powers of description. So profound a stillness reigns, that one cannot resist the feeling of awe that creeps over the mind, and at length renders the longing after life and sunshine unbearable. The reflections in the deep, dark water were perfect: the only creature I saw to disturb the repose of the scene was a chamois coming down to drink: he soon fled away on observing us.

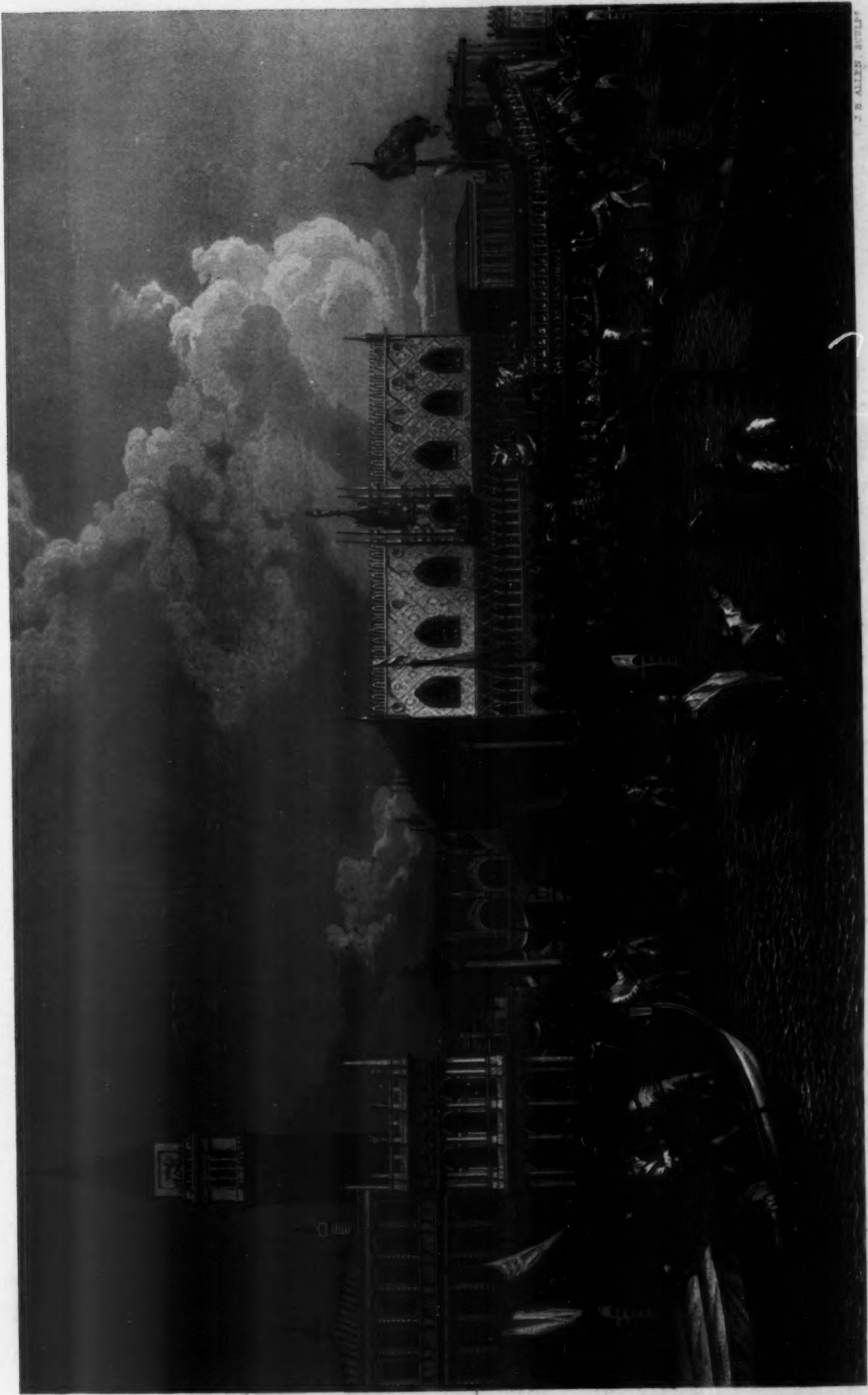
The lake of Hallstadt is another of the sombre kind, the mountains being of great height: in fact, in the little village bearing the same name, the sun is not seen for months above their summits. From what I have said, I fear you may fancy the scenery is all of a grand, but savage character—such as Salvator Rosa revelled in; but it is not the case, as all who have visited the lovely lake of Wolfgang will testify, than which nothing can possibly be more picturesque or beautiful.

Less distant excursions offer equally enchanting objects, the only difficulty for the artist being what to commence with; indeed, the sketchbook should never be left at home, as on emerging from the dense woods most exquisite views over hill and valley present themselves, in spots where nothing of the kind could have been anticipated. The trees are ever luxuriant. For the botanist also Salzkammergut has many charms, its stores being rich and varied; and to the seeker after health the exhilarating mountain air is invaluable. The simplicity of the daily routine of life is charming; everybody enjoys himself in a natural, unaffected manner. Breakfast and coffee we generally take in the open air, either at a nice little country inn up the Lafen valley, or at one of the many places set apart for such purposes, and which are always situated where a fine view lies stretched out before you.

Salzburg is easily reached from Ischl; the beauties of its situation are too well known to require any mention here. The drive from thence to Königssee, through the valley of Berchtesgaden, is so fine that no one can regret the time it occupies: and the Königssee itself well deserves its high sounding name. We were much favoured by the weather when we visited it, the day being one of smiles and frowns—so we had opportunities of seeing the lake under many aspects. The mountains encircling the Königssee are grand in the extreme, and as the masses of cloud rolled majestically up, disclosing their fine outlines, they appeared to great advantage. Occasional gleams of sunshine shot athwart the lake as we rowed along, and served to make the gloom more perceptible: it was altogether a strange, melancholy scene. The boats used on this lake are most primitive, being formed only of a single tree hollowed out; they are in shape similar to a canoe, and highly picturesque.

My letter has really become so long that I fear your patience is exhausted, yet I feel how inadequately I have portrayed the delights of a summer's residence at Ischl; however, if I have excited your curiosity, so as to make you come and judge for yourself, my object is attained. Believe me when I say that during my long wanderings a lovelier district than the Salzkammergut, with its magnificent mountains, waterfalls, glaciers, forests, sparkling rivers, and romantic lakes, it never has been my lot to see; indeed, I question if there be a country more rich in the glories of nature, and long, long will the remembrance of the happy hours spent watching the ever-varying effects of evening from our cottage at Ischl be treasured by me.

—ETHERS S. PERRY.



A. CARACETTI, PINXIT

J. B. ALLEN, SCULPT

ST MARK'S — THE BUCENTAUROS

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LOWE'S (SELECTED FOR THE ROYAL COLLECTION)



ART IN THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The stained glass windows painted by Mr. Ballantine, from the designs of Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., have just been fixed in their places, in the building known as the "Scott Monument." There are four principal windows, and the chief architectural ornamentation of the glass consists of elaborate Gothic canopies, with rich mosaic backgrounds, surmounting figures and armorial bearings supported on pedestal pillars, with foliated caps and panelled backgrounds of geometric tracery. The south window has an effigy of St. Giles, the tutelary saint of Edinburgh, habited in the robes of an abbot of the eighth century, and supported on each side by angels with stringed instruments of music. The north window exhibits an effigy of St. Andrew, the tutelary saint of Scotland, supported by two kneeling angels, who present him with branches of palm. The west window contains the arms of Edinburgh; the castle and rock on the shield are copied from a very old engraving: various heraldic devices surround the coat-of-arms. The east window exhibits the ancient arms of Scotland, also surrounded by devices and mottoes. In each window an angel, rising over a richly-carved corbel, holds a shield, on which the arms of Sir Walter Scott are blazoned, and the four windows are surrounded with labelled borderings, on which are inscribed appropriate passages from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." In addition to these are four smaller windows, filled in with diaphanous glass. The effect of the whole has been described to us as exceedingly chaste and brilliant, showing Mr. Ballantine to be a master in the "art and mystery" of glass-staining. The sketches for the figures of St. Andrew and St. Giles were furnished by Mr. James Drummond, of the Royal Scottish Academy; so that the entire work is the joint production of artists, the fellow-countrymen of him in whose honour the building is erected.

The report of the committee of the "Royal Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland," for the year 1855-56, has been forwarded to us: the income of the past year shows a considerable advance over the preceding, the amount subscribed reaching to nearly £5000. With a portion of this sum, thirty-seven works of Art were purchased from the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, and from the studios of its members and exhibitors, including "St. Patrick's Day," by E. Nicol, £400; six illustrations from "The Gentle Shepherd," by T. Faed, £250; "Watching the Pass—Daybreak," by J. Noel Paton, £150; "Newhaven Harbour," S. Bough, £120; "A Turf Cot—returning from the Bog," E. Nicol, £120; "The Bass, from the Rocks at Canty Bay," E. T. Crawford, £120; "Highland Stream," W. H. Paton, £100; "An English Village—Winter Afternoon," S. Bough, £80: to these pictures a marble bust of "Ophelia," by W. Calder Marshall, R.A., was added, and a number of statuettes, executed in statuary-porcelain by Copeland, from Brodie's "Corinna." The Committee, feeling themselves compelled to abandon the idea of issuing to the subscribers an illustrated edition of the "Gentle Shepherd," substituted for it an engraving, by H. Lemon, from the picture of "The Two Henrys," by J. C. Horsley, A.R.A. For future distribution there are in preparation a series of designs illustrating Burns' ballad of "The Soldier's Return," and an engraving by W. H. Egleton, from Scott Lauder's picture of "Christ teaching Humility." These are the chief points on which the report touches; and we have only to congratulate the Society on the sure and steady progress it appears to be making.

OXFORD.—Six statues of men illustrious in science and philosophy are about to be placed in the grand hall of the Museum at Oxford: these sculptured works are the gift of Her Majesty, and will be executed in Caen stone, and of the size of life. Mr. A. Munro has had two entrusted to him—those of Galileo and Newton; the former is completed, and the latter considerably advanced. Mr. T. Woolner is at work upon another, that of Lord Bacon. We have not learned the subjects of the three others, nor who have been commissioned to execute them; but we cannot speak in too high terms of the gracious consideration which has prompted Her Majesty to command these works, and especially to entrust them to sculptors comparatively unknown to fame, who are thus afforded an opportunity of raising themselves to distinction in an Art—that of portrait-sculpture—in which we certainly are, as yet, far below the artists of the Continent.

NORWICH.—The annual Art-Exhibition was opened in this city on the 19th of November; it is spoken of, by some of the local journals as being the best which Norwich has yet had, containing numerous pictures by the old masters—Titian, Salvator Rosa, Velasquez, Van Huisum, Van Dyck,

Metzu, and Hals, which were contributed from the galleries of the neighbouring gentry, who also sent specimens of the following deceased English painters:—Gainsborough, Muller, Clarke, Cotman, and Crome, senior: the two last were natives of Norfolk. Of living British painters known in the metropolitan exhibitions, the catalogue includes the names of—Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Frith, R.A., J. Ward, R.A., A. Cooper, R.A., T. Uwins, R.A., H. B. Willis, Williams, Egley, Desvignes, J. Stark, A. F. Rolfe, Zeigler, J. B. Pyne, Gosling, W. Hunt, Bouvier, R. H. Woodman, Vickers, Callow, Mrs. Oliver, Lance, Duffield, and Boddington, junior; and among the local artists whose works deserve especial notice, are those of Mr. Claude Nursey, head-master of the School of Design, A. G. Stannard, Mrs. Stannard, and Miss E. Stannard, D. Hodgson, Ladbrooke, senior and junior, Barwell, Downes, &c., &c.

CORK.—The annual examination of the drawings, &c., executed by the pupils of the School of Art in this city, took place on the 22nd of October, when fourteen medals were awarded to the same number of students, and "honourable mention" was made of sixteen other names. Nine prizes were also awarded for proficiency in perspective, geometry, and freehand drawing. On the 24th of the month, the prizes were presented to the successful students by the Mayor of Cork, in the presence of a large company of the supporters of the institution and their friends.

BANBRIDGE, County Down.—A marble tablet to the memory of Captain Crozier, R.N., who, as Commander of the *Terror* in the last Arctic expedition, is presumed to have lost his life with his brave companions, Sir J. Franklin and others, has recently been erected in the church of his native place, Banbridge. The upper part of the monument represents the doomed ship amidst the icebergs, and underneath the inscription is a medalion portrait of the deceased officer. The work is designed and executed by Mr. J. R. Kirk, R.H.A., a young Irish sculptor, whose productions we have before favourably noticed: this, his latest work, will add to his rising reputation.

YARMOUTH.—The hint given a month or two back, by ourselves and some of our contemporaries, respecting the Nelson Monument at Yarmouth, has, it would seem, received due attention from the gentlemen of Norfolk, who have held a meeting "to take into consideration the best means of providing for its restoration, and preserving it in effectual repair for the future." A committee which includes a considerable number of the most influential "county names," was nominated, and a subscription commenced; so that, ere very long, we trust to hear that this memorial of our great naval commander is no longer a reproach to the county which boasts of him as "their hero."

CHESTER.—At the last public examination of the students of the Chester School of Art, 750 pupils were examined in drawing; of this large number, three received medals, and other prizes were awarded to ninety-five of the scholars.

WORCESTER.—The annual meeting of the Worcester School of Art was held on the 21st of November. We hear that the drawings exhibited by the pupils included a large increase of advanced works; and that the studies have been rendered more practically useful by their application to articles of manufacture. The number of pupils attending the classes, both male and female, is greater during the last seasonal year than at any former period.

BURLEIGH.—The annual meeting of the Burleigh School of Art was held on the 3rd of December. In the report, the committee congratulated the friends of the institution on the satisfactory progress of the pupils, whose numbers are so steadily increasing as to require a more suitable school-room—a subject which was urged upon the attention of the visitors.

CARLISLE.—The subscribers to the Carlisle School of Art, and the friends of the institution, held their annual meeting on the 1st of December. Mr. Brook has resigned the office of head-master, and is succeeded by Mr. W. Pozzi. The income of the school during the past year had exceeded the current expenditure, so that the school had so far become self-supporting. The number of pupils attending the Central School was 67, and 378 were taught by the master in the various public and private schools.

SWANSEA.—The fourth annual report of the Swansea School of Art was read at a meeting of subscribers, &c., on the 2nd of December. We learn, that in consequence of the withdrawal of two public classes, the Normal and the National Schools, to the former of which a private teacher had been appointed, there has been a falling off in the number of pupils and the amount of receipts; but there was an increase of subscriptions, and the committee are quite sanguine of ultimate success.

THE
ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION
AT MANCHESTER.

The severity of the weather has necessitated a temporary suspension of the progress of the building. A portion of the brick-work façade which fell down during the frost cannot be repaired and proceeded with; but, with that energy which characterises the plan and its execution, this façade has been at once abandoned, and an iron one will be substituted. The entire length of the building is 700 feet, and its entire breadth 200 feet. In form it is somewhat similar to the Crystal Palace, but through the bulk of the building there are no galleries; there is a gallery extending only round the upper portion of one extremity, that is, between the transept and the further end of the structure. The grand centre aisle, and the two smaller aisles, one on each side of it, extending the entire length of the building, constitute the grand central hall, which is again flanked by two other aisles of the same length. The internal appearance, as far as we can judge at present, will be exceedingly graceful, and for exhibiting pictures, the light, we are told, is most favourable; this is especially gratifying, as the edifice will contain some of the finest works of Art the country can show; and our private collections are richer in ancient Art than those of any other nation. It was proposed at the end of the edifice to construct refreshment and other rooms, but this part of the plan is abandoned, and the space originally set apart for that purpose will be laid out as a gallery to hang water-colour drawings; there will also be smaller rooms for special arrangement of collections of *certu*. The plan of the exhibition, besides the classic and the historical divisions, will comprehend the Anglo-Roman, Celtic, Byzantine, Romanesque, Medieval, Renaissance, Louis XIV. and XV., &c. The sculpture will present, not only marble statuary, but examples of every plastic manner, metal-work, armour, works in silver and bronze in connection with enamel, damascened work, nielli, &c.; Ceramic Art, every period and style; enamels; glass, stained glass; furniture; Mosaic jewellery; textile fabrics; works in leather and ivory; numismatics, &c.; while the Oriental department will consist of works in metal, embossed and damascened, china, pottery, enamel, marqueterie, glass, ivory, wood, &c., from India, China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Northern Africa. We rejoice to announce that the valuable Meyrick Collection of armour will, in its entire state, form a feature of the exhibition; and the whole of the collection in the Tower has been placed at the disposal of the committee.

We might fill a couple of columns with a portion of the names of the contributors to this magnificent enterprise, so patriotically carried out by the inhabitants of Manchester, but in truth worthy of a great nation. We cannot speak in terms too highly of the indefatigable and disinterested exertions of the gentlemen of the committee. They have been worthily met and supported by contributions from Her Majesty and Prince Albert, as also from the Dukes of Bedford, Buccleuch, Hamilton, Marlborough, Newcastle, Manchester, Northumberland, Richmond, and Sutherland; the Marquises of Breadalbane, Lansdowne, Hertford, Salisbury, and Westminster; Lords Ellesmere, Essex, Ashburton, Ward, Overstone, Denbigh, Palmerston, &c., and a very long catalogue of gentlemen, among whom are many possessors of the finest Art-productions in these kingdoms. It is probable that some proprietors of works that would be valuable additions to this exhibition, may decline contributing from an apprehension of injury, but we believe everything will be done that human foresight can devise to prevent accident. Pictures and other fragile valuables, will be conveyed in very carefully padded and stuffed cases. It is proposed to hang the pictures chronologically, so as to constitute the sequence a history of Art; and all schools will be represented—even the Spanish, the works of which are the most difficult to obtain. As soon as the weather will allow the advancement of the works, the building will be finished in six weeks, after which the interior arrangements will be speedily concluded.

INAUGURAL EXHIBITION
AT
THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION,
MANCHESTER.

BUT for the remembrance of the Great Exhibition of London and Paris, there is in the Mechanics' Institution at Manchester a collection of Fine and Industrial Art which would be widely celebrated as a great event in the history of progress towards refinement. It is not by simply seeing from time to time the beautiful exemplified in precious and unique instances that we advance in the realisation of products refined in taste and elegant in design. We may become familiarised with every object in the Green Vaults of Dresden, or of the Hotel Cluny, without feeling ourselves called upon to "imitate." The study of design fits us for emulation: these exhibitions supply a stimulus which, but for them, would be wanting: and from such stimulus we shall reap the best results. This collection is valuable and comprehensive in extent: it is contained in eighteen rooms, galleries, and "courts;" and each of these departments is filled with that kind of Art to which they are devoted. Among them may be instanced as remarkable, the Colebrook Dale Company's Court; the Imperial Court; the Indian Court; the Ceramic Court; the Great Hall and Sculpture Gallery; the Precious-Metal Room and Jewellery Court; the Royal Gallery; the Galleries of Fine-Art, and that of Antiquities; a large collection of photographic pictures, &c. The Royal Gallery contains that brilliant and most elaborately finished selection, copied from the royal collections by the gracious permission of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert. The interest of the collection of oil pictures will be understood from the few of the modern works we have space to name:—'The Expulsion from Paradise,' J. Sant; 'The Tiger's Lair,' Verbeekhoven; 'The Death of the Wolf,' R. Ansdell; 'Wiudermere,' J. B. Pyne; 'The Return from Hawking,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., contributed by the Earl of Ellesmere; 'A Welsh Stream,' T. Creswick, R.A.; 'The Bark Peckers,' J. Linnell; 'The Golden Moments of Sunset,' F. Danby, A.R.A.; 'Lake Lugano,' C. Stanfield, R.A.; 'Flora,' W. Etty, R.A.; 'Clifton,' J. B. Pyne; 'The Interrupted Meal,' R. Ansdell; 'The Death of Foscari,' F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A.; 'Othello's first Misgiving,' J. R. Herbert, R.A.; 'Red Deer,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A.; 'The Zuyder Zee,' C. Stanfield, R.A.; 'Venus and Cupid,' W. Etty, R.A.; 'The Young Student,' J. Sant, &c. &c. But to glance at the industrial products. We find in the room Number 1, a various contribution of great value from the Emperor of the French, and also of home manufacture; many new textile fabrics of surprising beauty, suitable for furniture in silks, and teryls at no greater price than French damasks. The Colebrook Dale Company exhibit many useful and ornamental iron-castings which we have not before seen; and many of the productions of Messrs. Jackson and Graham are of extreme beauty. The Ceramic Court contains the last and best works of Messrs. Minton, Messrs. Copeland, Messrs. Alcock, and Messrs. Boote, of Burslem. In the sculpture room are the 'Amphale,' in marble, by John Bell; 'The Day Dreamer,' by P. Macdowell; 'Eve,' by the same; 'Sabrina,' by W. C. Marshall; 'The First Whisper of Love,' by W. C. Marshall, &c. The Precious-Metal Room contains a collection of infinite beauty and great value, the contributions of Hancock, Elkington, and others. The antiquities consist of mediæval pottery and glass: Greek, Etruscan, and Roman pottery; Greek and Roman glass; Egyptian antiquities in bronze, wood, and other materials; and the famous 'Dead Christ,' a carving in ivory, by Gian Bologna, the property of E. N. Denny, Esq. This exhibition, as we have heretofore observed, has been brought together and opened to the public in order to defray the portion of debt yet due on the building; and certainly to the committee and the secretary the best thanks of the public are due for setting before them such a variety of valuable objects.

We hope and believe the exhibition will be—as it ought to be—eminently successful.

TALK OF
PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.
BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—An importunate thought—The Scala Regia of the Vatican—Shortest path to the Transfiguration and the St. Jerome—The Sala Ducale—Loggia and Corridor of Bramante—Treasures left unvisited—Hall of the Arazzi—The first Pictures!—Bologna—The Crucifixion of Guido—The St. Cecilia—Parma and Correggio—Florence and the Umbrian Masters—Venice and Titian—Venetian Traghetti—Our part in Titian—The Cornaro family—The Bridgewater Beauties—Temple-Newsam—The Recluses of Wiltshire—Holy Family at Dresden.

How perversely will some perplexing or painful thought, or rather imagination, sometimes cling to one's company; I do not say to the mind, since the mind has very little to do with the matter, but to one's society, as it were. You, the recipient of the visit—but slightly flattered by the preference—doing your utmost to free yourself from the unwelcome guest. You seek to displace the obnoxious thought by others, for example; you call on such as are most decidedly antagonistic thereunto for aid, but they do not effect its expulsion. The strength of your assailant is too much for you; he will not be won to leave you by entreaty, nor can you enforce his absence by command; the more you bid him begone, the more he won't go; he has inarred the hours of your day, and if you have not the better fortune, he shall make you keep with him the watches of the night.

There came a fantasy of this pleasant complexion to attend our levee at the waking hour of the good yesterday, no longer since, and thus did the pale-eyed shadow salute us:—"Suppose the great and treasured pictures of the world,"—*Fantasy loquitur*—"suppose, I say, the best and greatest pictures should all be lost! not merely borne from the shrines of their worship by the conqueror—a mere displacement, to be deeply expiated and atoned for reverently in the better days—but lost, annihilated, resolved into their elements—ah! those subtle essences, who shall give them names?—become exterminate; no longer to illumine the ages, no more to absorb the love of man; never again to make the heart leap in the bosom of him who doth but hear the faintest echoes of their name borne to him like sweet music from some brighter sphere than that of his inhabiting."

"Dost thou mark me well? All that Rome enshrined for the world—all that Florence joyed in—all that Venice made her pride, and all that Bologna treasured: some Eidolon—created to that end—nought evil enough had existed till the baleful moment of that birth. This hath swept great wings of darkness over their charmed existence, and the guardian spirits have yielded, and all have ceased to be!"

"Hast thou comprehended what has befallen thee? Behold the Vatican; the cold walls are there, but the Transfiguration, the Last Communion, where are they? What now shall it avail to Rome that men have called her the home of the Caesar and the Pontiff, if these be gone? Are there tears enough to bewail them? can the mourning ever cease? And thou, most wretched! it is the Scala Regia that rises before thee; but to what purpose should thy foot now tread the pure proud marble of that regal way? Wilt thou ever again ascend it with that elastic step which carried thee bounding up its magnificent flights; glad at heart because the shrines of thy worship—the worship of all humanity—shone, dearly guarded beyond?"

"They had received their due homage on the day that was then the 'yesterday;' aye, and the day before it, and on many another behind and behind them. Yet was their perennial newness, their perfection in one part and in all, none the less drawing thee towards them at that fortunate moment which was then the 'to-day.' All eagerly didst thou once more seek them, thy soul wedded to their beauty, and thy heart rejoicing."

"And so thy step was ever onward, and for these thine idols wert thou content to pass swiftly through the Hall of the kings, even though the Sistine was so left for once unvisited. True, thy duty to the great Florentine was paid, aye, duly and dearly paid, on the morrow."

"Still on, by the Sala Ducale, and by that Loggia which the genius of Bramante provided for the grateful centuries: onward still, but now with step subdued and chastened brows, for sacred and deeply touching are the relics on either hand."

"To these records of wrong and suffering succeed forms of beauty, such as Greece alone could image forth; but you passed lightly, in that day we talk of, albeit with glistening eyes and many a glance of love-fringed greeting, for the deities of your worship were yet afar."

"The Torso—the Torso of the Belvidere—presented its grand proportions in the farthest distance; but you did not ascend that intervening space—you left the Torso, you left the Apollo, you left the Laocoon, you left those many halls wherein fair Sculpture has gathered the best of her treasures, all inviting you, and all holding due place in your heart; but your path lay forward, and you held on."

"Who is there that can fail to remember the solemn way that next you trod? who, that has once seen, can forget those Egyptian skies, whose diamond stars pour their beams upon the gazer from so deep a blue? Calm of aspect, and with silent motion, doth he who enters the mystic chambers pass through their awful bounds; and you—you restrained your impatience in those shadowy precincts; but issuing forth to where yet another marble staircase invites the well-pleased foot: you then sprang gladly upward."

"The white marbles of the Sala della Biga gleamed upon you from their stately dwelling, but you made no halt. The riches of dead Etruria—dead, yet living ever—sought to woo your footsteps farther still up the glittering whiteness of that marble way, but you did not pursue the tempting path; your cynosure was lighting the distance still, and you passed on."

"Rapidly through the halls of the Candelabre, and with hurried glance alone for all they offer, because your heart was intent on the glories beyond, and 'some lighter moment,' you said, 'shall suffice for what is here.'"

"Yet farther, and long spaces fell behind you as your feet pressed ever onward. Perchance some bright creation of the sculptor's genius might arrest them for a short space, when your eyes fell on one of the many courts lying far beneath, and presenting themselves from time to time as you traversed the floors of those wondrous corridors through whose length it was that then you glad advanced: but these were transient deviations, and you held on."

"Long travel brought you to the hall of the Arazzi, those undying works of the loom on which the genius of Raphael himself—how truly called divine—hath conferred their immortality. Before these you passed more slowly—nay, you paused; for each one you had brought some tribute of homage, and here, for the first time, you made halt."

"It was besides meet that you should do so, for were you not at length arrived within the very precincts of the sanctuary? One dim and silent chamber only, and that of no wide space, now lay between your eyes and the desired objects of your long yet delightful progress."

"And at length you had traversed even this; the world's first treasure in Art, its greatest picture,† rose bright before you—you stood reverently in the presence of the Transfiguration."

"Time passed, but the votary gazed on,‡ yet with

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the sense of a divided duty; allegiance still to be paid, and paid willingly, gladly, devoutly—the allegiance of the heart, for you had but a mere slight turn to make, and the grand work of the honoured Bolognese—the earnest and conscientious Domenichino—St. Jerome's Last Communion—was *siso* your own.

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But not on all the waters of Venice shall you find the true Venetian traghetto; it is not that which meets you as you descend the Piazzetta, nor shall you find one along the whole "Riva degli Schiavoni." "Stairs" in abundance you may find, neither will you suffer lack of gondolas, nor of the dashing gondolier; but for the traghetto—worthily so-called—you will look in vain. Far away, and among the less travelled parts of Venice, it is that you must seek them, or rather it is in these little-known regions that, in your loving quest of old undying memories, you will come upon the picturesque vine-covered nooks, wherein their barks nestle cosily, to your infinite self-gratification. So it is, I say, that you must seek, and shall find them; but once found, you shall be seen to take those rarely trodden—but how picturesque!—byeways, again and again.

My traghetto, at no great distance from that "Calle Gallipoli" wherein Titian made his abode, before removing to the Contrada di San Canciano, is one of the many treasure-troves due to our own love for prowling around the long-forsaken abodes of the buried great. Giorgione made his home in the immediate vicinity; and it was after leaving the Church of San Silvestro, or rather the open space before it, wherein our most dear Giorgione passed a no small part of his too short life, that we stumbled upon the narrow *vicolo* or alley by which alone, coming from the land-side, you can approach it.

Having once, but long since, been the water-gate to a building of great extent, now partitioned off into poor dwellings, there are still traces of marble pavement in the cracked steps by which you descend to your gondola, and along the low wall over which you bend to ascertain if your gondolier be there to await your pleasure. And you will pretty surely find him; for rarely does the Venetian gondolier fail his master, though he be but the hiring of a few weeks or months, as the case may be.

* Called *La Seneria*, and conferred on the best painter only; this constituted its value.

Trained over a few alight poles, crossed by rods yet slighter, a vine serves to shelter him who waits there from the too fervid sun. It can scarcely be called luxuriant that vine, but the leaves are broad, and they cast flickering shadows capriciously over the group gathered beneath it—figures that would not look out of place in one of Titian's pictures. They are not numerous—father, mother, and two exquisite children, make up the count; the man, his black cap placed becomingly over a candid brow, is simply a handsome powerful fellow, just now bringing his "barca" to shore, for at this traghetto he is at home: but the mother has that luxuriant form and lovely face which the great painter so well knew how to enrich his canvas withal. With one exception, nevertheless, the hair, that is to say: her rich locks are abundant as he could have desired, but they have not the fair tint so much approved in Titian's day, and which was therefore procured by chemical appliances, if the authorities tell us truly. No! the sweet mother's hair is of a brown so dark that you see it is not black simply because the light imparts to it a golden tinge, and not the raven glitter peculiar to black tresses, yet not, as we think, so lovely as this rich dark brown. In all save this, my gentle favourite—her kindly manner and sweet low voice are charming as her looks—is a very Titian. Methinks we'll ask her some day from which of his frames it is that she hath stolen forth. The colour of the hair—and even here the advantage is all on her side—makes the sole difference. The head small and elegant; the features delicate and full of tender expression, melting to softness in the clear and bright, yet somewhat melancholy eyes: such was the mother about whom there clambered one little beauty of a boy, while the other lay yet on her bosom. How charming was the picture they made!

I never heard a name for that Traghetto, or would tell it, that you might go to see them. Yet what do I say! The boy will be now a toiling man, and the infant a youth approaching the age of toil; the dark locks of the gondolier will be taking a tinge of grey; and his beautiful wife! she will not now exhibit the grace of those times, seeing that good twelve years at least have passed since it was our pleasant habit to take boat beneath their trellis of vines, on our way to one of our most-beloved haunts—the Venetian Academy.

The works of Titian crowd on the memory. How should it be otherwise, the activity of his life and its extreme duration considered. Happily, some of the best are in our own country; that of the Cornaro Family, in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, will recur at once to the recollection of all lovers of Art, as one of the master's finest works. The writer has twice had the advantage of seeing it, but five years have elapsed since the second of those visits (made in 1851, when the mansion was thrown open to the public); and although retaining a recollection of the work very precious to ourselves, we prefer to borrow the words of a more competent authority, for that description which we think must needs be welcome to the reader.

"In the dining-room," says our author, "I found Titian's celebrated picture of the Cornaro Family, the chief object of my visit. A man already advanced in years, and of dignified appearance, is kneeling in front, as the head of the family, before the left side of an altar, on which the host is placed. He is turning a little towards a man rather younger than himself, kneeling behind him, and is directing his attention to the object of their veneration. The latter, as well as the still younger man, kneeling still further behind, are given in profile. Lower down are three boys worshipping, with whom three others on the opposite side correspond. All the figures are the size of life. This picture is worthy of its high reputation, and holds the same rank among Titian's pictures as the Concina family worshipping the Virgin and Child, in the Dresden Gallery, among those of Paul Veronese. The heads of the three men are particularly grand and simple in the forms, even for Titian, while the portrait-like animation of the characters happily unites with the solemn expression of devotion. To these figures, which, as well as the altar, are decidedly relieved against the bright sky forming the background, the open *naïve* expression of the blooming boys forms a very pleasing contrast. The picture is of Titian's

† It also true that the pain of that apathy was not of long continuance, or perhaps, I should rather say, did not occasion a perpetual sorrow. But enough of this.

* Alas, that so few of their works are found in our country. Private collections excepted, the names of Fra Bartolommeo, of Il Beato Angelico, are scarcely heard among us.

† Il Moretto, who, though born at Brescia, and always proudly claimed by his compatriots, is accounted with right among the Venetian masters, has been the object of a warm predilection to the present writer from the first moment of our acquaintance, made some fifteen years since in the Academy of Venice. Masters of a yet earlier period are also there, to whom a large portion of this writer's affection was early given; and it has been a source of infinite satisfaction to us to learn, as we have lately done, that examples of their charming works have been, or are on the point of being, added to our National Gallery. Of these masters, and of their productions, we propose to make such remarks as our recollections may suggest, in a future paper.

‡ "La mia Venezia" is the expression of the adopted son, when speaking of his beloved foster-mother.

INAUGURAL EXHIBITION
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 THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION,
 MANCHESTER.

BUT for the remembrance of the Great Exhibition of London and Paris, there is in the Mechanics' Institution at Manchester a collection of Fine and Industrial Art which would be widely celebrated as a great event in the history of progress towards refinement. It is not by simply seeing from time to time the beautiful exemplified in precious and unique instances that we advance in the realisation of products refined in taste and elegant in design. We may become familiarised with every object in the Green Vaults of Dresden, or of the Hotel Cluny, without feeling ourselves called upon to "imitate." The study of design fits us for emulation: these exhibitions supply a stimulus which, but for them, would be wanting; and from such stimulus we shall reap the best results. This collection is valuable and comprehensive in extent; it is contained in eighteen rooms, galleries, and "courts," and each of these departments is filled with that kind of Art to which they are devoted. Among them may be instanced as remarkable, the Colebrook Dale Company's Court; the Imperial Court; the Indian Court; the Ceramic Court; the Great Hall and Sculpture Gallery; the Precious-Metal Room and Jewellery Court; the Royal Gallery; the Galleries of Fine-Art, and that of Antiquities; a large collection of photographic pictures, &c. The Royal Gallery contains that brilliant and most elaborately finished selection, copied from the royal collections by the gracious permission of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert. The interest of the collection of oil pictures will be understood from the few of the modern works we have space to name:—"The Expulsion from Paradise," J. Sant; "The Tiger's Lair," Verboeckhoven; "The Death of the Wolf," R. Ansdell; "Wundermere," J. B. Pyne; "The Return from Hawking," Sir E. Landseer, R.A., contributed by the Earl of Ellesmere; "A Welsh Stream," T. Creswick, R.A.; "The Bark Peelers," J. Linnell; "The Golden Moments of Sunset," F. Danby, A.R.A.; "Lake Lugano," C. Stanfield, R.A.; "Flora," W. Etty, R.A.; "Clifton," J. B. Pyne; "The Interrupted Meal," R. Ansdell; "The Death of Foscari," F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A.; "Othello's first Misgiving," J. R. Herbert, R.A.; "Red Deer," Sir E. Landseer, R.A.; "The Zuyder Zee," C. Stanfield, R.A.; "Venus and Cupid," W. Etty, R.A.; "The Young Student," J. Sant, &c. &c. But to glance at the industrial products. We find in the room Number 1, a various contribution of great value from the Emperor of the French, and also of home manufacture; many new textile fabrics of surprising beauty, suitable for furniture in silks, and terrys at no greater price than French damasks. The Colebrook Dale Company exhibit many useful and ornamental iron-castings which we have not before seen: and many of the productions of Messrs. Jackson and Graham are of extreme beauty. The Ceramic Court contains the last and best works of Messrs. Minton, Messrs. Copeland, Messrs. Alcock, and Messrs. Boote, of Burslem. In the sculpture room are the "Amphale," in marble, by John Bell; "The Day Dreamer," by P. Macdowell; "Eve," by the same; "Sabrina," by W. C. Marshall; "The First Whisper of Love," by W. C. Marshall, &c. The Precious-Metal Room contains a collection of infinite beauty and great value, the contributions of Hancock, Elkington, and others. The antiquities consist of mediæval pottery and glass: Greek, Etruscan, and Roman pottery; Greek and Roman glass; Egyptian antiquities in bronze, wood, and other materials; and the famous "Dead Christ," a carving in ivory, by Gian Bologna, the property of E. N. Denny, Esq. This exhibition, as we have heretofore observed, has been brought together and opened to the public in order to defray the portion of debt yet due on the building; and certainly to the committee and the secretary the best thanks of the public are due for setting before them such a variety of valuable objects.

We hope and believe the exhibition will be—as it ought to be—eminently successful.

TALK OF
 PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.—An importunate thought.—The Scala Regia of the Vatican.—Shortest path to the Transfiguration and the St. Jerome.—The Sala Ducale—Loggia and Corridor of Bramante.—Treasures left unvisited.—Hall of the Arazzi.—The first Pictures.—Bologna.—The Crucifixion of Guido.—The St. Cecilia—Parma and Correggio.—Florence and the Umbrian Masters.—Venice and Titian.—Venetian Traghetti.—Our part in Titian.—The Cornaro family.—The Bridgewater Beauties.—Temple-Newsam.—The Recluses of Wiltshire—Holy Family at Dresden.

How perversely will some perplexing or painful thought, or rather imagination, sometimes cling to one's company; I do not say to the mind, since the mind has very little to do with the matter, but to one's society, as it were. You, the recipient of the visit—but slightly flattered by the preference—doing your utmost to free yourself from the unwelcome guest. You seek to displace the obnoxious thought by others, for example; you call on such as are most decidedly antagonistic thereto for aid, but they do not effect its expulsion. The strength of your assailant is too much for you; he will not be won to leave you by entreaty, nor can you enforce his absence by command; the more you bid him begone, the more he won't go: he has marred the hours of your day, and if you have not the better fortune, he shall make you keep with him the watches of the night.

There came a fantasy of this pleasant complexion to attend our levee at the waking hour of the good yesterday, no longer since, and thus did the pale-eyed shadow salute us:—"Suppose the great and treasured pictures of the world,"—Fantasy *loquitur*—"suppose, I say, the best and greatest pictures should all be lost! not merely borne from the shrines of their worship by the conqueror—a mere displacement, to be deeply expiated and atoned for reverently in the better days—but lost, annihilated, resolved into their elements—ah! those subtle essences, who shall give them names?—become exterminate; no longer to illumine the ages, no more to absorb the love of man; never again to make the heart leap in the bosom of him who doth but hear the faintest echoes of their name borne to him like sweet music from some brighter sphere than that of his inhabiting.

"Dost thou mark me well? All that Rome enshrined for the world—all that Florence joyed in—all that Venice made her pride, and all that Bologna treasured: some Eidolon—created to that end—nought evil enough had existed till the baleful moment of that birth. This hath swept great wings of darkness over their charmed existence, and the guardian spirits have yielded, and all have ceased to be!

"Hast thou comprehended what has befallen thee? Behold the Vatican; the cold walls are there, but the Transfiguration, the Last Communion, where are they? What now shall it avail to Rome that men have called her the home of the Caesar and the Pontiff, if these be gone? Are there tears enough to bewail them? can the mourning ever cease? And thou, most wretched! it is the Scala Regia that rises before thee; but to what purpose should thy foot now tread the pure proud marble of that regal way? Wilt thou ever again ascend it with that elastic step which carried thee bounding up its magnificent flights; glad at heart because the shrines of thy worship—the worship of all humanity—shone, dearly guarded beyond?

"They had received their due homage on the day that was then the 'yesterday'; aye, and the day before it, and on many another behind and behind them. Yet was their perennial newness, their perfection in one part and in all, none the less drawing thee towards them at that fortunate moment which was then the 'to-day.' All eagerly didst thou once more seek them, thy soul wedded to their beauty, and thy heart rejoicing.

"And so thy step was ever onward, and for these thine idols wert thou content to pass swiftly through the Hall of the kings, even though the Sistine was so left for once unvisited. True, thy duty to the great Florentine was paid, aye, duly and dearly paid, on the morrow.

"Still on, by the Sala Ducale, and by that Loggia which the genius of Bramante provided for the grateful centuries: onward still, but now with step subdued and chastened brows, for sacred and deeply touching are the relics on either hand."

"To these records of wrong and suffering succeed forms of beauty, such as Greece alone could image forth; but you passed lightly, in that day we talk of, albeit with glistening eyes and many a glance of love-fringed greeting, for the deities of your worship were yet afar.

"The Torso—the Torso of the Belvidere—presented its grand proportions in the farthest distance; but you did not ascend that intervening space—you left the Torso, you left the Apollo, you left the Laocoon, you left those many halls wherein fair Sculpture has gathered the best of her treasures, all inviting you, and all holding due place in your heart; but your path lay forward, and you held on.

"Who is there that can fail to remember the solemn way that next you trod? who, that has once seen, can forget those Egyptian skies, whose diamond stars pour their beams upon the gazer from so deep a blue? Calm of aspect, and with silent motion, doth he who enters the mystic chambers pass through their awful bounds; and you—you restrained your impatience in those shadowy precincts; but issuing forth to where yet another marble staircase invites the well-pleased foot: you then sprang gladly upward.

"The white marbles of the Sala della Biga gleamed upon you from their stately dwelling, but you made no halt. The riches of dead Etruria—dead, yet living ever—sought to woo your footsteps farther still up the glittering whiteness of that marble way, but you did not pursue the tempting path; your cynosure was lighting the distance still, and you passed on.

"Rapidly through the halls of the Candelabre, and with hurried glance alone for all they offer, because your heart was intent on the glories beyond, and 'some lighter moment,' you said, 'shall suffice for what is here.'

"Yet farther, and long spaces fell behind you as your feet pressed ever onward. Perchance some bright creation of the sculptor's genius might arrest them for a short space, when your eyes fell on one of the many courts lying far beneath, and presenting themselves from time to time as you traversed the floors of those wondrous corridors through whose length it was that then you glad advanced: but these were transient deviations, and you held on.

"Long travel brought you to the hall of the Arazzi, those undying works of the loom on which the genius of Raphael himself—how truly called divine—hath conferred their immortality. Before these you passed more slowly—nay, you paused; for each one you had brought some tribute of homage, and here, for the first time, you made halt.

"It was besides meet that you should do so, for were you not at length arrived within the very precincts of the sanctuary? One dim and silent chamber only, and that of no wide space, now lay between your eyes and the desired objects of your long yet delightful progress.

"And at length you had traversed even this; the world's first treasure in Art, its greatest picture,† rose bright before you—you stood reverently in the presence of the Transfiguration.

"Time passed, but the votary gazed on,‡ yet with

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For the people, as Titian painted them, you see these, perhaps, more particularly around and about the Traghetto; not at all of them—far from it; you find them in some favoured localities only. There is one presenting itself at this moment with the vividness of reality to my recollection—and oh, the charm of that delicious memory!

The Traghetto are the points of departure or arrival used by the gondoliers; but if you ask, "Why, then, do you not call them stairs or ferries?" we make answer, and say, "Because those names would not apply." The Traghetto serves the purpose of a stair or ferry, but is not like either—whether it be the prosaic and city-suggesting "stair," or that less commonplace, nay, very often poetic and delightful passage of some fair bright river, called a ferry. The Venetian Traghetto is—it is the Traghetto; and he who shall desire to know it more intimately must e'en betake himself to the place of its birth—no very heavy doom.

But not on all the waters of Venice shall you find the true Venetian Traghetto; it is not that which meets you as you descend the Piazzetta, nor shall you find one along the whole "Riva degli Schiavoni." "Stairs" in abundance you may find, neither will you suffer lack of gondolas, nor of the dashing gondolier; but for the Traghetto—worthily so-called—you will look in vain. Far away, and among the less travelled parts of Venice, it is that you must seek them, or rather it is in these little-known regions that, in your loving quest of old undying memories, you will come upon the picturesque vine-covered nooks, wherein their barks nestle cozily, to your infinite self-gratification. So it is, I say, that you must seek, and shall find them; but once found, you shall be seen to take those rarely trodden—but how picturesque!—byways, again and again.

My Traghetto, at no great distance from that "Calle Gallipoli" wherein Titian made his abode, before removing to the Contrada di San Canciano, is one of the many treasure-troves due to our own love for prowling around the long-forsaken abodes of the buried great. Giorgione made his home in the immediate vicinity; and it was after leaving the Church of San Silvestro, or rather the open space before it, wherein our most dear Giorgione passed a no small part of his too short life, that we stumbled upon the narrow *vicolo* or alley by which alone, coming from the land-side, you can approach it.

Having once, but long since, been the water-gate to a building of great extent, now partitioned off into poor dwellings, there are still traces of marble pavement in the cracked steps by which you descend to your gondola, and along the low wall over which you bend to ascertain if your gondolier be there to await your pleasure. And you will pretty surely find him; for rarely does the Venetian gondolier fail his master, though he be but the hiring of a few weeks or months, as the case may be.

Trained over a few slight poles, crossed by rods yet alighter, a vine serves to shelter him who waits there from the too fervid sun. It can scarcely be called luxuriant that vine, but the leaves are broad, and they cast flickering shadows capriciously over the group gathered beneath it—figures that would not look out of place in one of Titian's pictures. They are not numerous—father, mother, and two exquisite children, make up the count; the man, his black cap placed becomingly over a candid brow, is simply a handsome powerful fellow, just now bringing his "barca" to shore, for at this Traghetto he is at home; but the mother has that luxuriant form and lovely face which the great painter so well knew how to enrich his canvas withal. With one exception, nevertheless, the hair, that is to say: her rich locks are abundant as he could have desired, but they have not the fair tint so much approved in Titian's day, and which was therefore procured by chemical appliances, if the authorities tell us truly. No! the sweet mother's hair is of a brown so dark that you see it is not black simply because the light imparts to it a golden tinge, and not the raven glitter peculiar to black tresses, yet not, as we think, so lovely as this rich dark brown. In all save this, my gentle favourite—her kindly manner and sweet low voice are charming as her looks—is a very Titian. Methinks we'll ask her some day from which of his frames it is that she hath stolen forth. The colour of the hair—and even here the advantage is all on her side—makes the sole difference. The head small and elegant; the features delicate and full of tender expression, melting to softness in the clear and bright, yet somewhat melancholy eyes: such was the mother about whom there clambered one little beauty of a boy, while the other lay yet on her bosom. How charming was the picture they made!

I never heard a name for that Traghetto, or would tell it, that you might go to see them. Yet what do I say! The boy will be now a toiling man, and the infant a youth approaching the age of toil; the dark locks of the gondolier will be taking a tinge of grey; and his beautiful wife! she will not now exhibit the grace of those times, seeing that good twelve years at least have passed since it was our pleasant habit to take boat beneath their trellis of vines, on our way to one of our most-beloved haunts—the Venetian Academy.

The works of Titian crowd on the memory. How should it be otherwise, the activity of his life and its extreme duration considered. Happily, some of the best are in our own country; that of the Cornaro Family, in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, will recur at once to the recollection of all lovers of Art, as one of the master's finest works. The writer has twice had the advantage of seeing it, but five years have elapsed since the second of those visits (made in 1851, when the mansion was thrown open to the public); and although retaining a recollection of the work very precious to ourselves, we prefer to borrow the words of a more competent authority, for that description which we think must needs be welcome to the reader.

"In the dining-room," says our author, "I found Titian's celebrated picture of the Cornaro Family, the chief object of my visit. A man already advanced in years, and of dignified appearance, is kneeling in front, as the head of the family, before the left side of an altar, on which the host is placed. He is turning a little towards a man rather younger than himself, kneeling behind him, and is directing his attention to the object of their veneration. The latter, as well as the still younger man, kneeling still further behind, are given in profile. Lower down are three boys worshipping, with whom three others on the opposite side correspond. All the figures are the size of life. This picture is worthy of its high reputation, and holds the same rank among Titian's pictures as the Concina family worshipping the Virgin and Child, in the Dresden Gallery, among those of Paul Veronese. The heads of the three men are particularly grand and simple in the forms, even for Titian, while the portrait-like animation of the characters happily unites with the solemn expression of devotion. To these figures, which, as well as the altar, are decidedly relieved against the bright sky forming the background, the open *saïce* expression of the blooming boys forms a very pleasing contrast. The picture is of Titian's

† It is also true that the pain of that apathy was not of long continuance, or perhaps, I should rather say, did not occasion a perpetual sorrow. But enough of this.

• Alas, that so few of their works are found in our country. Private collections excepted, the names of Fra Bartolommeo, of Il Beato Angelico, are scarcely heard among us.

† Il Moretto, who, though born at Brescia, and always proudly claimed by his compatriots, is accounted with right among the Venetian masters, has been the object of a warm predilection to the present writer from the first moment of our acquaintance, made some fifteen years since in the Academy of Venice. Masters of a yet earlier period are also there, to whom a large portion of this writer's affection was early given; and it has been a source of infinite satisfaction to us to learn, as we have lately done, that examples of their charming works have been, or are on the point of being, added to our National Gallery. Of these masters, and of their productions, we propose to make such remarks as our recollections may suggest, in a future paper.

‡ "La mia Venezia" is the expression of the adopted son, when speaking of his beloved foster-mother.

* Called *La Seneria*, and conferred on the best painter only; this constituted its value.

middle period, the execution very careful, the colours clear, especially in the flesh, which is treated in a bright golden tone. Unhappily this masterpiece has suffered not a little injury—for instance, the right hand of the old man, and the hand of the boy on the left.*

In the Bridgewater Gallery are no less than five of the master's works, and all great pictures! It is true that one or two have suffered by cleaning; nor are they all of equal value. The two Dianas, the story of the Nymph Calisto, namely, and that of Actæon, exhibit those powers in landscape for which Titian enjoys so well-merited a pre-eminence among the great painters of his own time; nor, indeed, is the landscape of the "Ages of Life" less charming; nay, for ourselves we prefer it to those before named. We do not attempt a description of these pictures, because the liberality of the noble owner gives to all the opportunity for making their acquaintance, and renders it needless.

There is a St. Jerome, by the same master, at Chatsworth, which is quite as well known; and, if less frequently visited, that arises not from want of opportunity, which is most freely given:—few among our great nobles so willing to impart of his vast advantages as the Duke of Devonshire—still less from the want of inclination. It happens solely because of the distance between the picture and that great absorbing London, which swallows men up, and keeps them so close within its insatiable jaws, and with determination so inexorable, that only at some hurried moments—bleat beyond the lot of the common hours—can they find leisure for aught so reasonable and so delightful as a visit to your St. Jerome, O Titian of our heart!

An earlier work of the same great painter, also in England, but not so familiarly known, perhaps, as those named above, is the portrait of the reformer, Martin Bucer, in the collection of Mr. Ingram, of Temple-Newsam. The excellent authority lately quoted has a few words respecting that picture, and these state a fact which is one of my motives for citing the portrait of the reformer, to the exclusion of certain other works pressing their claims on my attention. "The fine and delicate feeling for Nature, and the tender and earnest execution," says Dr. Waagen, "indicate the earlier time of Titian, when he painted the Tribute Money at Dresden, with which the light transparent golden tone agrees; unquestionably the finest picture in the collection."† When he painted the Tribute Money at Dresden. Now, this last-named picture will very probably be known to many, more especially of our younger artists, to whom the Bucer may never have been mentioned; the writer distinctly remembers the particular quality alluded to as existing in the Dresden picture—of which more hereafter—and a work meriting to be named therewith, in the estimation of so profound a student and so severe a judge as is Dr. Waagen, may well repay the artist for more of toil than is involved in a visit to the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Temple-Newsam, though in the neighbourhood of Leeds—a very beautiful region by the way—is happily some good three miles or more from that sooty emporium of the cloth-workers. I had, however, almost said that, for the sake of this admirable portrait, you might almost venture on facing Leeds herself! But I make pause; it is a question demanding counsel, and I take time to consider. Memories of so dun a colour rise before me as I recall the heavy canopy of smoke under which the great murky town sat brooding, as we did ourselves approach her bounds, that—'tis well to be cautious in matters of moment—methinks the point were better reserved for the decision of the judges.

Meanwhile, and because the said judges are "notoriously" a heavy-going engeance, I may as well repeat, while they deliberate, that she hath made her seat in very paradise—this discriminating Leeds—also, her sons are of the highest intelligence, and the most kindly courtesy, inasmuch that you—having more courage than this poor field-haunting scribe, who hateth towns worse than she hateth sin,—more's the pity! mortally hateth them (their glorious Arts ever excepted), may even find the presence of the

great busy place an additional attraction; more especially, if you consider rightly what good boys her children were, and how well they learned their lesson when—

"Athene taught their hands to flash along
Her famous looms."*

Much more difficult of attainment, and rendered so not by distance only, are two most precious works of Titian, guarded from gaze profane at Longford Castle—guarded jealously, as well becometh their worth—but I would that the noble owner of the Dudley Collection, and other great possessors equally liberal, could make their example avail to procure for desiring eyes an occasional sight of these Longford jewels of Art.

"Sure the eyes of us wouldn't hurt them much, your honour." But we refrain from further entreaty: far be it from us to hint even a wish that should seem to question the right of property to exercise all the privileges appertaining thereunto. The boldness of intrusive curiosity may have demanded repression; and his lordship of Radnor has, doubtless, excellent reason for not extending to the lovers of Art those valued facilities so generously accorded by others of our great proprietors "in that sort."

One of these Wiltshire pictures is a portrait of Caesar Borgia, indubitably authentic, whether as regards the master, of whom it is a most precious example, or the subject; for that this is indeed Caesar Borgia none acquainted with the characteristic features of his family can doubt. Many of our readers will remember the portrait of this personage in the gallery of the Borghese Palace, in Rome; the work is commonly attributed to Raphael, but good judges doubt the authenticity, and not without reason; the writer has heard more than one competent authority affirm the picture to be by Giovanni Penni, better known as Il Fattore. Be this as it may, the firm determined attitude, the decision of gaze, and frank boldness of the whole aspect—a boldness far removed from bravado—which distinguishes the Borghese portraits by no means impress the beholder with the conviction that Caesar Borgia was that monster of wickedness some writers would make him. Violent without doubt, and so far dangerous—but evil, no!—the Roman portrait does not proclaim this. That by Titian at Longford, on the contrary, although recording the traditional beauty of the race, and presenting sufficient evidence of ability, implies a character almost irredeemably bad. Give him none of your trust, ye who deal with that base and treacherous man! but you will not: who, having looked upon that countenance, but must hasten to guard himself from all contact with the owner?

Great is the power of him to whom hath been accorded the high privilege of genius! Great is the power, but, O, most awful the responsibility! Here is a man condemned to bear witness to his own turpitude through countless ages!—compelled remorselessly, by the great exorcist whose wand of resistless might was a pencil, to be himself the exponent of his own evil nature; to admit for the comprehension of every beholder all that he would so fain conceal. Just and upright should be the fiat of one holding this vast power, for his decision is final: who, for example, having looked on this portrait could longer question the depravity of Caesar Borgia?

In the Dresden Gallery is a further proof—if any were needed—that Titian had adopted the opinions of his day as regarded the family of Pope Alexander VI.; this we find in the character he has given to the sister of Cæsar, whom he has introduced as a suppliant, into a picture of the Holy Family, doubtless because her husband, Alfonso of Ferrara, had commanded that the portraits of his wife and himself should so appear, as was usual in similar cases, at the time.

Here, however, it will be good to remember how potent is the love of the marvellous in all ages. The pontiff and his family once made subject for the tongues of rumour—not to prejudge the question by saying calumny—he who could relate the most wonderful story would obtain the most eager circle of listeners: and that the Venetians were like

the Athenians, in their love of hearing some new thing, none who are familiar with the intimate history of the period can doubt. How amusing, for example, are the "despatches" sent by the Venetian ambassadors in Rome to their "most illustrious and most dread masters"—I Signori. But enough of this, and to the picture.

Alfonso, the first duke of Ferrara, is represented as accompanying his wife, Lucrezia Borgia, while the latter offers her devotions to the Virgin and the Divine Child. His face, evidently a portrait, serves to convince you that if the master held no favourable opinion of the duchess, neither had he been impressed with much respect for her husband. The "manner of being" of Alfonso intimates that propriety of deportment expected from his rank, and his figure has a certain elegance; but the head is heavy, the features devoid of interest, and the expression betrays weakness. He stands partly behind the duchess, whom he seems anxious to detain, or at least to address; and this he does exactly at the ill-chosen moment that a man such as he might have selected, but no other, for her hands are already folded in prayer. Lucrezia has placed her little son—afterwards Ercole Secondo—between herself and the sacred personages composing the Holy Family. You would say she has brought the innocence of the child to intervene between herself and those whom she must feel unworthy to approach: but as you regard the countenance Titian has given her, you doubt whether any feeling so natural, any thought so becoming and so suitable—her condition considered—could be entertained by a woman exhibiting that expression. Beautiful—as everything professing to be the portrait of Lucrezia Borgia must be—of imposing presence, and with that firm uprightness of carriage wherewith one gladly associates the idea of moral rectitude—one would fain give her the advantage of so construing her appearance; but those sidelong eyes forbid the interpretation, and half compel you to believe that her accusers were not all calumniators, as, from certain considerations that cannot here be recapitulated, the present writer has seen reason for hoping.

The Virgin has a book on her lap, and, her attention being fixed on that, she has not yet raised her eyes to the princes: St. Joseph gazes fixedly on the duchess, yet not with looks of approval, and the Divine Child is pressing closely to him a bird which he holds in his hands, as fearing spoliation, or some injury to the little creature, at the hands of the ducal family.

This work, if not among the very finest of the master, yet exhibits many of his highest qualities; but these are too well known to need description. There are, besides, works from Titian's hand in the gallery at Dresden which press imperatively on the attention, and would more than fill our space had we yet space at command; the bounds accorded are, however, already overpassed, and all mention of these must be deferred to a future occasion.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—An article in the *Moniteur* states that the Emperor has decreed the *Salon* of the present year shall be opened on June 15th, and closed on August 15th.—The *Grands Prix de Rome* have been distributed as follows:—*Sculpture*: first medal, M. Maniglier; second medal, to M. Hiole; another second medal, to M. Lecheune. *Painting*: first medal, M. Clement; another first medal, M. Delaunay; second medal, M. Michel. *Architecture*: first medal, M. Guillaume; second, M. Moyaux. *Engraving*: first medal, M. Gaillard; second, M. Dubouchet. Thus two first prizes have been given in painting, and two second medals in sculpture. It is only the first medals that entitle the successful candidates to the journey to Rome.—The paintings by Couture are now visible in the Chapel of the Virgin at St. Eustache; they are of course on a large scale, but they show little religious feeling.—M. F. Winterhalter has begun the portrait of the young prince.—M. Ingres has returned to Paris; he has found time during his holidays, notwithstanding his advanced age (82 years) to execute a drawing representing the "Birth of the Muses presided over by Jupiter;" it contains fifteen figures grouped with infinite art. Ingres is still in good health, and as active as ever.

* See Dr. Waagen, "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," vol. i. p. 393.

† See Art-Treasures, *et supra*, vol. iii., p. 334. It is of the Temple-Newsam collection that Dr. Waagen speaks when he calls this work—and justly—"the finest picture."

* Mrs. Browning, when Miss Barrett: I quote from memory, and have a dim suspicion that the "Athene" should be rather Pallas; but then I have not the other word required, in that case, by the measure, and, if there be error, will beg to be forgiven for it.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE:

A TEACHER FROM ANCIENT AND EARLY ART.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A., &c.

PART I.

VERY remarkable are the conditions under which the English student of Art, now in this middle of the 19th century, enters upon his great work. No longer a casual accessory, Art has become in this country an essential element of general education. The influences and the teachings of Art, restricted no longer to a comparatively select and exclusive few, now are beginning to develop themselves with most happy effects, in direct connection with the community at large. The Artist-mind and the Art-sympathies of the people are awakening and gathering strength. Art collections are multiplying, and their contents are becoming more practically instructive in their character. At length the idea has taken root amongst us, that the study of Art requires facilities for instituting the very widest comparison between both the various works of different artists in the same style, and the varied productions of the styles of different countries and successive eras. As a necessary consequence of these things, the student of Art finds himself associated with warm sympathies, and surrounded with incentives to energetic exertion which contain within themselves very important means for at once facilitating and ensuring his success.

Many circumstances combine to render the Sydenham Crystal Palace capable of concentrating within itself every requisite for the most perfect School of Art. It has already assumed a commanding position in this capacity. When its diversified collections shall have been rendered more complete in themselves; when the components of each collection shall have been more systematically classified and arranged; and when a living voice shall have been given to them all, with which they may be made, through courses of brief but able and attractive Art-lectures, to address themselves no less to the ear than to the eye of students,—then will the full powers of this grand Institution begin to be thoroughly understood, and its full value to be duly felt and appreciated.

Many recent improvements, which are no less significant than satisfactory, lead to the assurance that all existing deficiencies in the Fine-Art Collections of the Crystal Palace will be eventually supplied; and that whatever errors in the condition, or position, or grouping, of particular examples may still remain, will in due time be rectified. Meanwhile, it may be well to sketch out before the student of Art, and, indeed, before the general public, some of the more prominent characteristics of the extensive, varied and most interesting assemblages of specimens which already occupy those courts of the Palace that have been specially devoted to the illustration of Ancient and Early Art. In carrying out this plan, I shall altogether reject any attempt at giving regular descriptions of the several Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace, one by one, with their contents: my object, on the contrary, will be to select and group together such examples and such details as may generally assimilate in their teaching, or may, each in their own great excellence, stand forward as enduring lessons in the noble and the beautiful to every age. As I proceed, I shall introduce numerous engravings, which will have been drawn for the special purpose of conveying characteristic representations of the objects thus selected for particular illustration; and, while endeavouring to adduce all that is most worthy in these teachings which Art, in its manifold creations, has continually put forth as memorials of the past and as lessons for the future, I shall not hesitate to specify such short-comings as may be apparent, and also to suggest what appear to be essential requisites for enhancing the value and the utility of objects already both valuable and useful.

But, first it appears to be desirable to glance at the entire subject, which thus lies before us, awaiting our scrutiny. At the very outset of our inquiry, it must be plainly and distinctly stated that the collections in this ever-accessible School of Art are not, neither do they in any respect or degree pretend to consist of, original works: they are composed, almost exclusively, of facsimile casts, copies, or tracings, from original works in Architecture, Sculpture, and

Painting; and with these reproductions are associated the invaluable delineations of Photography—that faithful reflector, that echo-voice as well of Nature herself as of Art, together with engravings and other renderings of original productions. It is consequently true that here the student has before him—not the breathing stone or the burning bronze, as they left the hands of great masters in Art; not the glowing canvas (except in the case of modern schools of painting), nor the boldly-wrought stone, nor the ivory touched with exquisite delicacy into miniature life: but it is no less true that here are faithful copies of works, which it would be vain to hope ever to see brought together beneath a single roof; and here, accordingly, is accumulated a concentration of Art-Teaching otherwise impossible to obtain, and of which it is equally impossible to estimate too highly the beneficial capabilities.

In the Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace, properly so called, Architecture, with its every accessory, and Sculpture, are the two great forms or expressions of Ancient and Early Art, which are most elaborately and profusely illustrated. The leading idea has been to produce actual specimens of the architectures of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, and also of the Spanish Moors; and with these specimens to associate certain compound structures, made up of various details, which might serve to sustain the continuity of the series, by exemplifying the Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic,

and Renaissance styles. Casts from original works have furnished models from which some of these courts have been designed and constructed; while, with similar casts others of the courts have been actually formed. The grave errors which, unhappily, have been permitted to detract from the value of these courts, as complete works, are the reckless restoration of the reproduced examples, and the introduction, in some instances, of much that is purely hypothetical in combination with facsimile reproductions of actual and existing realities. Where it would have been a matter of necessity to have left a court in an unfinished condition,—unless it might be conceded to have recourse to analogy and ingenious theories to supply what could be obtained from no more authoritative source,—it would have been desirable to have indicated distinctly and palpably the line of demarcation which divides the probable from the certain. And, in like manner, when the ravages of time or the still more destructive effects of wilful violence and ignorant indifference, have left original works mutilated and worn, restoration might have been admissible in the cast destined to be built up into the walls or the arcades of a court; yet, assuredly, an untouched and genuine facsimile of the original in its existing condition, should have shown exactly how much had been added to the finished cast, for the sake of obtaining that very finish, and for effect.

Again: the architectures of both antiquity and



APPROACH TO THE GREEK COURT.

the middle ages, as they are represented in these courts, fail, in many essential points, to convey a completely truthful impression to the Art-student. The classic orders do not appear at all in any such forms as alone would be calculated to declare their correct character, and to impersonate their distinctive characteristics. It is the same with the mediæval Romanesque, which is fused into the

Byzantine; and with the Gothic, which loses altogether its three-fold aspect. In the case of the works of monumental art—hereafter to be fully described—the series of casts is historically incomplete, and the infinitely important results of historical classification have been, for the most part, altogether overlooked.

These all are imperfections which excite com-

mingled sentiments of surprise and regret—regret that they exist, and surprise that their existence should have been possible. It is not, however, by any means too much to anticipate that all palpable imperfections will be gradually removed from these courts, in order to admit in their stead more consistent substitutes. In treating of these same courts as they now are, we should fail to appreciate the

true value of all in them that is worthy of careful and confiding study, were we not led to discriminate between the pure and the excellent, and the imperfect and unauthorised. And much there is, very much, in these courts which demands from all who love Art and who would teach it with judicious carefulness, both admiration and gratitude. The very idea of forming these ranges of continuous

Art-museums, in itself possesses very strong claims upon both of these sentiments. It is a very great thing to be able to study in any one court the style and form of Art which therein is exemplified and illustrated; while a few steps on this side or on that will enable the student of one phase of Art to institute a comparison with those other aspects under which, in different regions of the earth, and



EXAMPLES OF MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUE RELIEF SCULPTURE AND CARVING, ETC.—GREEK COURT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

amongst distinct races of men, the same great influence has given utterance to its conceptions. A multiplicity of details also will be found in every court which, either for their own special teaching, or from their leading to the study of the originals which they represent, deserve a very careful investigation, and can scarcely fail amply to repay any amount of attention and thought that may be bestowed upon them.

The casts from works in sculpture by ancient artists can only be spoken of in terms of the

highest commendation. They combine fidelity to the originals, with a really wonderful degree of excellence in themselves as reproductions. Here are no attempts at restoration—no speculations after effect through either unauthorised finishings or (what are equally injurious) incongruous combinations. If the Venus or the Meleager, the Theseus or the Ilyssus, have suffered from whatever causes, we see them here precisely as the original marbles are. The arrangement of these casts is also admirable: each group or figure is a study in itself, and the

value of its own teaching is infinitely strengthened through the influence of association, and the opportunity for comparison. Nor may the busts be omitted from this general notice, since they constitute a noble feature in the ancient Fine-Art collections of the Crystal Palace, and are replete with teaching precious to both the historian and the artist. Their long ranges (continued, like the other productions of the sculptor, from ancient to modern times) recall illustrious memories, and their presence serves to give animation and reality to the scenes



EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE IN RELIEF, FROM A SARCOPHAGUS IN THE LOUVRE.

ground them. It is the same with the antique bas-reliefs, and other works of a kindred character: they are admirably rendered as well as judiciously selected, and they constitute parts of the ancient classical courts, which at once command attention and proclaim their own great value to those who study them.

The Crystal Palace collections of casts after

ancient sculpture possess peculiar attractions for the English Art-student, who is not able to extend very widely his researches amongst the treasures contained in foreign museums, from the circumstance of their comprising so many precious examples from Italy, France and Germany, which heretofore have been inaccessible without considerable cost and a prolonged travel. The fact also that these courts

remain, always easy of approach, for continued study and for repeated and sustained contemplation, is by no means devoid of interest to travelled artists and Art-students: they, too, may be glad here to confirm old associations, and to reanimate impressions formed long ago from a passing observation of the great originals themselves. Accordingly, when the visitor to the Sydenham Museum has passed

between the seated portrait-figures of Menander and of Posidippus, and gone on through the avenue of classic busts, each bearing a well-known name from the long roll of Greek worthies (one name is that of a woman, Aspasia; Pericles is near at hand, and the frieze of the Parthenon beyond), and he at once finds that he is surrounded by forms new to England, grouped with casts from familiar works, the effects thus produced may vary in accordance with the past associations of different individuals; but for every individual there must, from the very constitution of these collections, be much to impress upon the mind a conviction of their peculiar interest and their special value in the capacity of Art-teachers.

In remarking upon the general character of these collections of antique sculpture, it is necessary to direct attention to the fact that, with but a few grand exceptions, the most renowned productions of the sculptors of antiquity have been lost; and what now stand in the front rank as examples of the power of the chisel in Grecian hands, are themselves generally either reproductions or studies from the masterpieces of antiquity; or, in some instances, they are works of Roman times by Greek artists, who still retained at least some lingering traces of the former magnificent spirit of their fathers. The term "Greek Court" is, consequently, correctly applicable only under certain modifications to the collections assembled within and about it. The grandest remains of Greek genius and skill are indeed here; but here also are many works to which the reputation of being expressions of Greek Art can only be applied through analogy and by probable conjecture.

A somewhat similar remark is, in like manner, applicable to the sculpture which occupies the Roman Court, and which thus is broadly distinguished from the kindred works that are assembled within and around the Greek Court. Many of these

are, without doubt, casts from statues by Greek artists, or from statues copied from the productions of Greek artists, though probably executed at Rome, as well as formed either in the imperial city itself, or in parts of the Roman empire far distant from

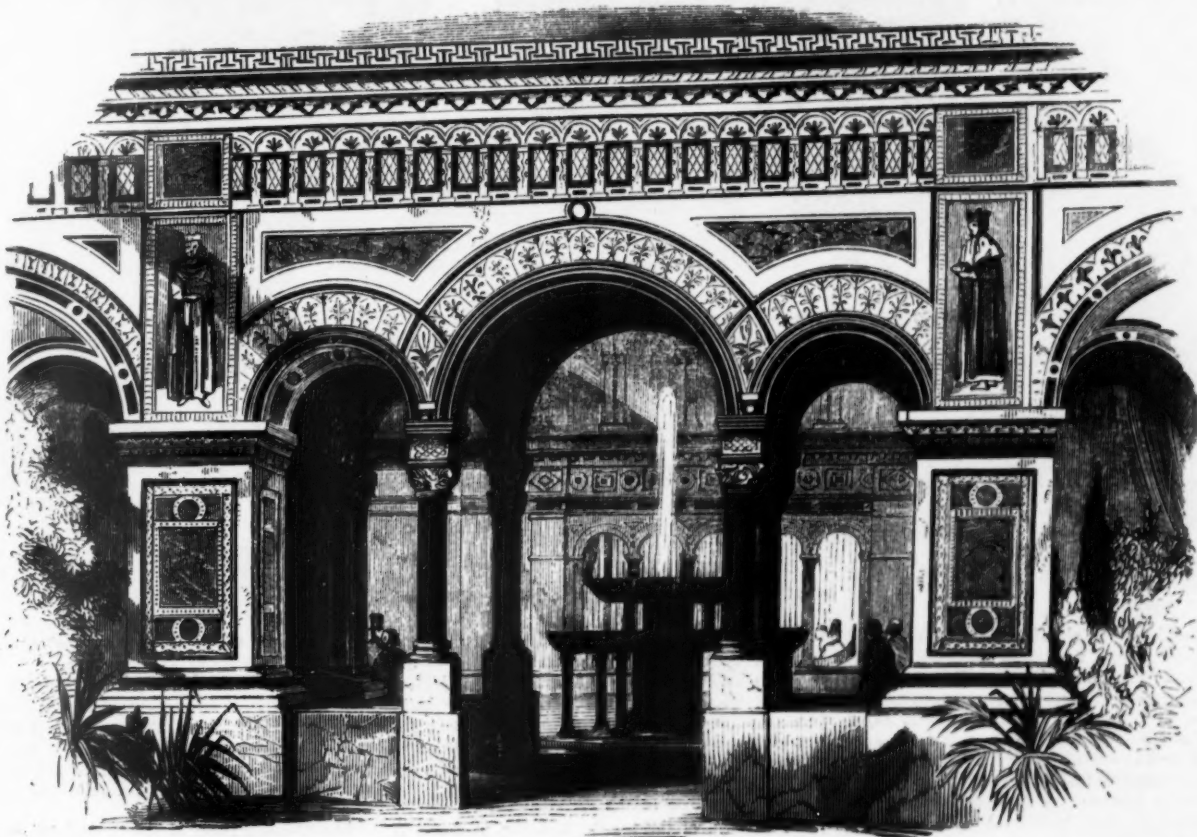


LARGE MEDALLION IN BOLD RELIEF, "SPAIN," FROM THE LOUVRE.

Greece. In themselves, both the Greek and the Roman Courts can be regarded as but little more than enclosures for the sculpture, with adjoining galleries. The architectural styles of Greece and Rome have, indeed, been consulted in producing

these courts, but the student will be careful not to regard them as authoritative examples of either Greek or Roman architecture. In this respect they differ altogether from the actual example of Roman domestic architecture which invites attention in the Pompeian Court, as also from the Egyptian and Assyrian Courts, which profess to be actual models or reproductions of the edifices of the Valley of the Nile and of Mesopotamia. These earliest remains of the arts of architecture and sculpture will be found to convey lessons peculiarly their own—lessons which bring with them from primeval times an impressive witness to man's inherent and instinctive desire to perpetuate, through the instrumentality of Art, the incidents and the truths of history, and, at the same time and by the same agency, to give expression to noble thoughts and sublime aspirations.

Detailed notices of particular works in the ancient courts will be given hereafter. All more direct and special consideration also of the Roman Court, as distinguished from the Greek, with its architectural relics, its statues, reliefs, and busts, it will be desirable to connect with the examples of the so-called revived classical style of after-times, or the Renaissance, which has its own courts on the opposite side of the Palace. By associating them after this manner with what the true arts of antiquity have left for us to study, the works of the Renaissance artists will be estimated correctly. Thus, it will be seen how far they may with justice be regarded as revivals of styles which for many ages had ceased to exist when they began to flourish; the modifications also under which the ancient types reappeared (supposing them to have reappeared), will be clearly distinguished; and the student will be enabled to understand the real character (and, as connected with the real character, the true worth) of that form and aspect of Art which has exerted in our own country an influence at once so powerful and so widely extended.



APPROACH TO THE BYZANTINE AND ROMANESQUE COURT.

And again, on the other hand, both the Classic and the Renaissance Courts will be brought up, side by side, with whatever the Crystal Palace contains of the most characteristic productions of the deep-thinking and energetic Art-workers of the middle ages. This is a comparison which will produce palpable effects in more than one direction; it will be easy, too, to discern its value, and to apply to our

own practical advantage the lessons which it will not fail to disclose.

The value of the Mediæval Courts is greatly increased from the circumstance of their bringing together illustrative specimens of the varied works of the artists of the middle ages, as well from France and Germany as from different parts of our own country. These courts will be found to develop

their own teaching most effectively through their choicest examples. As they themselves will lead us on to the Renaissance, so to them we shall be led, from the classic regions of more remote antiquity, by that court which illustrates in union the styles that arose in the East and West upon the ruins of the arts and the empire of Rome—the Byzantine and Romanesque Court.

PROGRESS OF BRITISH ART - INDUSTRY.

THE WORKS OF MESSRS. KERR AND BINNS,
OF WORCESTER, IN THE CERAMIC COURT
AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

As illustrating the progress of British manufacture, in connection with its most ancient and interesting branch of artistic industry, we have selected for engraving a group of the so-called "Worcester Enamels," as remarkable evidences of classic feeling, combined with a delicacy of executive expression and elaboration of detail, that mark them as the most successful features of modern ceramic art.

The costliness of these works, consequent upon the amount of labour and degree of risk involved in their execution, must somewhat restrict the demand; but we feel confident that only publicity is required to ensure for them, among the many patrons of high-Art products in this country, a prompt and cordial encouragement. The production of such works will necessarily be limited, from the peculiar talent necessary to their manipulation; and we are gratified to learn that commissions have lately been given to an extent beyond the immediate capabilities of the manufacturers to supply. We have before referred to the spirited exertions of the present proprietors of the Royal Worcester Works (formerly Chamberlains), to revive the *prestige* of this famous manufactory, and to the marked success which has

attended their efforts. Improvements in every branch attest the influence and value of the taste and judgment which direct its operations.

Referring specially to the "Worcester Enamels," these qualities are strikingly evident, and we earnestly recommend such beautiful examples of fictile art to careful examination. They are in the manner of the celebrated "Limoges Enamels," of varied designs, but executed upon porcelain instead of copper. The ground of the ware is a deep royal blue glaze, and the decoration is raised upon it by hand labour (and that of the highest class), with "white enamel," being a preparation of tin and arsenic.

It would be impossible to convey to the uninitiated an idea of the difficulty of "working" this medium, from its peculiar nature; and, therefore, the full extent of merit in such successes as are here realised must, to the general observer, be necessarily unappreciated; but the great beauty of the works will be apparent to all. Several of Flaxman's designs have been adapted with considerable skill, and seem eminently suited to the peculiarity of this style.

We are glad to perceive that Her Majesty has

already conferred valuable and appreciative patronage upon these productions. A duplicate of a tazza executed for Her Majesty is exhibited at the Crystal Palace; the design being Raphaelesque, and admirably delineated, both in drawing and manipulation.

The studies for the earliest of these works were lent to Messrs. Kerr and Binns by Sir Edward Lechmere, who has been their constant and liberal patron—and who must, therefore, cordially rejoice to find them so universally appreciated. The famous collection of General the Hon. Edward Lygon was also placed, by the liberal feeling of its owner, at the service of the manufacturers, who have now also in progress copies of some of the celebrated "enamels" belonging to Henry Danby Seymour, Esq., M.P., kindly lent by that gentleman for the purpose.

We cannot pass, without a word of acknowledgment, the honourable and patriotic feeling which prompts collectors of works of such beauty and value to devote them to the improvement of our manufactures. It demonstrates strongly the advanced intelligence of the age, and is one of its most hopeful signs. We cannot, indeed, too strongly advocate a principle so pregnant with beneficial results to the manufacturer and the public: it is thus that good and pure models can be obtained with almost the certainty of pure copies, or, what is of greater consequence, valuable suggestions. The artist has at all times found at his service the great productions of the great masters; it has been otherwise with the worker of Art-industry, who has heretofore encountered many difficulties and few encouragements on his way to excellence. Of late years, however,



GROUP OF WORCESTER ENAMELS: KERR AND BINNS.

instructive books in abundance have been issued; the national stores have been augmented with a view especially to his service; and there has been a liberal desire on the part of collectors to assist his progress, by lending, or permitting access to, the choicest and costliest efforts of all countries and ages.

"The ancient city of Worcester" is deeply interested in the success that has attended the revival of its Porcelain Works: the fame they had acquired was little more than traditional until renewed by the efforts of Messrs. Kerr and Binns. The early productions of the establishment of Messrs. Chamberlain now realise almost fabulous prices; but, of late years, little or nothing had been done to sustain the reputation they obtained. Under the management of their enterprising and ingenious successors, however, the works are again famous, and the venerable city will be advantaged by their renown.

The objects delineated in the appended group require a few notes and comments.

The predominance of a cultivated taste in the

selection of such types as best adapt themselves to the purpose of this manufacture is evident in the forms of these examples. The flowing, unbroken outline, which is the characteristic of the early Greek pottery, is here freely rendered, affording a surface for the decoration on which the drawing of the details of figures and ornament can be accurately preserved.

The centre vase of the group presents a novelty in the finish of the handle, it being produced in oxidised silver upon porcelain; this process, as applied to porcelain, is the invention of Mr. Binns, and in effect is perfect, it being impossible—even upon the closest examination—to discover that it is merely a metallic surface. This process has also been applied to some of the statuettes made by this firm; and if the principle of imitation in this sense be admitted, the result is perfectly successful.

The figures and arabesques of Raphael, together with studies from Flaxman, form the leading features of the designs generally, combined with such acces-

sories and such originality of treatment as impart a character of novelty as well as beauty.

The introduction of the "gilding" is in extremely good taste. It is delicately applied, and instead of being "burnished" in the ordinary manner, is merely relieved by "chasing." We cannot too strongly recommend these works to the inspection and patronage of all interested in the advancement of English Art-manufacture.

The Ceramic Court at the Crystal Palace is thus rendered attractive, in the highest degree, by the exhibition of truly fine works—produced by British manufacturers. We assert, without hesitation, that the productions here collected, are surpassed by no establishments in Europe,—if we except those which, under direct government aid, and by a lavish expenditure of government grants of money, issue works with which no private firm can compete. The formation of this "Court" has been of universal service, by inducing a general conviction that the means of achieving excellence are within our reach.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE STEREOSCOPE.

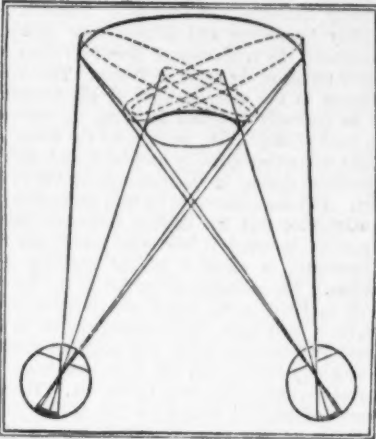
SIR,—In the descriptions of this instrument, which have already from time to time appeared in the *Art-Journal*, no place has yet been found for a short explanation of the physiological principles which are involved in the use of it. This explanation, it is true, may have been purposely withheld by former able contributors, either from considerations of the incompleteness of scientific research, or from their belief in its inappropriateness to these columns. Yet, there is neither difficulty nor deficiency in that theory which Sir David Brewster propounded shortly after the publication of the original reflecting Stereoscope, by Professor Wheatstone. And there is no longer any expressed difference—at least, well-supported difference of opinion—upon the matter; nor is there any subject, as we regard it, which is more akin to this very Journal than the physiology of vision, whether of one or two eyes. With these convictions, we venture in a very few sentences to supply the omission.

Within the last few years, it is certain that many thousands of people have been charmed to rapture by the relief prospects of the Stereoscope; and, of these, hundreds have doubtless been arrested by the extreme simplicity of the discovery, and of its Art-appliances. But, even of the latter class, it is too probable that most rest contented with the bare knowledge of three simple facts—1st, that they have two pictures of every object of regard in their open eyes at one and the same time; 2nd, that these pictures are, according to the objective character and distance, always more or less dissimilar; and 3rd, that, consequently, when the two pictures of any view which have been previously imprinted by photographic art on slides, or, so to speak, on cameral retinas, are represented to their proper eyes, they must, by the mere act of opening their eyelids, realise the vision of the object or group of objects themselves, and that by simple transference of the pictures to their own retinas. Now, so far as they go, it is quite true that these are valuable portions of knowledge; and they alone are, moreover, the very facts by whose intelligence the first invention was suggested. But, facts though they be, this is by no means either an accurate knowledge or an adequate measure of the whole discovery; and it certainly rests far short both of the extent of modern research, and of the ascertained principles of common vision. The more complete intelligence of binocular vision, which we now proceed to render, rests entirely upon the nature of the eye itself; and happily there are but few organs of the human frame which are either better understood, or more easy of apprehension.

The simplest view which we can take of the human eye is that of a ball or sphere, of about an inch in diameter, having a dark interior coating called the *choroid*, and admitting the light, whereby we see, by means of a small circular orifice—the well-known *pupil*. To this little sphere a ball and socket motion is given by the agency of several muscles, whose respective extremities are attached to the unseen part of the ocular convexity, and to the concavity of the socket. A circular tensile plane, named from its variety of colours the *iris*, divides the eye into two unequal compartments, and enables us to expand and contract the pupil according to the light. The aqueous and vitreous humours which fill these compartments serve to keep the ball itself distended; and the *crystalline* lens, which is situate immediately within the pupil, and amid the vitreous humour, has for its object that of the ordinary convex lenses of art, the concentration of those cones of light which proceed from every point of outward objects upon the retina, or nervous sensorium, which lines the back of the eye.

From this brief word-sketch of his eye—it is little more, we confess, than a mere word diagram—let the reader now pass, and take an attentive look at the perspective figure we have drawn of two eyes and a solid. A part of a cone is here represented as the object towards which the pictured eyes are gazing. Let us see, in the first place, what are the respective pictures which that object would imprint on the retinas of these eyes. In the diagram, we have not attempted to do more than indicate their position by points; but the pictures themselves will evidently be the exact counterparts of those which we have represented as crossing the solid in broken lines, and in planes respectively perpendicular to the axial lines of the eyes. The retinal pictures, no doubt, will differ from them in size, and also in a certain hollowness corresponding to the magnitude and sphericity of the eyes; but these differences, again, may be disregarded here, for they will in no wise affect the proof which, by this single diagram, we seek to give of our single vision with two eyes.

These broken-line pictures exhibit very distinctly the nature of that dissimilarity which always accompanies our ordinary vision of solid objects, and of varying distances, and which forms the basis of stereoscopic vision. From this point, therefore, the proof of single vision will be the same both for the



case of actual solidities, and for that of double dissimilar pictures of such solidities; for it is well known that, instrumentally and otherwise, we can readily super-impose the images of these pictures. Let us now, in the second place, note the positions of the transferred pictures, that is, of the dissimilar pictures which lie on the retinas. The points and the directions of the radiant lines in the figure will show that these positions are not symmetrical, and hence that the old doctrine of nervous decussation is unequal to the solution of binocular vision. What then remains to solve the common every-day mystery? If the power of the imagination be cited to the difficulty, few men of judgment, we believe, would be found to yield to it the strange prerogative. And the well-known indistinctness incident to the vision of any considerable space would come in to mar such a conclusion of imaginative power. But there is no need of such a wild hypothesis, for the eyes in pair have other and material means of determining distance, and therewith of securing the utmost distinctness at the very same moment; and these means consist in their admirable economy for speed, accuracy, extent and ease of motion. Who does not or may not perceive, every waking minute of his existence, that his eyes are in almost perpetual motion, and not only the balls of his eyes, but the lenses and pupils likewise, independently of the balls? Of these motions, moreover, the pupillary contractions and expansions are only necessary, as we have already mentioned, in order to regulate the amount of light which enters the eye; and the crystalline lens, with movements even more refined, enables us to meet the varying distances of outward objects, by invariably condensing their rays upon the retina—the pictorial seat of innumerable foci, and itself the netlike expansion of the optic nerve. From this latter fact it is that philosophers have jumped to the conclusion that distinctness of vision is simply dependent upon equality of distance from the ocular centres; and German physicists have improved upon it, by affirming that single vision of whole lines and surfaces is the ready consequence of their position upon the superficies of a binocular sphere, which passes through the two ocular centres and the successive parts of external scenery. But is it not also an incontestable fact that we can never see more than a very small space, almost a point, of any object distinctly at one time? And, if so, are not these theories too manifestly defective? The truth is, the retina of the eye is incapable, by reason of failing sensibility, of imparting distinct vision for any part of its pictures excepting that which lies upon the *fovea*, or portion of it diametrically opposite to the pupil. No theory of single vision can therefore stand for a single instant, unless in conformity with this fact; and we are compelled to look to the motions of the eyeballs themselves as the primary source of single vision with two eyes.

By these motions it is, in fact, that our pair of eyes can and do, every moment, converge their axes of vision upon single parts of any object of view, and glean the most perfect distinctness of both its character and position. And this they accordingly do, with the most perfect unison, upon all parts of the object, behind and before, above, beside, and below, for which the mind wills to have such distinct information; and, in so doing for only a very few points of any object or landscape they will necessarily fix the general shape and dimensions to the mental view. Nor does the full demonstration

stop here. Let another significant fact of ocular optics be added, viz.—that the impressions of the retina are not, as might be naturally supposed, instantly evanescent with every change of the eyes' direction; that these impressions, on the other hand, are retained for an appreciable period of time; and we see at once how, when the eyes do make the change of direction upon successive points of the field of view, the idea of distance and depth is gained with such unerring accuracy as we actually experience. And hence, to gather these remarks into one further observation, we conclude that the true stereoscopic effect, both in nature and art, is due to the successive convergencies of the optic axes alone, and that the distance between our eyes is for each individual the true base of his measurement.

Such and so few are the principles of that theory of binocular vision which is not one of the least, or least important, of the fruits which have resulted from the invention of the stereoscope; and we conclude the subject with the hope that it too may, ere long, be as widely known and appreciated as are the many striking effects of the instrument itself, which now occupies so large a share of public estimation, and promises to amuse and educate the people.

One word more regarding the common stereoscope and the recent differences of opinion which have been so fully expressed in the columns of the "Photographic Notes," regarding the proper distancing of cameras to secure stereoscopic pictures. Two rules have been proposed to guide the photographer in this matter, and he, singularly enough, restricts himself to neither. One of these rules directs that the cameras be invariably placed at eye-distance apart, and the other at such a distance as to form with the object a triangle similar to that which the eyes, in using the stereoscope, form with the combined pictures. The accompanying

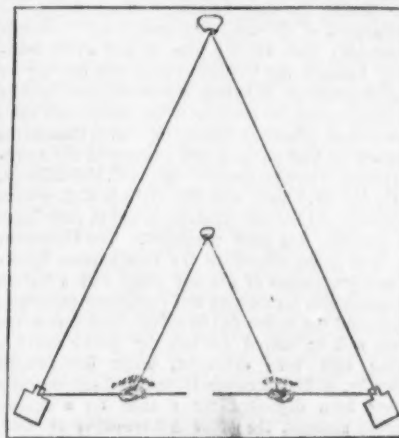


figure exhibits the latter view; and it is obviously founded upon the principle that the vision of pictures cannot be disjoined from the real distance of the canvas or other plane material upon which they are depicted. So far, however, is this from being a true principle of Art, that the very opposite is the universally admitted aim of all high Art whatever. And if, as Mr. Ruskin and good sense affirm, the truest painting simply consists in truth-telling, how much more should the attainment of truth and reality be the grand aim of an instrument which professes to enhance our picture vision by an appearance of depth, distance, and relief beyond every effect of shading, circumstance, and aerial perspective. No one denies that the true consequence of this rule is to limit the stereoscope to the vision of models of every object and view, excepting those whose photographic pictures are equal to their own superficial dimensions. This were to make it a very *toy* indeed. But who that has seen its best effects will venture to uphold the term? Is it not, on the other hand, certain that some of the very best stereoscopic transparencies have been taken by cameras at eye-distance apart from each other? And is it not well known that, though the practice of taking pictures at every distance, and quite abnormally, is common, yet these are but tricks of a new art to increase the apparent relief, while they utterly destroy the appearance of reality. To us, indeed, the fact that eye-distance is the only proper distance of cameras when set for taking prospects, appears so very obvious that we can only wonder how the grave error has held so long. For it is only with these pictures, we are firmly convinced, that the imagination has any chance of influencing the judgment toward the belief of reality, and the stereoscope of proving a valuable ally to highest Art and design.

L.

THE SOULAGE COLLECTION.

THIS Collection of Works of Decorative Art (*Art mobilier*) has been brought into public notice in this country under very singular circumstances; and, as a consequence of these circumstances and apart from its intrinsic merit and value, it is calculated to exert a peculiar influence upon Art-teaching among us. It becomes necessary, therefore, to subject this Collection to the most searching critical examination; and, in order to place it in its legitimate position, we have both to deal with it carefully and candidly as it is, and also to investigate the causes which have led to its having acquired a special character.

This Collection was formed by M. Jules Soulage, an advocate of Toulouse, chiefly during the period between 1830 and 1840, and it was the result of repeated tours through Italy, made with the express purpose of acquiring specimens of the Art-productions and manufactures of the Renaissance style. Originally located in Paris, the Soulage Collection was afterwards removed to Toulouse, where it enjoyed a high reputation amongst the artists and antiquaries of France. From time to time offers were made to purchase portions of the Collection, but M. Soulage resolved not to part with it except in its entirety. Representations were afterwards submitted to the English Government, by some gentlemen interested in the progress of Art in England, that this Collection might constitute a most important addition to the National Museums, which, having been formed at Marlborough House, have now been for the most part removed to Kensington Gore South; the time, however,—it was during the continuance of the war,—was considered to be unfavourable; then was the plan formed which eventually brought the Collection into this country as English property. It having been determined to make an effort to effect the purchase of the entire Collection, a number of influential persons associated themselves together for that purpose, and guaranteed the necessary funds. Three gentlemen—Mr. D. C. Majoribanks, M.P., Mr. M. Uzielli, and Mr. H. Cole, C.B.—were deputed to act for the subscribers, and in their name the purchase has been concluded. The Collection has been again offered to the Government by its present proprietors at the cost price, with a certain additional sum for interest and contingent expenses; but, should the nation fail to accept those terms, the whole will be offered for sale by public auction, having first been exhibited, under Government authority, at Marlborough House, and subsequently having been deposited for a time for a similar purpose amongst the other Art-treasures at Manchester.

The taste, the discrimination, and the judgment of M. Soulage, have thus received a very extraordinary sanction. His collections have been purchased by an association of judges of Art, and they have been purchased in this manner with the express view of securing them for the nation as a possession of too great importance not to be obtained if possible. They make their first public appearance under the same roof with the Turner pictures; they at once command, in an unusual degree, the interest and attention of the community at large; a place of honour awaits them in a great provincial city, at such a gathering of Art-productions as probably will never have been before witnessed; and their eventual destination is matter of anxious speculation in very high quarters. The questions which hence necessarily arise are—Do these collections really justify all this, and are they found to realise such high expectations? It will be requisite, in order to reply to these inquiries, to examine into what was the aim of the French collector in his researches, and how far the objects which he was enabled to bring together may be considered to have accomplished the purposes he had proposed to himself. The Soulage Collection may be classed under the four following sections—majolica, Palissy and other earthenware, Italian bronzes, cinque-cento furniture, and miscellaneous articles, including Venetian glass, some enamels of Limoges, a series of 106 medals, chiefly Italian, of the quattro and cinque-cento periods, with some Della Robbia ware, knives, forks, &c.; in all there are 756 pieces. Without attempting to enter upon the subject of the decorative pottery which was produced in Italy at the time of the revival of Art in that country, we

may remark that the examples contained in this Collection illustrate all the most important and the most esteemed varieties of majolica, and that the greater number of the examples are favourable specimens of their respective classes. The specimens of the celebrated metallic crimson lustre of Gubbio are unusually numerous and very fine. There is also a highly interesting and characteristic group of earthenware, the production of Bernard Palissy, and of other artists of the south of France. The several specimens in the other sections of the Collection may be generally described as being, for the most part, good of their kind; so that, on the whole, M. Soulage was unquestionably successful, and that in no ordinary degree, in the accomplishment of his object. But such success is far from determining in the affirmative that the Soulage Collection merits the position in which it has been placed, and that its possession is essential to the National Art-museums. The character of the Art of the Revival period, in Italy, is the grand consideration to be brought to bear upon this question, and we do not hesitate to pronounce upon this point an opinion, differing very widely from the views entertained by the cinque-cento enthusiasts of the day. That an earnest and truthful feeling for Art, in the purest acceptance of the term, combined with a truly wonderful technical knowledge, was exhibited in their works by the majolica *maestri* is evident from the works themselves; yet, as the same evidence declares, they found themselves fettered by the vitiated taste that overshadowed the period in which they flourished, so that we are constrained to consider the present estimation of this ware to be extravagant, and altogether to be deprecated. There also prevails a similar tendency to exaggerate the Art-character, and proportionately to enhance the value of every other production of the period. Now we would have all these works, whether components of the Soulage Collection or not, dealt with on their real merits—their real merits as productions and examples of Art, as illustrating historically a remarkable epoch, and as being in themselves models and teachers to artists. Thus regarded, and also with special reference to the national museums, we should desire about half the Soulage Collection to become the property of the nation; but for such a selected moiety we should consider a half of the sum which has been guaranteed rather to exceed than to fall short of the value of the objects chosen for purchase. We have a vivid remembrance of the rejection of the Faussett Collection by the trustees of the British Museum; and we entertain very decided views relative to the comparative worth of the labours of the Kent clergyman and the advocate of Toulouse.

ALNWICK CASTLE,
AND ITS DECORATIONS.

WE have watched with deep interest the controversy that has arisen upon the character of the interior fittings and decorations which have been adopted by the Duke of Northumberland, as the completion of his restorations of Alnwick Castle. His grace is himself a learned antiquary, an accomplished scholar and experienced student of Art; and he has taken into his councils men whose names rank high as "authorities" in their profession. The fine old feudal fortress has been thoroughly restored, yet it is a fine old feudal fortress still; and we know no form of higher commendation for the work of the restoration. But pass through the massive entrance archway, and enter the actual apartments within the castle, and all is changed! You can admit no one association of the Scottish Border. You are looking up from that heavily mullioned window for the deep blue sky of Italy, and around for all that encircles and identifies a Roman palazzo. Your own language surprises you—you ought to be speaking and thinking in that softened Latin, which is Italian.

The Duke of Northumberland has decided that the interior of such modern or Renaissance palaces as are familiar to him at Rome are the fittest, and, indeed, the only fitting models for the interior of his own Border castle, now that it has become the residence of an English noble family of the

highest rank—hence the controversy of which we have spoken. Some of our most distinguished architects have resolutely supported the decision of the duke; while others of at least equal celebrity have denounced the decision as involving a direct violation of every sound principle of Art, and as establishing a precedent calculated to produce most prejudicial consequences. On one side it is argued that the architecture of the middle ages can appeal to original examples, which render the work of such a restorer as Mr. Salvin at once comparatively easy and certain to be correct and truthful; but that the Romanesque and Gothic know nothing of such interiors as in a modern ducal residence are imperatively required, neither do they furnish any analogy from which original designs for such interiors could be devised; and it is further added that attempts of this kind have been made, and have failed—and hence it has been concluded that Romanesque and Gothic edifices of ducal rank can have no interiors of equal rank which shall also be Romanesque or Gothic. It is but a single step in the argument which leads from this point to the inference, that since a modern Italian palace has been proved to contain rooms suitable for a princely family, which rooms are in their character faithful to the Renaissance style of architecture and general Art—the Renaissance is the style for interiors when the exteriors are Romanesque and Gothic.

The opposing argument strikes at the root of this theory, and maintains the entire capability of the mediæval styles to provide their own details, and to adapt themselves to every possible contingency of circumstance and use.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the cause of Art, as a working impulse and a living agency amongst us, must be very seriously affected by the issue of this controversy. In the first place, if the Duke of Northumberland and his professional supporters are right, certain great and noble forms of Art stand convicted of being utterly powerless beyond the requirements of mere construction and exterior decoration; and again, in this case, it is a proved fact that there exist no such things as congruity and uniformity in architecture and its accessories; and, once more, thus the capacity of the Renaissance is demonstrated to be superior to that of the Gothic, both in the general case of being able to complete itself, and particularly in the important condition of adaptability to the highest requirements of civilised life. Now all this may be very specious, and both professors of architecture and the Duke of Northumberland and the public may accept and believe it all; but does not the entire matter resolve itself into such a proposition as the following? Modern (or Renaissance) Italian palaces are fit for ducal residences; while Gothic castles fit for ducal residences do not exist. It does not follow as a consequence of these facts, that a Gothic castle must, to become fit for a ducal residence, be fitted up like an Italian palace. Nor does it follow, because Wyntville and Barry have not produced perfect palaces from the Gothic, that that great style cannot produce a palace. Yet such is the train of argument which has brought the works of the lamented Canina and his Italian carvers to Alnwick Castle. We are prepared to admit the excellence of all that the Commendatore has done, and that Professors Cockerell and Donaldson have approved—their excellence in Italy, and for Italy, and in a Renaissance palace; but we cannot sanction the actual association of these works with Alnwick Castle. It is an absolute and a most unfortunate fallacy which has brought these Italian excellencies into a position, in which their own high merit serves to render their unfitness for that position the more glaring and the more conclusive. We do not now touch upon the question of the intrinsic merit of the Renaissance; our reasoning is simply directed against the introduction of this style into Alnwick Castle. We claim for Gothic Art free range as well as cordial sympathy in association with Gothic Architecture. The Gothic may not have put forth its full powers, as we now may require their expression: this, however, may not be from any shortcomings in the powers, but because they have not been brought fairly and fully to the test of experiment. And, in this very matter of interior fittings and decorative accessories, the Gothic has accomplished a wonderful advance.

Surely there is enough in the Palace of Westminster, if not to serve as a model for the Palace of Alawick, to give abundant promise that the Gothic style can now produce a palace worthy of its own traditional fame; worthy also of the present condition of Art in its loftiest developments, and of refinement under its most elaborate forms; and not unworthy of an English duke, even though he bear the time-honoured name of Percy.

That the Renaissance works at Alawick are a mistake, and worse than a mistake, we are convinced; at the same time, we believe that such a mistake as this is, was needed in order to bring the capabilities of Gothic Art suitably under discussion; and, consequently, we anticipate to the general cause of Art ultimate results of a most advantageous character from the controversy to which the Duke of Northumberland has given rise.

OBITUARY.

THE COMMENDATORE LUIGI CANINA.

The archaeologists and architectural artists of Rome have to deplore the sudden death of this distinguished professor, which took place October 17th, at Florence, as he was returning to Rome, after a prolonged stay in this country. Canina was pre-eminently and exclusively a classic archaeologist: devoted to the architecture and Arts of antiquity and the Renaissance, he refused to recognise the works of that great Art-epoch which intervened between them. In his own department of Art, he was a high authority; and his acquirements and judgment were regarded with the utmost respect by those who, really knowing him, really knew his worth. In the opinion of the medievalists, Canina necessarily occupied a very different position: this was the inevitable result of his not being content to devote himself to one great form and expression of Art, without ignoring altogether another of equal nobleness. A systematic, laborious, and also an enthusiastic worker, Canina has left behind him a series of volumes, unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, in their peculiar department, by the productions of any other single individual. Like Piranesi, and other Roman authors, he had the whole of the branches of publication carried out in his own house: in one room worked engravers, and in an adjoining apartment the plates were printed off: it was the same with the preparation and actual production of the type of his printed volumes; and, with one or two exceptions, the whole were issued at his own expense. His first important work, in three folio volumes of plates and nine octavo volumes of text, is a history of ancient architecture, and comprises the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman. The ancient Basilican churches of northern Italy next attracted his attention; and, after these, he proceeded to devote his studies to the edifices of ancient Rome and the Campagna—the Forum attracting his special regard. "Researches upon the Architecture of the Ancient Jews and of the Temple of Jerusalem," preceded a second series of Roman works, which, in their turn, gave place to equally important treatises upon Etrurian remains, upon domestic architecture, and upon the antiquities of the Via Appia, all of them being profusely illustrated with engravings of the utmost value. Canina had travelled much throughout Europe, and had studied on the sites themselves the monuments of Sicily and Greece proper. His recent visit to England was the second that he had made to this country. "His researches and labours," writes his friend, Professor Donaldson, "were appreciated by many princes and sovereigns; and he was decorated with a profusion of orders of various countries. But the distinction which he valued most was the position he held as Director of the Museum of the Capitol, which, with the title of Commendatore, ranked him among the forty nobles of Rome. This gave him just pride, as did also the Royal Gold Medal conferred upon him by the Institute of British Architects in 1849, with the approval of Her Majesty and Prince Albert." The Commendatore was a man of early habits, and singularly energetic in the prosecution of his labours. He was punctilious in his correspondence, and obliging in his disposition. He formed friendships slowly, but was a

firm and faithful friend. He was most liberal in his dealings with all persons; and Art he loved for its own sake. "He was very susceptible of criticism and opposition of opinion, and deeply resented the strictures of the German *litterati* who disputed his scholarship, and the critiques of the French who called in question his taste. He was not free from the superstitious sentiments common to so many of his countrymen, and, from an intuitive dread of consequences, would never allow his portrait to be painted, nor his bust to be modelled." By a friendly stratagem, Professor Donaldson obtained a photographic likeness of his friend; but it did violence to his feelings, "and, in order to avoid the 'malocchio,' he arranged (as he thought, unobservedly) the fingers of his right hand, as a charm against the evil consequences that he feared—a presentiment which the sad event of his death so soon after almost seemed to realise. The photograph faithfully represents the serious character and deep thoughtfulness of the scholar; but his expressive features, however, in moments of familiar and social relaxation, were often lighted up by a most pleasing smile. . . . It is a striking and a touching coincidence that Canina and Braun, the leaders of the rival systems of the two schools of archaeological research at Rome—the Italian and the German—should have died within a few weeks of each other; and thus left the field open to other, but it would be bold to say to nobler or more zealous, minds."

MR. FREDERICK NASH.

This gentleman, one of the oldest members of the Water-Colour Society, died at his residence, at Brighton, on the 5th of December. We may at a future time—for intelligence of his decease only reached us when we were on the eve of going to press—be able to give some account of his life; at present, we can only refer to him as a painter of architectural subjects and marine views, whose drawings were held in very general estimation.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM; ITS REMOVAL TO KENSINGTON GORE.

So numerous and so important are the additions which have of late been made to the contents of this Museum, that it has assumed both the proportions and the character of a national institution. Mr. Ruskin has deposited here his very valuable collections of casts from Venice; from Notre Dame, some noble specimens from the triforium of the nave have been acquired by the Committee of the Museum; Mr. G. G. Scott, Mr. Burgess, with many other gentlemen, have been contributors; and various groups of casts, of greater or lesser extent, and obtained from different sources, might also be specified amongst the recent accessions: and, in addition to casts, the Museum has become the depository of many original examples of architectural details, which, from whatever cause, have ceased to possess any secure resting-place of their own. This increase in the number of its contents has, however, served to place in a more prominent position that great drawback, as well from the general estimation of this Museum as from its practical utility to architectural students—want of space. Not only are the premises occupied by the Museum too limited in extent to enable the Committee suitably to classify and display their collections, but it has now become necessary to pile up specimen in front of specimen, until many parts of the Museum have almost ceased to be available for examination and study. Under these circumstances, and finding that even their present premises would sooner or later be absorbed in the proposed new government official buildings, the Committee have wisely adopted a proposition which was submitted to them, for forming such an arrangement with the Government Department of Science and Art as would enable them to obtain for the Architectural Museum a part of the new national Museum Buildings at Kensington Gore South. It might be objected to such an arrangement that the situation of these new buildings would be far less convenient than the present Gallery in Canon Row for architectural students, and also for the general public who might be disposed to visit this museum,

and to seek from its varied collections some authoritative teaching upon the great art now almost universally regarded with such deep interest. To this objection the reply is both ready at hand and in itself conclusive—it is no longer an open question whether the great Fine-Art Museums of the nation should be concentrated at Kensington Gore South; this has been decided in the affirmative—whether wisely or not, the decision has been made. Consequently, for the Architectural Museum *not* to be in this selected locality would be to place it in an exceptional condition, and to cut it off both from contributing its own beneficial influences to the general Art-capital of the country, and from sharing, in its turn, in the advantages to be derived from association and comparison with other collections devoted to other departments of Art.

In the new buildings ample space will be afforded to do justice to the collections which have been actually buried at Canon Row; and there also the Museum may expect to acquire such further additions as will render it complete in itself, and of infinite value in its capacity of a practical teacher of architecture. While subjected to certain general regulations in common with the rest of the establishment, the Architectural Museum will remain, as heretofore, dependent upon its own resources, and under the control and direction of its own Committee. Its infinitely greater capabilities for advancing the best interests of architecture amongst us will not fail, we are persuaded, to be recognised by the subscribers to the Architectural Museum, who will feel that upon them devolves the charge of strengthening the hands of the Committee, and, indeed, of securing for a public institution their all-important services. For this will be a peculiar feature in this Museum, as a department of the general Art-establishment, that the most eminent members of the architectural profession voluntarily make themselves responsible for its character, and bestow upon it an amount of personal attention which it would be impossible to purchase. Doubtless the government both understand and appreciate the worth of the Committee of the Architectural Museum, as well as the intrinsic value of the Museum itself in connection with their Art-establishment: it is well that it should be thus—that these really wonderful collections should find, provided for them at the public cost, a becoming dwelling-place, and that the nation should acquire the reciprocal advantage of having both an architectural museum already prepared for it, and the most able architects, as a committee of management, willing to render their voluntary services.

It is expected that the Architectural Museum will be established at Kensington Gore South in time to admit of its being open to the public, with the other Art-collections there to be assembled, in the month of March. In the course of this present month of January, the Committee of the Architectural Museum will have secured to themselves a fresh claim for public gratitude and support from a second award of prizes to Art-workmen for the best productions after their own designs, upon specified subjects. We shall not fail to record the particulars respecting a decision which bears, so directly and under so practical a form, upon both the advancement of true Art and its recognition in its true capacity.

THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

It would seem as if a sort of contest had arisen between Mr. Kean and his critics. No sooner has the critic made an effort to do justice to the former's principles of management, and their results, than the manager seems as if he had made a new and determined effort to justify his critic. In our recent remarks on that series of illustrated dramas which must hereafter form a chapter in the history of our English stage, we described Mr. Kean as constantly competing successfully against his own success; we have now to describe him as competing more than successfully against the praise that records it. In answer to our acknowledgment of variety, he breaks up for us a fresh field:—for our admission of archaeology made poetry, and which we can seize

by its archæologic points for description, he gives us a poetry so refined and essential, that the promissims of descriptive criticism cannot reach it.

We will frankly confess, that, for our own part, we were under the impression that Mr. Kean had here ventured on a dangerous attempt. In most of his previous versions he leaned on a variety of well-defined aids, to which he could point incontrovertibly as his vouchers,—where learning could be appealed to as giving its authority to the witcheries of Art. In the present instance, in all that makes the essential character of the piece to be represented, Mr. Kean was committed to the spiritualities alone; and to fail of their expression, was to fail altogether. For this one night the manager was to be a poet—and a transcendental poet,—or the circle of his successes was here to be broken up. If he could not take his audiences into dream-land, then he would have done wisely to abide by the old historic paths. If he could not give them a glimpse of the fairies in their own charmed atmosphere, ever remote "from the presence of the sun," and "following darkness like a dream," he should have stuck by the dim yet recoverable outlines of ancient fact. If Prince Theseus and his earthly court should loom too prominently through the haunted haze of that midsummer's night, then the closing appeal of his spirits was to be in vain, and his "shadows had offended." There are, we must avow, certain of the Shakspeare dreams which we have always felt unwilling to see submitted to the ordeal of stage presentment;—and this wild and wondrous creation is one of them. The fancy that, left alone with the poet, and in its own "witching hour," has followed again and again the moonlight wanderings of the fairy queen, or looked in upon "her deep repose, won by no mortal music," has almost made it a part of its own religion that "no mortal eye may gaze upon that bower" wherein the slumber of Titania is watched by "the moon, her playmate of a thousand years." Against this sort of poetical reluctance Mr. Kean has, in his present revival, had to contend, in addition to his other difficulties; and his triumphs of fact are all the greater, that he has had likewise to triumph over a sentimental opposition.—For, a triumph this revival is:—and such an one as has not, in its kind, been achieved on the stage before.

As we have hinted, we know not how to describe the charm of this piece. We have never dreamed that so much of fairyland could be put on the stage. The manager has so contrived, that we are under the express Shakspeare spell. All through the hours of a midsummer night, won out of mid-winter, we are consorting with the elves. The world into which we are introduced teems with "these beings of the mind;" and the moon that lights them is the moon of fairyland. Everywhere these spirits of our old English poetry are about us, they, and their fairy music. They glide over the green sward, trip in the moonlight, "dancing their ringlets to the whistling wind," float through the night air, lie rocked on the stems and shaded by the calices of flowers, dart away on the message of the fairy king, leaving a trail of light behind like that of a falling star, or swarm on the marble stairs of the house of Theseus, giving the "glimmering light" of their countless fairy lanterns, and the wild music of their charmed fairy blessing.—For ourselves, we, the spectators, are of the party of the fairies. We are within the charmed circle,—and have no relations with that outward world which is represented by Theseus and his court, save such as the elves have themselves. They and their fortunes are seen by us, too, through the mists of dreamland; and we look with a sort of wondering bewilderment and puzzled pity on those strange wild entanglements of a midsummer night, wrought by the benignant but blundering interference of a power only half immortal with the threads of destiny,—forgetting for the nonce the portion that we ourselves have in all such errors, and half inclined, in our "midsummer night's" privilege, to echo the comment of Puck—"Lord! what fools these mortals be!"—And so, Mr. Kean has contrived that we shall read these Shakspeare transcendentalisms on his stage in the same faith in which we read them in the closet, but with the heightened effect of the illustrations which he throws on the poetry that embodies them from all the other Muses.

Nevertheless, although Mr. Kean's art has thrown

into their due subordination and perspective the human interests involved in this wondrous poem, yet on the figures which represent these interests he has bestowed as careful editing as on any one other of his productions. Left to the expedients of his own fancy for the realisation of fairyland, the Greek element of the play furnished him once more with the opportunity for grappling to archæology;—and this resource he has used, as on former occasions, with that intelligent latitude which substitutes one fact not suited to his purpose by another that yields him a beauty. It is no part of Mr. Kean's office, with such a text-book as Shakspeare before him, to comment on that mixture of two mythologies which transfers the supernaturalisms of romantic lore to classic ground; but he knows, that in a chronology already so wild and irregular, it would have been the mere pedantry of adherence to attach importance to what Shakspeare had deemed of none, and go implicitly back to the time of the quasi-historic Theseus, when its Cecropian forms and modes would have matched—or contrasted—ill with the other poetic embodiments of this marvellous piece. So, keeping the play on its Athenian ground, Mr. Kean took for his classic background the Athens of Pericles; when, to use his own words, "it had attained its greatest splendour in literature and art,—when it stood in its pride and glory, ennobled by a race of illustrious men, and containing the most beautiful objects the world had ever seen." Out of the material features of this matchless city Mr. Kean gets his first picture. And what a picture it is! From a terrace adjoining the Palace of Theseus, the spectator looks on Athens, with its Acropolis and Areopagus (the council-room of a Greek people, and the pulpit of a Christian apostle)—the temples of Minerva and of Theseus—the Erechtheum and the Pandrosium—the columns of Jupiter Olympius—the Agora, the Clepsydra, the Academy, the Pnyx, the Museum and the Stadium—the Ilissus and the Cephissus—the mountains and the sea!—It may mark Mr. Kean's careful mode of annotating, to add, that in the scene which succeeds to this, and which exhibits the interior of the workshop of Quince, the carpenter, the furniture and tools introduced are copied from discoveries in Herculaneum.—And, while dwelling on this Greek portion of the play, there is one other matter to which we are strongly tempted to allude;—both as illustrating incidentally the wholesome teaching, of so many kinds, which these revivals of Mr. Kean's afford, and for the sake of enforcing the particular lesson on our own account. Let us join the happy bridal groups, escaped from the crosses and bewitchings of the wood, and seated in the hall of Theseus, to witness the "most lamentable comedy" and "very tragical mirth" which make a portion of the nuptial revels. We will entreat our fair readers to cast their eyes over this Greek saloon, and then around their own English hemisphere of the house,—and honestly ask themselves which nation had caught the secret of beauty in dress. Amid the eccentricities and extravagances and distortions of present costume, the exquisite draperies here presented are positively felt as musical phrases yielding their distinct and appreciable contribution to the harmony of this matchless piece.

With the exception of these few Greek scenes, all night, as we have said, we are wandering with the fairies in the wood:—now lost in its floating mists, now emerging in its moonlit glades,—and everywhere listening to such fairy song as Mendelssohn and Beethoven knew. One of the charmed scenes to which these wanderings bring us we may report here, as an instance, for our readers:—and then bid them thread the haunted forest for themselves. In this scene, we come upon an opening where the moonlight falls white upon the forest floor,—bounding itself by a circle of shade which shows that it is a dancing ring for the fairies:—and into this circle, accordingly, the fairies glide, throwing their shadows before them. This dance of the elves, with each her own dancing shadow for a partner, is a thing of preternatural beauty,—itself a poem.—And, after this fashion, scene by scene, does Mr. Kean interpret Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

* For the power to render this beautiful scene with so much accuracy,—so as indeed to become a "pictured lesson,"—Mr. Kean is, we believe, indebted to his valuable ally, Mr. George Godwin, whose assistance has been so useful to him on all the occasions of his revivals.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

CHARITY.

J. Van Eycken, Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 3½ in. by 1 ft. 1½ in.

Of the many excellent artists who, during the last few years, have been included within the schools of Belgium, John Van Eycken is one of the most distinguished. He was born at Brussels in 1810, and, after studying some time under M. Navez, pupil of David and a painter of high reputation, he entered the Academy of Brussels, and in 1835 carried off the first prize in painting. He made his appearance the same year in the exhibition at Antwerp, by exhibiting a picture of St. Sebastian, which obtained for him considerable distinction. To the exhibition of the Brussels Academy, in the following year, he sent "Christ crowned with Thorns," and "The Young Tobias restoring his Father to sight;" these two works, of which the former is characterised by purity and harmony of colour, and the latter by forcible and truthful expression, completely manifest the style of his master Navez.

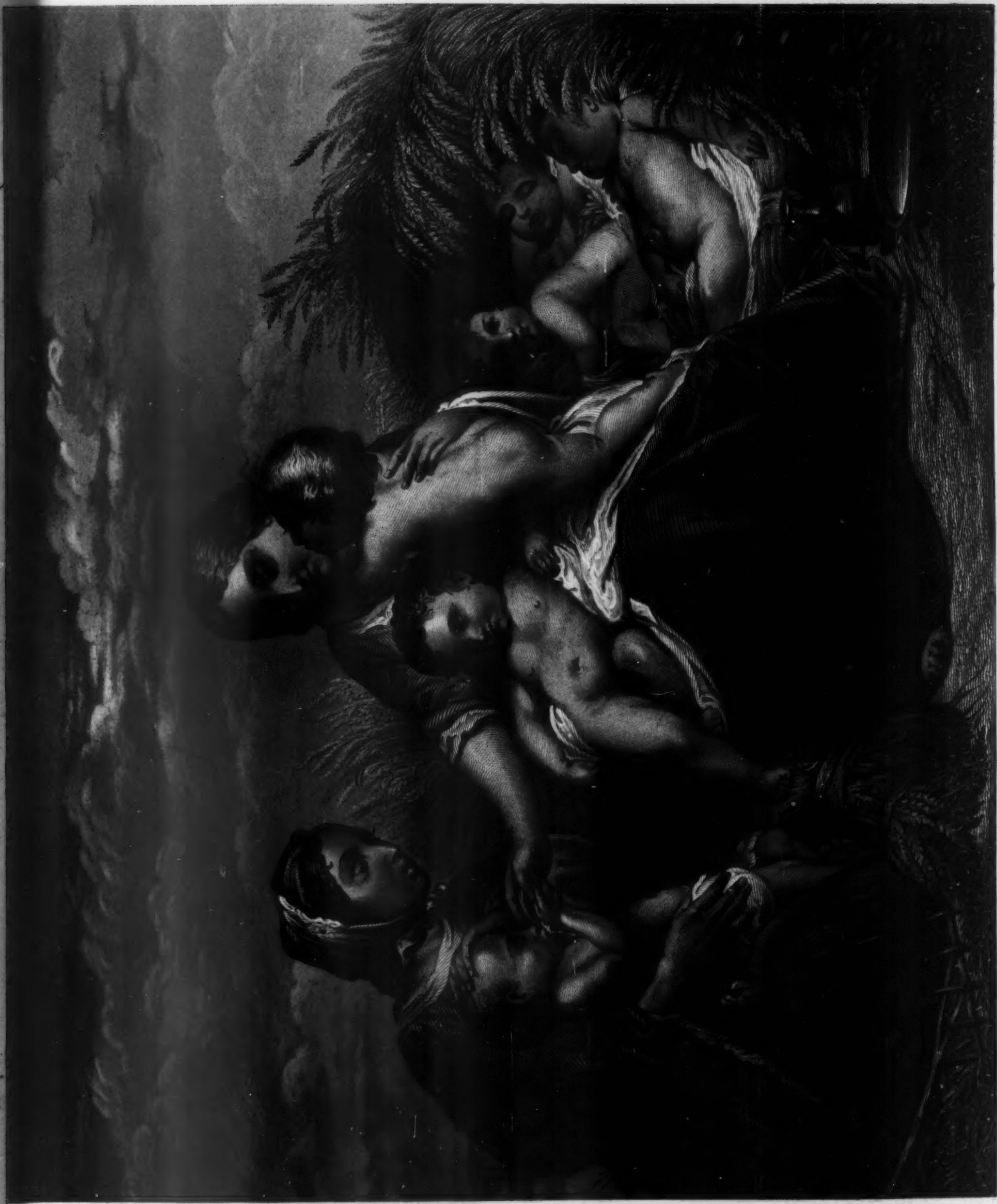
In 1850 Van Eycken sent two pictures to our Royal Academy Exhibition—one entitled "The Vintagers," the other "Calvary;" they attracted but little notice here, and were returned to the painter unsold; he never attempted a second time, we believe, to bring his works before the British public. In his own country they were always duly appreciated; nor from the fact of his "Charity," and another very charming composition, "Abundance"—now in the hands of our engraver—being found in the Royal Collection, would it seem that the merits of this painter were unrecognised here in high quarters.

Van Eycken died at Brussels in December, 1853, under somewhat melancholy circumstances, the particulars of which were narrated a month or two afterwards in the *Art-Journal*, when a short notice of this artist appeared.

The works of Van Eycken are chiefly religious subjects, or episodes of life treated allegorically. His "Charity" belongs to the latter class, and we must therefore examine the subject as a composition only; for, if we test it by the laws of nature or truth, it will be found contrary to both, and almost incomprehensible. The subject divides itself into two classes, or groups—the givers and the receivers, the principal of each being respectively the two mothers; but it is quite clear that the five children surrounding the figure on the right cannot be all her own—they are too nearly of an age; and, moreover, it is most improbable that children would be so circumstanced in a cornfield without any covering: nor could wheat, either cut or growing, be forced into such a sheltering canopy as that which bends over them. The painter has throughout sacrificed truth to fancy; but this must almost always be the case in works of an allegorical character, and Van Eycken has only followed in the footsteps of the great masters of ancient Art when they handled such subjects; and, indeed, very often when they assumed to paint historical facts—instances of which are so numerous as to require no special allusion to any one of the old painters to confirm the statement.

But, looking at the picture for what it professes to be, there are beauties in it which cannot but elicit much commendation. The destitute mother and her child are expressed with a reality painful to witness—the countenance of the woman is not, indeed, attenuated like that of one starved, but it is most suggestive of woe and misery; and her sickly infant is an absolute embodiment of disease and want. The group to the right forms a brilliant contrast to its wretched companion—here we find health; enjoyment, and everything that conveys to the mind "the luxury of doing good." The three central figures are very charmingly composed; but the head of the child in the lap is not good—the forehead is unnaturally prominent, and the drawing of the leg resting on the wheatsheaf is bad. The chief merits of this work lie in the charming sentiment conveyed in the composition, and in its rich and truthful colouring: a little more attention to drawing would have made it a fine example of allegorical painting.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.



J. VAN EYCKEN PINX.

CHARITY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

P. LIGHTFOOT, SCULPT.



MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, on the 10th of December (the eighty-eighth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy), silver medals were awarded to the following artists:—

To Mr. Philip Richard Morris, for the best painting from the life, and also for the best painting from the living draped model.

To Mr. Victor Boutellier, for the best drawing from the life.

To Mr. George James Miller, for the best model from the life.

To Mr. John Simons Constable, for the best architectural drawing.

To Mr. Alexander Glasgow, for the best drawing from the antique.

To Mr. John Constant Worman, for the best model from the antique.

To Mr. Francis Trimmer Gompertz, for a perspective drawing in outline.

To Mr. George M. Atkinson, for the best drawing in sciography.

There appears to have been no gold medal given; and we presume the above includes all the intelligence which the Academy have to communicate to the profession and the public.

THE "TURNER" MONUMENT.—Our readers will not have forgotten that, under the will of the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A., whereby he proposed to give effect to his presumed English privilege of bequeathing the money for which he had toiled, to whom he pleased, a sum of £1000 was left to be given as the price of a monument in the testator's own honour, which he proposed should be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. Somehow or other, an idea had got abroad that this particular bequest had been swamped, amongst other of the great artist's testamentary intentions, on one of the many shoals that lie sunk in the great sea of Chancery; and the sum in question has been supposed to have disappeared in that distribution of the property which the salvors had made amongst themselves, under the term compromise,—the dead painter's directions notwithstanding. We are glad to know, that the provision in question has been picked up somewhere since the wreck in Chancery,—and the fund reappears in the following Resolutions, come to at a meeting held during the past month, and which our readers will like to have in the language of the Resolutions themselves:—

That the Executors and Trustees consider the most desirable mode to adopt for carrying into effect the wishes of the Testator, as regards the erection of the monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, will be, that the sculptors who are Royal Academicians, be requested to submit to the trustees and executors a design for the monument, either by a statue or otherwise, and by a drawing or a model to a scale of one inch to a foot, the expense of the monument not to exceed the sum of £1000 (as provided by the will), including its erection and all expenses whatever attendant thereon.

The site for the monument is intended to be on the east side of the south entrance into the Cathedral, corresponding with the position of the monument erected to the memory of the late Sir Astley Cooper.

It being intended that the artist whose design shall be accepted shall be entrusted with the execution of the work, the Executors regret that they have it not in their power to make any remuneration to the other gentlemen whose designs may not be adopted, and therefore they have no wish to have submitted to them any elaborate drawings or models, &c.

The drawings and models to be sent to No. 47, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, the residence of the late Mr. Turner, before the 17th day of January, 1857.

Now, the sculptors who are at present full members of the Royal Academy (a deduction having recently been made from their body by the death of Sir Richard Westmacott) are five in number,—Mr. Baily, Mr. Gibson, Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Westmacott, and Mr. Marshall. Mr. Gibson is in Rome; and, as the drawings and models are to go in on the 17th of the present month, he is out of the question, and the competitors are reduced to four. Without pausing to question, as we very well might, why an artist so great and unacademic as Mr. Turner might not have had such larger chance of fitting illustration as an appeal to the profession generally would have conferred,—we may say, at any rate, that, as the Royal Academy contains in its body one, and only one, other sculptor—Mr. Foley,—an artist of great eminence, and second to few in Europe, though as yet he has not got beyond the list of Associates,—to leave him singly out of this competition will be felt as a grievance and an offence:—and we think this commission might have been given amongst the members of the Academy, instead of amongst the Royal Academicians. We suppose, however, that it is an affair of rank, and that none but a Royal Academician is fit to effect a Royal Academician's monumental apotheosis.—One thing rejoices us exceedingly,—though, as yet, we get it only in the form of an inference. As the monument has turned up, so also, we trust, will the almshouses for his aged and decayed brethren of the pencil which form so noble a feature in the testamentary dispositions of the late Mr. Turner. The receipt by the Royal Academy of £20,000 out of his property becomes, then, intelligible,—in a sense which should do them great honour, if it may be so read. Perhaps it is their intention to appropriate that sum in carrying out the benevolent purpose of the illustrious testator:—a purpose which, in the confidence of Art-brotherhood, he had committed to their keeping, in the character of trustees.—Let us remark, however, that the scale of an inch to a foot, prescribed to the competitors, is wholly inadequate to convey any notion of such a work as that by which one great sculptor should illustrate another.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. SHEEPSHANKS.—The *Times* of the 8th of December contained the following announcement:—"We understand that Mr. Sheepshanks has munificently presented to the nation the whole of his collection of paintings and drawings, for the purposes of public instruction in Art. Mr. Sheepshanks, disapproving irresponsible management by boards like the trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery, has made it a condition that the responsibility for his collection must rest with an individual minister—the minister for education. Mr. Sheepshanks considers that a crowded thoroughfare is not a suitable site for quietly studying works of Art, and has stipulated that his collection must be kept in the neighbourhood of its present locality, at Kensington. He is willing that the pictures, &c., should be lent to those provincial towns which provide suitable places to exhibit them. Upon these conditions, which we believe Lord Palmerston has cordially accepted on behalf of the government, Mr. Sheepshanks has signified his readiness to hand over immediately the whole of his very fine collection, which is especially rich in the best works of Mulready, Landseer, and Leslie, and contains fine examples of the principal modern British painters in oil. The value of the collection may be estimated at about £60,000." It is impossible to overrate the worth of this acquisition, or to express in sufficiently strong terms the gratitude of the country for a gift of such magnitude. It is of acts such as these that the people may well be proud, and which must be monuments for ever to the honour and glory of the giver. It has been long believed that the intention of Mr. Sheepshanks was to bequeath his collection to the nation; but he does infinitely more—he presents it to his country during his lifetime, so removing all possible chance of dispute for its possession. Long may this admirable man and munificent benefactor live to witness the beneficent effects of the boon he has conferred on his country and the world!

TO THE TURNER COLLECTION at Marlborough House the following six pictures have been added:—
Sea-Piece. Painted about 1802.
Calais Pier—Fishing-boats preparing for Sea—the English Packet arriving (1803).
Bacchus and Ariadne (1840).
The Exile and the Rock Limpet (1842).
Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello (1846).
The Angel standing in the Sun (1846).

It is probable that, until more space can be obtained "somewhere," no other pictures will be exhibited. Enough, however, have been shown to convince the public that a proper National Gallery has become an imperative necessity.

THE EARL OF ELCHO has written a letter to the *Times*, in which he complains, in regard to the proposed site of the new National Gallery, that although on the 27th of June last the House of Commons ordered an address to be presented to Her Majesty, praying Her Majesty to issue a "royal commission" on the subject, nothing has yet been done, that, in fact, the matter remains where it was, the public not being a whit nearer to the attainment of an object in which they are deeply interested, and the necessity for which becomes daily more and more apparent. His lordship concludes his communication as follows:—"I know it is said that the question of the National Gallery site is one of extreme urgency, which admits of no delay, in consequence of the

Turner bequest and the recent purchases which there are no means of exhibiting; but this is a difficulty which is far from insuperable if Government will have the courage to do their duty and give the Royal Academy notice to quit that portion of the present National Gallery to which they have not even a parliamentary title, but which the nation has generously allowed them to occupy for twenty years."

[It is understood that a royal commission is about to issue, appointing Lord Broughton (formerly Sir John Cam Hobhouse), the Dean of St. Paul's (the Rev. H. H. Milman), Mr. Ford (the historian of Spanish Art), Professor Faraday, Mr. Cockerell, R.A., and Mr. George Richmond, "to inquire into and determine the site of the new National Gallery, and to report on the desirableness of combining with it the Fine Art and Archaeological collections of the British Museum." We confess to a belief that the wisdom of this "selection" will be very generally questioned; and can as yet scarcely have faith in its accuracy. The matter, however, will very soon be "settled."]

MR. MORRIS MOORE'S longing for "notoriety" must have been amply gratified during the past month, for he has been in the custody of the police at Berlin, and has had several letters inserted in the *Times*. It is not our business to inquire concerning the "cause" of his detention: it is very unlikely that he would have been arrested by the Prussian authorities if he had in no way committed himself, and, if we may judge from his antecedents, reasonable grounds may have existed for the outrage of which he complains. His lively imagination, however, and, perhaps, his conscience, attributed the wrongs he endured to the influence of "Waagen and Co." The accusation has called forth an indignant but very dignified protest on the part of Dr. Waagen, who writes of Mr. Morris Moore in terms we do not choose to copy. The character of Dr. Waagen stands too high to be affected by any assailant. There are few men living more esteemed or respected than the estimable German critic; and he may rest assured that if the universal opinion concerning him be destined to undergo a change, it will not be by the testimony of Mr. Morris Moore.

NEW METALS.—We have been of late directing much of our attention to the improvements which have been made in the manufacture of aluminium. The cost of producing this very important metal has been so reduced that it is employed for the eagles which surmount the regimental colours of several of the regiments in the French army; and there are prospects that lead us to expect a yet greater reduction in the cost of producing this metal. Sodium is most necessary in the manufacture of aluminium; and we learn that in this country there is every probability of its being manufactured at the low cost of two or three shillings the pound; if this is accomplished, aluminium will be at once rendered cheaper than silver. Lithium has been produced, by M. Froost, from lepidolite, a mineral which occurs in the granite near Rozena, in Moravia. Whether this remarkable metal is destined to find a place in the arts or manufactures remains a problem which time alone can solve. Its striking characteristic is its extreme levity—lithium is a solid metal which floats upon rectified naphtha. M. Froost and St. Claire Deville are both of them working on this metal. Calcium, the metallic base of lime, has been obtained as a beautiful gold-coloured metal by Professor Benson, of Marburg; but as yet not in any quantity. Since we now know that the clays and earths are all of them reducible to the metallic state, what may we not expect in a few years in Art-manufacture. Solids as durable as silver and less liable to tarnish will be placed in the hands of artisans, from which to produce articles of use or ornament far lighter than cork.

THE SCULPTORS' INSTITUTE have published the correspondence with Sir Benjamin Hall to which we adverted last month, and which leaves the subject of the Wellington Monument in a state far from satisfactory. It is quite certain that much suspicion exists in reference to it; and while confidence is most essential to the production of a great national work, such confidence is not induced by the course adopted by "the authorities."

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, as usual, issues its announcement for the receipt of paintings to form its annual exhibition; and as during the past year there has been no circumstance to direct the attention of

artists elsewhere, we may reasonably hope that in February next the collection in Pall Mall will rightly represent the progress of British Art. As we were among those who urged the Directors to decline pictures with which the public had been previously familiar, we are not justified in complaining if the consequence has been a marked deterioration in the character of late exhibitions as compared with exhibitions of former years. This evil is by no means the necessary consequence of a change that was unquestionably beneficial; neither is it entirely attributable to such change. None of our leading artists now exhibit pictures for sale, as they used to do some ten or twenty years back: they prefer consequently, to keep back their works for the May gathering at the Royal Academy. This is really the cause why the British Institution has of late contained the productions only, or chiefly, of second-class painters. We trust, however, that our masters in Art will see it their duty to assist the Directors here: a few contributions from the higher sources would be assuredly beneficial to the Institution.

THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING (as it is called, but on very insufficient grounds), at the British Institution, has continued this year its annual custom of exhibiting copies of famous pictures, made by students from the works lent to form the exhibition of the Ancient Masters. Several young ladies and gentlemen have here proved their industry, but nothing more. We have always considered this periodical show as prejudicial rather than serviceable to Art: the permission to make copies is in itself scarcely a boon; but their exposure is the opposite of beneficial, either to the copyists, their friends, or the public.

FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS IN LONDON.—We have a cordial welcome for this fresh addition to our metropolitan winter exhibitions. Artists of the Flemish school will always be regarded with friendly sentiments in England; and when they come amongst us with their works, and open an exhibition in London, they may feel sure that there prevails a general predisposition to receive them as friends, and to treat their productions with favour. However suitable for the display of their collections, the Pall Mall Gallery, with its recent associations, involuntarily subjects the Flemish artists to a comparison with their brethren and sisters from France—and this is a comparison which they have scarcely strength to endure. Still, though not to be admitted to the same rank with the French collections, there is much to interest and to gratify the observer in this Belgian exhibition. An excess of matter had already crowded our pages when this exhibition claimed our attention, we now are, in consequence, unable to do more than to notice and to welcome its presence in London, and at the same time to invite those of our readers who may pass along Pall Mall to follow our example in visiting the Gallery, and thus confirm our friendly and approving expressions. We purpose next month to write more at length and to enter upon particulars, from which we are now precluded by the narrow limits of the space at our disposal.

THE "NEWTON" MONUMENT.—The amount of subscriptions which the men of Grantham have available for their monument to the late Sir Isaac Newton is £1200; and for this sum,—which is to cover all expenses of erection, &c.,—they have determined on having a bronze statue on a granite pedestal, and have called five sculptors into competition. The artists invited are—Mr. E. H. Baily, R.A., Mr. Campbell, the Baron Marochetti, Mr. Theed, and Professor Rauch.—The men of Grantham, it will be seen, have taken the foreign fever in an aggravated form. Of five sculptors summoned to contend for the honour of illustrating their provincial town, and pocketing £1200 for a big bronze statue reared on granite, one is an Italian, and another a German. We say, a "big" bronze statue, because these Lincolnshire patrons of Art intimate the not very æsthetic intention of getting as much as they can for their money. "The magnitude of the figures," they say, "will be"—by them—"considered an important element in the design." Doubtless, this will be a temptation to Professor Rauch, for instance—the expected size, *plus* the distance, being among the conditions under which he is privileged to take a fifth chance in a lottery for the execution and erection of a bronze statue and pedestal, cost £1200, in the good town of Gran-

tham! Should he fail them, however, they have Italy to fall back on; and Italy, in this case, is at hand,—as the English sculptors have good reason to know. The models, including figure and pedestal, are not to exceed three feet, and are to be sent in on or before the 15th of next March, to the Institution of Civil Engineers, in Great George Street, Westminster. Mr. Baily has, we understand, declined entering into this competition:—so that, England and the Continent have the chances between them, half and half.

M. CHEVREUL has been for some time engaged in researches upon the composition of the Egyptian statuette of "Serapoum." His analyses indicate the presence of lead, which metal had not hitherto been discovered in ancient bronzes. It is supposed to have acted in the preservation of these little idols by producing on the surface a coating of oxide, which acted as a varnish would have done.

THE BRONZE STATUE of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Charles J. Napier, executed by Mr. G. G. Adams, and recently placed at the south-west angle of Trafalgar Square, though in many parts a bold and spirited composition, is far from being an agreeable work. The singularly-marked features of the hero of Scinde appear, if they are not in reality, much exaggerated; and the head altogether looks preposterously large. If the sculptor has not exceeded the truth with respect to the former, it would have been more politic for him to have reduced these peculiarities of feature, which might have been done without prejudice to the gallant soldier; while, if the masses of hair had been broken, a great advantage, picturesquely, would be gained. The drapery is heavy, and by no means graceful, adding to the apparent weight of the figure, instead of becoming, as it should do, a medium of conveying to it grace of outline and richness of effect. The pedestal, too, is "a mistake": it is too small for the statue, as it is designed: a broader "standing-place" would have lessened the size of the figure.

M. FR. KUHLMANN has published some interesting and important investigations on the power of albumen in fixing and retaining dyes. He shows that fibre of any kind, which has been impregnated with the white of egg, receives and retains with much permanence many colours which are usually evanescent. We shall examine this subject when it is further developed by the author.

GERMAN ART-JOURNAL.—It is announced in the German papers, that an Illustrated Journal of Art is about to be published in Berlin; the capital necessary for so costly a work to be supplied by a Joint Stock Company. Among the principal conductors will be Dr. Kugler and Dr. Waagen. We shall cordially greet such an acquisition to the true "Art-treasures" of the world. It is discreditable to Germany that the Arts have not there been adequately represented by literature.

THE SECRETARY OF THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION has received a compliment which no gentleman has ever better merited. Mr. Roper has conducted its affairs for no less a period than *forty years*: it is impossible to rate too highly the value of his services: his heart has ever been in his work. Not only has he laboured with zeal, energy, and perseverance, but the exceeding delicacy with which he administered the funds of the society is above all praise. During the long time over which his task has extended, how many sorrows he has soothed! how many hopes he has encouraged! how many broken hearts he has healed! That which is next best to the consciousness of desert, is appreciation. It is a large reward to this excellent gentleman to find that, in the more immediate circle where he is best known, he is valued as he deserves to be: but the public, at least all who have been in any way associated with him, join heartily in the feeling which induced the Council of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution to present, "by their private subscriptions," a silver inkstand and salver "to W. J. Roper, Esq., as an expression of their personal esteem, and testimonial of the high sense they entertain of his valuable and indefatigable services during a period of forty years as Secretary." Our only regret is that the subscription to this testimonial was not as "general" as the objects of the Institution.

MR. W. SIMPSON, who, as well as the actual combatants, gathered laurels in the Crimea, has exhibited at Messrs. Colnaghi's, a picture to com-

memorate "Kars and its defenders"—a worthy subject for Art, and one to which the excellent artist has done full justice. It is to be engraved.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS.—Among the most interesting, and certainly the most striking of the many subjects we have lately seen, are a series of six views of cathedrals, executed by Mr. Thomas Greenish; those to which we immediately refer represent the cathedral at Lincoln; but we believe Mr. Greenish is, or will be occupied in thus exhibiting the whole of these beautiful and time-hallowed structures, which ornament and honour England. They are not published, although it is probable they will be so. Mr. Greenish is not an artist by profession, although his works display much artistic skill, and have that degree of perfection which can only arise from a knowledge of the capabilities of Art. He is, however, a chemist, and these views have been obtained chiefly as experiments—in which he has been eminently successful. There has been no theme as yet taken up so likely to be universally attractive as that which this gentleman has made his study—the architecture of the kingdom presents no views of so much interest as those supplied by the English cathedrals.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—A soirée was held at King's College, Somerset House, on the 17th December, at which the members gave their friends a rare intellectual treat. The works exhibited were numerous, very beautiful, and of infinite variety. We regret we can at present do no more than thus briefly refer to an "evening," that was, in all respects, gratifying and instructive.

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.—The winter season is now expected to bring with it this Exhibition in the galleries in Suffolk Street; and year by year we look for fresh evidences, not only of the firm establishment of this exhibition as a fact of annual recurrence, but also of its increasing value and importance in its own very valuable and important department of Art. Last year the Architectural Exhibition contained much that was good, and gave promise of more that might be better; this year that promise will be found to have been at once realised and repeated. The present collections are decidedly in advance of their predecessors, both as works of Art and as architectural productions; and they also lead us on to expect successive advances in the same noble course which conducts towards perfect excellence. We may particularly notice, as distinguishing features of the present exhibition, the presence of two groups of the designs which were sent in in competition for Lisle Cathedral and the museum buildings at Liverpool. Mr. Allom's and Mr. Street's designs are included in these two series of drawings. The present collections are also remarkable as showing that the practical study of the Gothic style is assuming a more definite and a more strictly and consistently Gothic character, especially amongst the junior members of the profession. There is much that is satisfactory, and, at the same time, suggestive in this circumstance, and more so when it is considered in connexion with a remembrance of the restless wildness which characterised so many of last year's original Gothic conceptions. We are compelled to leave until next month our remarks upon particular drawings and other works in this exhibition; we now record with much gratification its generally satisfactory character.

PRODUCERS OF ART-MANUFACTURE throughout the kingdom should be aware of the altered circumstances connected with the display of meritorious productions at the Crystal Palace. At an earlier period of the management there, a ruinous error was committed by levying an enormous tax upon all exhibitors. It was in vain we raised our voice against an act so suicidal, contending that contributors of good works were the best aids of the establishment, and ought to receive, rather than to make, payments for the spaces they occupied. A foolish policy, however, prevailed; and although for one year the sums demanded were paid,—very reluctantly, and under many protests,—the Crystal Palace, as an exhibition of Art-manufacture, naturally and necessarily dwindled, and its Art-courts became half empty. The directors, however, having seen the folly of this course, by which their project was grievously impaired while the manufacturers were wronged, and the public perpetually disappointed, have resolved on allotting spaces to all meritorious manufacturers of high-class works who

will fill them, charging for them merely nominal prices. We trust, however, that this boon will be accompanied by a somewhat strict *surveillance*, and that all inferior or even mediocre articles will be suffered to be shown only in the galleries. There can be no doubt that thus rightly and wisely encouraged, all good producers will desire to show their productions here,—for the advantages here presented are obvious,—and they will certainly be augmented next year. We hope and expect to see all the Art-courts full; and believe that before the month of February next it will be more difficult to obtain space than it has heretofore been to procure objects. Early applications will be wise; for, as in most other matters, those who first apply will be the first to receive benefits.

A PICTURE OF ST. SEBASTIAN, presumed to be painted by L. Carracci, has been placed in our hands by a gentleman who has quitted England, and into whose possession it came under circumstances that now render it almost impossible to trace back its pedigree, though competent judges who have seen it throw no doubt on its authenticity. The treatment of the subject differs materially from any pictures of St. Sebastian we know of, though we have the authority of Mrs. Jameson, both orally and in her "Sacred and Legendary Art," as to the existence of similar treatment in one or two pictures she has seen in Italy. The "saint" is not tied to the tree, but is in the attitude of falling from it, the body being held up by the right arm, which is thrown over a broken branch; at the back of the figure the physician supports the head, while a female—one of the "charitable Christian women"—gently draws out an arrow from the side. The whole of the picture is finely painted; but the figure of the martyr is certainly one of the grandest examples of anatomical drawing and painting we ever saw. It has called forth the admiration of all who have seen it, with an expression that such a "study" ought not to be out of our National Gallery. Our chief object in directing attention to this work is to elicit any information our readers may be able to give us respecting it; and for this purpose we shall be glad to allow any to inspect the picture who may desire to do so. On the frame on which the canvas is stretched is the following inscription:—"Peint par Louis Carracci pour le Cardinal Odeard Farnese en 1583, apporté en France en 1806, pour la célèbre Galerie Lebrun." It was remarked by some who have seen the picture, but without having any knowledge of the inscription at the back, that if painted by L. Carracci it must have been done at a comparatively early age, when his drawing was more precise, and his colouring more finished and "fleshy" than in his later period. The date would make him about twenty-eight years old.

RAFFAELLE'S CARTOONS, at Hampton Court, are, we understand, now so hung that, on the least apprehension from fire or any other sudden casualty, they can be instantly removed and taken away. This is effected by a simple machinery that readily "eases them down" from the wall; and the cartoons, having been fitted upon strainers which can be unbuttoned, and instantly detached from the frames, and which are constructed with a joint or hinge in the middle, their reduced size when doubled up facilitates their transport. Writing of Hampton Court reminds us that a contemporary published a short time since a statement to the effect that an original portrait of Raffaele, by his own hand, has recently been discovered there. It was described by Passevent as existing at Kensington Palace at the time of his visit, about twenty-five years since, since which period many of the pictures at Kensington were removed to Hampton Court.

DORCHESTER HOUSE.—In one of our more recent numbers we gave some details respecting this mansion, now building for Mr. Holford in the Regent's Park, but as various statements have lately appeared in the public prints, which, from their incorrectness, are likely to mislead, it is only due to Mr. Vulliamy, the architect of the building, to let the public know that the whole of the internal works, including the decorations, have been executed under his direction. It may, therefore, be anticipated the same harmony and agreement in the several parts of the exterior which have been so much admired will also be found to prevail in the interior, when the whole is completed. The decorations of those apartments that are already finished—namely, the libraries, and other rooms on the ground-floor,

and also the boudoirs on the first floor, &c., have been ably carried out by Messrs. Morant and Boyd, the eminent decorators, under the direction of the architect; the careful and elaborate execution and high finish of these works reflect the greatest credit on the taste and skill of Mr. Morant, who has given his unremitting personal attention to the task entrusted to him.

MR. R. McIAN.—Just as we were closing our sheets for the press, we saw, with exceeding regret, the death of this artist announced in the daily papers, after a protracted and painful illness. We shall refer to the subject in our next number.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—With the return of the Christmas season this established favourite with the public is always ready with fresh attractions, that are impressed with the character of that best species of novelty—new forms of instructive amusement. It is a distinguishing feature of the Polytechnic that it is always in action. Its career is open before it, and it is ever on the advance along its own proper path. It knows no halt—no pause! There is always something to be heard there, and something to be seen, and something to be learned. This "something" is also sure to be just that very thing which the Polytechnic ought to produce. It is sure to be just that very thing which at the Polytechnic we should both expect and desire to hear, to see, to learn. And it requires no slight amount of energy, coupled with no ordinary ability and judgment, to give life to so essentially vital a machine. This is but in an indirect manner to indicate what we are prepared to express after a different fashion when we pronounce Mr. Pepper a very energetic, a very able and judicious person; or perhaps we might leave the inference that, as sole manager of the Polytechnic, Mr. Pepper is "the right man in the right place," to be drawn from the following statement of what he has provided for this present Christmas. It will be seen that the "dissolving views," which have been so long popular, are still employed as a principal method of obtaining illustrations to lectures, or as providing the pictorial representations with which the lectures are associated as descriptive notices. These views now are painted with great excellence, and they are so adjusted to the optical instruments as to produce truly artistic effects. The "Views of Scenery illustrating a Traveller's Portfolio," by Mr. Clare, which take the lead amongst the novelties, fully justify what we have said of the improved capabilities of "dissolving views." They carry the spectator almost round the world; and their pictorial delineations go far to realise scenes replete with individual interest, and differing as widely as possible from each other. Then there comes Mr. Pepper himself, with a lecture on "Remarkable Optical Illusions," profusely illustrated,—and thoroughly well illustrated,—as all Mr. Pepper's lectures are, with curious experiments, and shadowy appearances, and views, so real in their first appearance, that we scarcely believe our own eyes when they would persuade us that they have fairly "dissolved" in our presence, leaving no rack behind. And once more does this same process do good service in the matter of illustration to a new rendering of an "old, old tale" (not Frank Stone's, though it has something in it that just touches upon it), entitled, "YE PITIFULL AND DIVERTYNGE HISTORIE OF BLEW BEARD." Finally, under the auspices of Mr. Darby, those delights of boys, fireworks, appear under a variety of forms, which prove that the term "artist in fireworks" is capable of conveying much serious meaning. Mr. Pepper gives a descriptive lecture on the components and the manufacture of these brilliant varieties of "dissolving views;" and as he rises with his subject he introduces the most elaborate pyrotechnic compositions as the full developments of the squib, and pin-wheel, and cracker. We cannot thus direct attention to the amusements which have very recently been brought out at the Polytechnic, without adding a brief expression of warm sympathy with the effort which Mr. Pepper is making to provide solid advantages for young men in the metropolis in the CLASSES which he has established in connection with the Society of Arts.

EXHIBITION OF ART-MANUFACTURE, EDINBURGH.—This Exhibition was opened on the 15th of December; but in an incomplete state—the catalogue not being "ready." We shall no doubt be in a position to refer to it at length next month.

REVIEWS.

THE HAPPIER DAYS OF CHARLES I. Engraved by E. GOODALL, from the picture by F. GOODALL, A.R.A. Published by E. GAMBART & Co.

A beautiful and a true remark is that we remember to have somewhere read,—“The veil which hides from our eyes the events of future years is a veil woven by the hand of Mercy.” Few have had greater reason for appreciating the blessings it expresses than had the unfortunate monarch to whom Mr. Goodall's picture refers; though, it is not impossible, and we seem to mark it even in these "happier days"—happy only in comparison, for troublous shapes tracked early his footsteps to the throne,—he had some forebodings of the evil destiny that awaited him in the estrangement of the allegiance of his people, if not as the victim of their displeasure. We have been so accustomed to see Charles represented by artists as a man on whose forehead misfortune had set an indelible seal, while

“Melancholy marked him for her own,”

that it is quite pleasant, as well as novel, to look upon him basking in a gleam of sunshine, however transient, and to feel there might have been times when he had moments of enjoyment in common with the most humble of those in whose hearts the storm of rebel indignation was then gathering, in a few brief years to hurl the crown from him, and his dynasty—for a season—and to bring him to an untimely, we will not call it an ignominious, death.

Very many of our readers will, we doubt not, recollect this picture in the Royal Academy in 1853, as well as the wood-cut we gave from it, in 1855, in our biographical sketch of the painter. The subject is well calculated to make a pleasing engraving as much from its novelty as from the very agreeable manner in which it is treated. The print is large, yet not too large for the materials of the composition, and Mr. Goodall, sen., the engraver, has put upon the plate some of his best work; this would naturally be expected, however, when engraving a picture by his son. Mr. Goodall's forte being landscape, we scarcely looked for so much delicacy and general excellence as we find in his rendering of this group of royal figures, which are finished with extreme care and great beauty of expression, affording a strong contrast to the bold and vigorous lines and touches presented in the boat, water, and other portions of the composition. On comparing this engraving with our wood-cut—the latter taken from the original sketch—we notice that the artist, in painting the large picture, has deviated from his first ideas, in the form of the clouds, and of the group of trees to the left, and in the figures standing by the archway of the palace of Hampton Court; his second thoughts are decidedly the best, especially those which have reference to the sky; in black and white the alteration here tells with manifest advantage to the large engraving.

EPOCHS OF PAINTED VASES; AN INTRODUCTION TO THEIR STUDY. By HODDER M. WESTROPP. Published by WALTON & MARELLY.

At a time when the ceramic art is exciting more than ordinary attention, and the Ceramic Court at the Crystal Palace has become a leading feature among its numerous attractions, Mr. Westropp's book appears very opportunely. It may seem strange to many that the study of such comparatively insignificant objects as vases should be worthy the consideration of intelligent and cultivated minds; but though we cannot altogether agree with Mr. Westropp in his remark that they may be regarded as “the most curious, the most graceful, and the most instructive remains that have come down to us from ancient times,” we freely admit that “the beauty of the forms, the fineness of the material, the perfection of the varnish, the variety of the subjects, and their interest in an historical point of view, give painted vases a very important place among the productions of the arts of the ancients.” Since they first were thought of sufficient value to be collected and studied, about a century and a half ago, they have been made the subject of discussion with many learned archaeologists and writers upon Art, who have extracted from their study much interesting and instructive matter. We are not, of course, now speaking of what the potters of the middle ages, and those of Dresden and Sèvres have introduced, but of those which Etruria and Greece sent forth, and the latter of which are, to this day, considered as the types of all that is pure in form, and beautiful in ornamentation. Mr. Westropp divides his styles or epochs of painted vases as follows:—“The Early or Egyptian; the ground of these is of a pale yellow, on which the figures are painted in black or brown; the figures consist chiefly of animals, and borders of flowers and other orna-

ments run round them. They date B.C. 600 and 550. Next comes the Archaic Greek, dating B.C. 430; with black figures on a red ground, representing scenes taken from the Hellenic mythology. The Severo, or Transitional style, follows; the figures here are red on a black ground, and similar in subject to the preceding. The forms of these vases have something more elegant than those of the second, though they present great variations in style and size; they date generally from B.C. 460 to 420. A few years later, that is about B.C. 400, we arrive at the "Beautiful, or Greek," when the art seems to have reached perfection as regards form, material, and beauty of design; this style is the more perfect development of the former—all severity and conventionality which distinguish the earlier styles having entirely disappeared. The predominating subjects are Greek myths or representations of Greek manners. Then comes the period of "Decadence," when the vase assumed an enormous size and exaggerated proportions; it was also characterised by a multitude of figures, complexity of composition, inferiority and carelessness of design, superfluity of decoration; while at a still later period we find a yet greater deterioration in the arts of design and more capricious forms; and following these, inferior imitations of the earlier works, both as regards material, form, and ornament.

Mr. Westropp professes to offer only a few general remarks upon the subject of ancient vases, but brief as they are they will afford sufficient information to enable the unlearned to distinguish the various styles, and to create a desire to search into more elaborate treatises. The text is illustrated by a large number of well executed engravings of works arranged in their respective epochs.

LADIES OF THE REFORMATION. By the Rev. JAMES ANDERSON. Illustrated by JAMES GODWIN, GEORGE THOMAS, &c. Published by BLACKIE & SON, Glasgow.

This is a noble and beautiful volume for all seasons, and one of especial interest to the female world. In his preface, Mr. Anderson says that "in countries such as this, where the Reformation has triumphed, its benign influences have descended richly in blessings upon woman. It has abolished the confessional, and no priest may now extort from her the inmost secrets of her breast. . . . In following her convictions she is no longer exposed to the peril of imprisonment, of torture, or of the stake, or doomed to see the field, the scaffold, or her own hearth stained with the blood of her relatives." This is perfectly true—and we may well glory in the Reformation, and the liberty in holiness with which it enriched these lands; but we must not forget that there have been women of other creeds who have exhibited as much heroism and as earnest devotion as any recorded in these pages. We can only regret that their teaching had not a purer source; but their steadfastness in what was right, according to their knowledge, at least, commands our admiration.

Mr. Anderson has taken most exemplary pains with this volume; he has gathered his goodly concave of heroic Christian women from Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain, and compressed their acts and deeds into as small a space as could well be devoted to each; he has written a sound historical introduction to each division of his subject, and abetained, perhaps as much as it was possible, from bitterness towards the Church whose dominant spirit has been that of persecution.

The volume contains ninety-six illustrations of varied subject and interest, chiefly from the pencil of Mr. James Godwin, who has displayed considerable skill and power in many of the groups, but he frequently mistakes size for dignity, and drapes his figures so heavily that the beauty of form is altogether lost. There are some ornamental headings and borderings in Mr. Humphries' usual style of excellence; and the architectural "bits," with occasional landscapes,—scenes where the struggles between Romanism and Protestantism took place,—add greatly to the value of the volume, and have been well rendered by Mr. Thomas, Mr. Johnson, and others.

We may wish the book had been called "*Women of the Reformation*" instead of "*Ladies*." The cause is too noble to derive any advantage from the circumstance of birth—it is too highly spiritual to need earthly distinction. We regret that we have not more space to devote to this volume; but it will speedily speak for itself in all Protestant homes.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. Published by J. M. HUTCHINGS & CO., San Francisco, California.

Amid the clang of the pickaxe of the gold-finder, and the echoes of a multitude of loud, discordant voices that sometimes one fancies he hears sweeping across the waves of the Atlantic, there come now and then

softer and sweeter sounds, denoting that gentle and soothing influences are also at work among the strange community located in the regions of California. We have on our table the first four parts of a monthly magazine, the publication of which commenced in July last. Its object, to quote the introductory address of the editor, is, "to picture California, and California life; to portray its beautiful scenery and curiosities; to speak of its mineral and agricultural products; to tell of its wonderful resources and commercial advantages; and to give utterance to the inner life and experience of its people, in their aspirations, hopes, disappointments, and successes—the lights and shadows of daily life."

We have looked very carefully through these numbers, and can safely say that in matter, illustrations, paper, and printing, the California Magazine would be creditable to a London publisher; facts and fiction are pleasantly told; and occasionally a graceful poem gives evidence of gentle spirits mingling with the rough and stern workers out of the realities of life. Here and there we find sentiments and expressions which would scarcely pass current in a periodical circulating among a more refined people; but as a whole the publication pleases no less than it surprises.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

FOR THE YOUNG.

THE poet Hood was not entirely just in his estimate of the criticism that children exercise over stories intended for their instruction or amusement, when he penned those beautiful lines:—

"A blessing on your merry hearts,
Such readers I would choose,
Because you do not criticise,
And never write reviews!"

Children are happily exempt from "reviewing," and its pains and penalties;—but set a clear-headed child of ten or twelve years old to read a story, and encourage her (girls at that age are much more critical than boys) to say exactly what she "thinks," and you will soon see how the book falls to pieces. Children hardly comprehend sufficiently to understand the bearing of a whole volume; but they dissect admirably. We gave to one of those juvenile critics a very useful story, by the useful sisters Mary and Elizabeth Kirby; the lesson here inculcated is excellent, and the illustrations, by John Absolom, unaffected and pleasing; but our little friend was not satisfied—"Yes, I like Matilda—she is so noble and right; but I do not understand Julia. Proud girls, if well educated, are not vulgar; now Julia is vulgar; here, she talks about riding in a carriage;—I have always heard that people drive in a carriage, and ride on horseback. I do not think there ever could have been a well-educated young lady so rude and vulgar as Julia Maitland." The little girl saw, at once, the fault of this, in other respects clever, story: the character of Julia is exaggerated; no girl accustomed to well-bred society, no matter how proud, could speak or act as she did.

THE EARLY DAWN; OR, STORIES TO THINK ABOUT—by a Country Clergyman†—reminds us, both in matter and manner, of one of Miss Edgeworth's "Early Lessons." Our young friend read the book, from the first story, "Oh, it's such a Trouble," to the last, "It's all in the Dark," with evident satisfaction—shrinking a little at the deer-shooting, and two or three other details connected with the destruction of animal life, which should have been tempered by a few observations to inculcate the principle that the life of the smallest creature must not be wantonly destroyed. The corner of St. Paul's Church-yard keeps up its character; the publications hence issued are well "got up," and Harrison Weir's illustrations to this charming little volume are models worth copying. We cannot too strongly express conviction, that illustrations to children's books should be good in design and execution.

SELF AND SELF-SACRIFICE; OR, NELLY'S STORY,† cannot be considered a child's book—and not exclusively a book for the young. The author has portrayed the virtue of self-sacrifice, and urges throughout the story that there is but One strength that is able to nerve us against temptation. Considerable power is manifested in the delineation of the characters, and the good intent of the author commands respect; the progress of the story, however, is unskillfully prolonged; it would have been far more effective if curtailed: young authors are seldom aware of the strength of brevity.

We have seldom seen Alfred Crowquill's versatile talent turned to better account than in a very

* Julia Maitland; or, Pride goes before a Fall. Griffith & Farran.

† Illustrations by Harrison Weir. Griffith & Farran.

‡ Groombridge & Sons.

amusing and instructive brochure sent forth under the Germanised name of GRUFFEL SWILLEN-DRINKEN; OR, THE REPROOF OF THE BRUTES.* If, as we suppose, the story—as well as the most clever and amusing illustrations—are from the pen and pencil of our gifted countryman, not only will he be among the most popular of authors in the nurseries of England, but deserve the brightest of all golden medals from the Temperance Society—they cannot fail to appreciate the value of such a satire upon the huge insanity of England.

GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR.†—It is now some years since our attention was drawn to sundry poems, appearing at intervals, by "Frances Browne, of Stranolar;" and when we learned that Nature had exchanged gifts with this young girl—deprived of this world's light, and bestowed upon her the light of poetry, we felt still higher admiration for her productions—not that they need "sympathy" or "consideration:" all that she writes stands bravely by itself, and yet is full of womanly tenderness and expression. "Granny's Wonderful Chair" is simply a "chair" to pin fairy tales upon—not "Irish" fairy tales. We suppose Frances Browne thought that Croker, and Keightly, and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the host of Irish writers, had pretty well exhausted the fairy mythology of Ireland; and so, although "Frosty Face" and "Fairy Foot" certainly belong to the "Green Isle," she gives them all names, but no local habitations, save on the pretty pages of this pretty book, which is announced as illustrated by Kenny Meadows—the very portrait-painter of fairyland. But either Mr. Kenny Meadows repeats himself, or we have seen several of these illustrations in Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Midsummer Eve," which certainly contained the richest and greatest variety of illustrations that ever adorned a single volume. This little book is charmingly "got up," and no prettier Christmas gift could be imagined for any little lady about to enter her "teens."

PICTURES FROM THE PYRENEES.‡—This title is not a thread to hang stories on, but a veritable narrative of places and people. Our young friends may revel in the knowledge that it is "every word true," and visit with "Agnes and Kate" the scenes and places so simply and graphically described. We have, ourselves, read every page with much interest, and believe there could hardly be a better guide to the "Eaux-bonnes," and its beautiful and varied scenery.

HARRY HAWKINS'S "H" BOOK. SHOWING HOW HE LEARNED TO ASPIRATE HIS H'S.§—We have given the heading of this pretty little book complete, because we think that all Cockneydom should assemble, and vote a testimonial to the philanthropic firm at the corner of "St. Paul's Church-yard," for such an invaluable publication. No family or school-room, within, or indeed beyond, the sound of Bow bell should be without this merry manual; and were the City authorities to invest a fair sum, so as to distribute the book amongst their public companies, there is no telling how much their pronunciation of the much-slighted letter might be improved by Easter! The construction of the book is ingenious; but the idea may take a wider range, and many of the ill-used letters of the alphabet—S and W for instance—obtain their proper sounds—"victims" be no longer "victims," and "vinegar" no longer "vinegar."

Mr. H. G. Kingston|| is pretty popular by this time with all the boys of England. What boy has numbered twelve years, and not felt his heart beat at the adventures of "Peter the Whaler," or "Mark Seaworth?"—to say nothing of the most charming of them all, "Blue Jackets." The very name, "SALT WATER," is suggestive of the most marvellous perils, and their equally marvellous escapes. We have an inborn affection for "Middies"—little, troublesome, ne'er-do-well rascals on shore—never out of scrapes, never at rest; and yet, at sea, how they grow into the dignity and glory of the "naval officer!" We never see one of those trim "chaps," with his gold-banded cap and ostentatious dirk, without feeling that Jarvis, and Howe, and Blake, and Nelson, were once such as he is now! "Salt Water" rakes up one or two old stories which rather wearied us, as we knew them before; but to the youngsters they will be quite new; so there can be no objection to these twice-told tales. Mr. Kingston has an excellent way of conveying a moral; he never preaches, but he lets, as it were, the lesson of the story show itself. This volume will become as popular as its predecessors.

* Griffith and Farran.

† By Frances Browne. Griffith & Farran.

‡ Pictures from the Pyrenees; or, Agnes and Kate's Travels. By Caroline Bell. Griffith & Farran.

§ Griffith & Farran.

|| SALT WATER; OR, THE SEA-LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEEL D'ARCY, THE MIDSHIPMAN. Illustrated by Anelay. Griffith and Farran.

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AN EXQUISITE LUXURY.

It appears strange, that while the Arts and Sciences of the present period are acknowledged to be subservient to the wants of man to a greater extent than has ever before been known in the world's history; those considerations which ought to be primary are too frequently the last to be entertained.

There have been within the last century many and various changes of Dress, which, although decided alterations, how very few are real improvements. Take the Hat for instance; there cannot be two opinions, we should think, between the Spanish of the seventeenth century and the present abomination for such a climate as England, except the present Riding Hat for Ladies.

What shall we take next? The Coat? The Vest? Trowsers or Boots? Where in any of these is skill or science brought to bear in the production of a pure and "bona fide" Invention (*not imitation*) combining utilitarian improvement upon the works of our forefathers. We regret to be compelled to state that the last named article is the only one at present that claims the honour; and with a view of placing the *understanding* of this subject upon a better footing, Messrs. MEDWIN & Co. of 86, REGENT STREET, respectfully solicit an inspection of their Newly Invented RESILIENT BOOTS, which call forth universally such remarks as the following from many who have seen them for the first time:—

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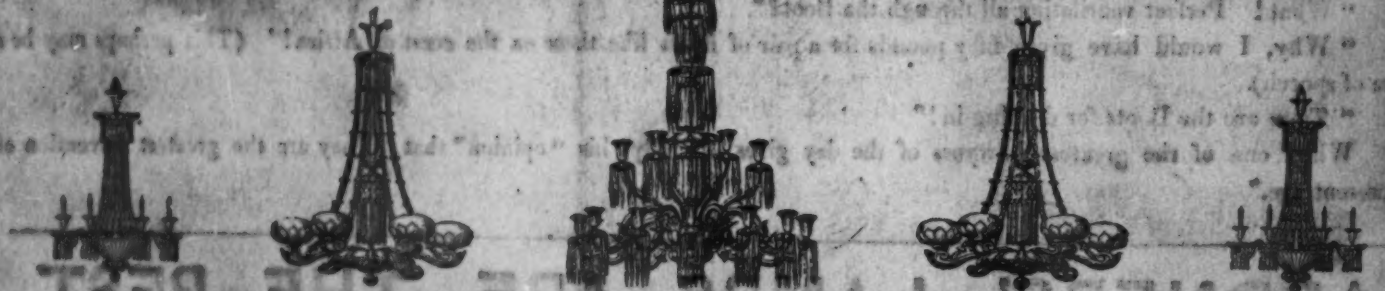
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